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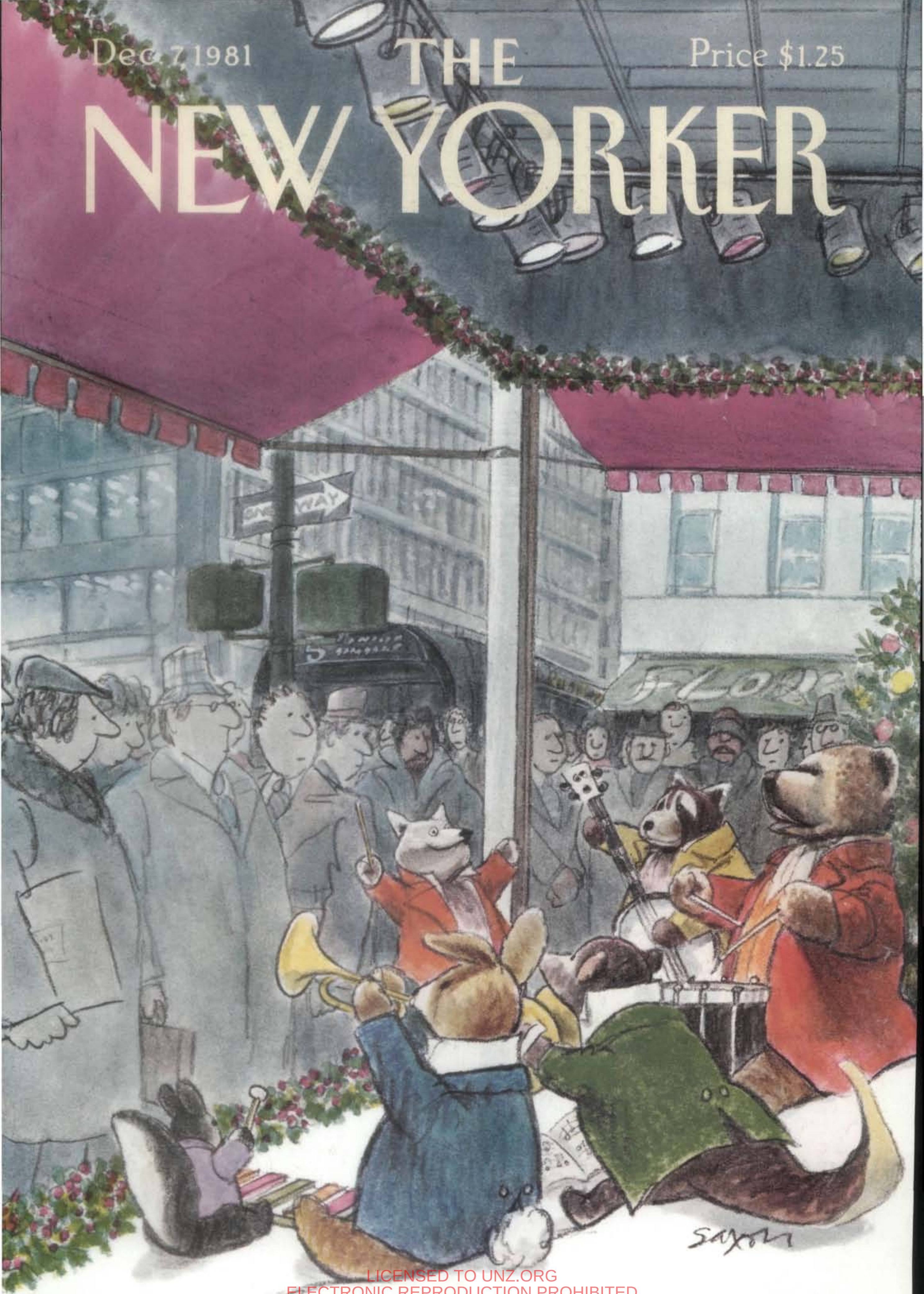

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Camelot—Richard Harris in a limited engagement of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Also in the cast are Meg Bussert and Richard Muenz. Frank Dunlop is the director. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Candida—Joanne Woodward in the title role survives a production that, thanks to an overambitious director, is far off the mark that Shaw intended the play to hit. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/26/81.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Child of the Sun—A musical by Damien Leake. Previews through Friday, Dec. 4. Opens officially on Saturday, Dec. 5, and will run through Monday, Dec. 21. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays, and Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The City Suite—A musical entertainment by Keith Levenson, with a cast of nine. Opens Thursday, Dec. 3. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 10, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 5.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cotton Patch Gospel—A musical entertainment by Tom Key (who is also the star and is joined onstage by four musicians) and Russell Treyz, based on Clarence Jordan's book "The Cotton Patch Version of Matthew and John." The music is by the late Harry Chapin. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crimes of the Heart—Beth Henley's Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy about three young women in a small town in Mississippi and their trials and tribulations, nearly all of which prove to be very funny indeed. The perfect cast consists of Mia Dillon, Mary Beth Hurt, Lizbeth Mackay, Peter MacNicol, Raymond Baker, and Sharon Ullrick. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Day Out of Time—A play by Alan Foster Friedman. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

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The Dresser—A superlatively entertaining play about an old actor-manager and his devoted body servant, played to the hilt by Paul Rogers and Tom Courtenay. The author is Ronald Harwood. (11/16/81) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—Four one-acters chosen from among the thirteen plays presented here last year: "A Sermon," by David Mamet; "Open Admissions," by Shirley Lauro; "The Lady or the Tiger," by Shel Silverstein; and "Dumping Ground," by Elizabeth Diggs. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Wednesday through Monday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 2:30. Closes Monday, Dec. 7.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. With Brad Davis, Barbara Bryne, Gwyllum Evans, and Jerome Dempsey. John Tillinger is the director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Agatha Christie's **ten little indians** will be the third in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Dec. 3, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 20. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Family Devotions—A humorous, fascinating, and serious comedy by David Hwang about

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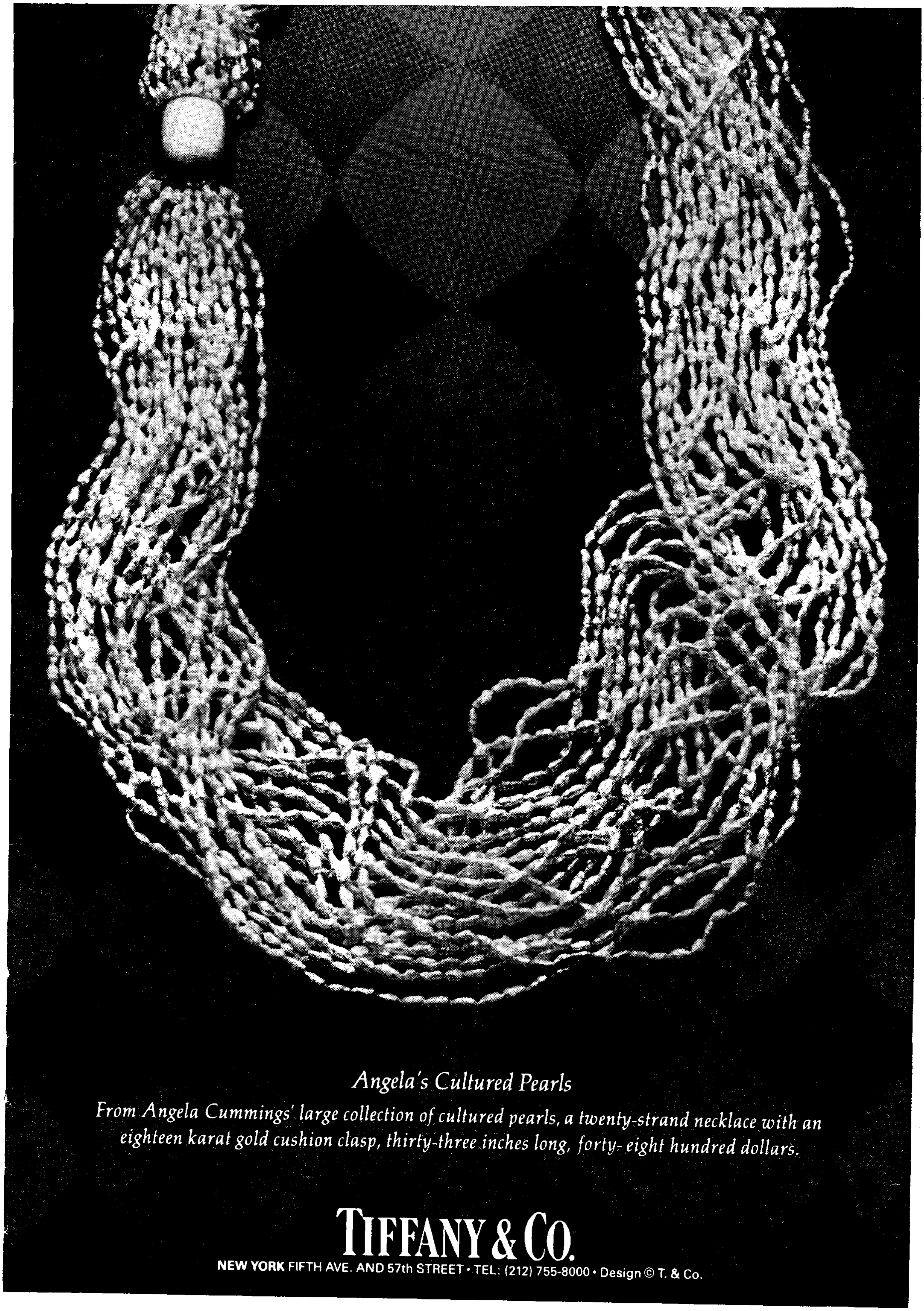

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

an elderly Chinese who comes to America to visit his prosperous relatives in Bel Air, California. The performance has its ups and downs, but there is no question of the remarkable ability of Victor Wong in the leading role. The handsome, witty setting is by David Gropman. (11/2/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The First—A serious, well-constructed, and sometimes moving musical comedy about how Jackie Robinson became the first black baseball player to play in the major leagues. Very well acted and in a marvellous setting. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Grown Ups—A new play by Jules Feiffer, with Bob Dishy, Frances Sternhagen, and Harold Gould. Directed by John Madden. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 9. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 10. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a revival of a musical based on the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

La Mama's 20th Anniversary Celebration—Starting Thursday, Dec. 3, three plays in a revival of sixteen plays that were originally seen here during the sixties: **RIMERS OF ELDRITCH,** by Lanford Wilson. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7. . . . **SOON JACK NOVEMBER,** by Sharon Thie, and **MOTEL (AMERICA HURRAH),** by Jean-Claude van Itallie. Wednesdays through Sundays at 9. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby—Dickens could invent an entire world with his left hand, and here the Royal Shakespeare Company brings one of the most delightful of those worlds to vivid life. A work of art and a superlative feat of stagecraft. (10/19/81) The play is presented in two parts, and tickets are available only in consecutive two-performance combinations. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Wednesdays at 2 and 7; Thursdays and Fridays at 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—A four-week engagement of Victor Herbert's **BABES IN TOYLAND.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mass Appeal—Milo O'Shea and Michael O'Keefe play a successful, middle-aged, and rather cynical priest and an aspiring seminarian; their debate is often humorous and sometimes sad. The playwright is Bill C. Davis. (11/23/81) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Misalliance—A creditable production of Bernard Shaw's entertaining conversation piece, set in the country house of a rich underwear manufacturer in 1909. Philip Bosco plays the leading role, and he is ably supported by, among others, Jeanne Ruskin as his independent-minded daughter; Patricia O'Connell as his shrewd, cozy wife; and, most especially, by Anthony Heald as a temporarily addled young gunman who intrudes to avenge his late mother's honor. (9/21/81) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama, **A SOLDIER'S PLAY,** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are very good, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

Phoenix Theatre—An arid little play called **AFTER THE PRIZE,** by the English novelist and feminist Fay Weldon, is the second in this season's series of five productions. It's about a woman whose marriage comes apart after she wins a Nobel prize for her work in physics. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. 730-0794. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 13.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the good songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy), often with his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 11.)

Shiro—A spinning rock opera, performed by the Tokyo Kid Brothers. (Reviewed in this issue.) (La Mama Annex, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks' nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor in spite of himself. (11/2/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Stronger and **Hughie**—A Strindberg-O'Neill double bill. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 20.)

A Talent for Murder—An inert mass of words, lifted into a semblance of life by Claudette Colbert. (10/12/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 6.)

Torch Song Trilogy—A play by Harvey Fierstein, with Joel Crothers, Estelle Getty, Diane Tarleton, Matthew Broderick, Paul Joynt, and Mr. Fierstein himself in the cast. (Richard Allen Center, 36 W. 62nd St. 869-3981. Wednesdays through Mondays at 7:30.)

2 by South—A pair of garrulous one-acters by Frank South. The performances, under the direction of Robert Altman, are good; that of Leo Burmester, as a renegade doctor in the West who has committed a murder and waits alone for retribution, is very good. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 307-1866. Nightly at 8. Closes Saturday, Dec. 5.)

The West Side Waltz—Katharine Hepburn in a role tailored to her age and fame and not to her talents. Dorothy Loudon is adroitly comic in the chief supporting role. (11/30/81) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Woman of the Year—Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. Raquel Welch is filling in for the vacationing Lauren Bacall through Sunday, Dec. 13. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—AIN'T MISBEHAVIN': A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. John Wood plays the villainous Salieri, and Peter Firth plays Mozart. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Moves on Thursday, Dec. 10, to the Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Wednesdays, except Dec. 9, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Dec. 9, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario. The circus setting, by David

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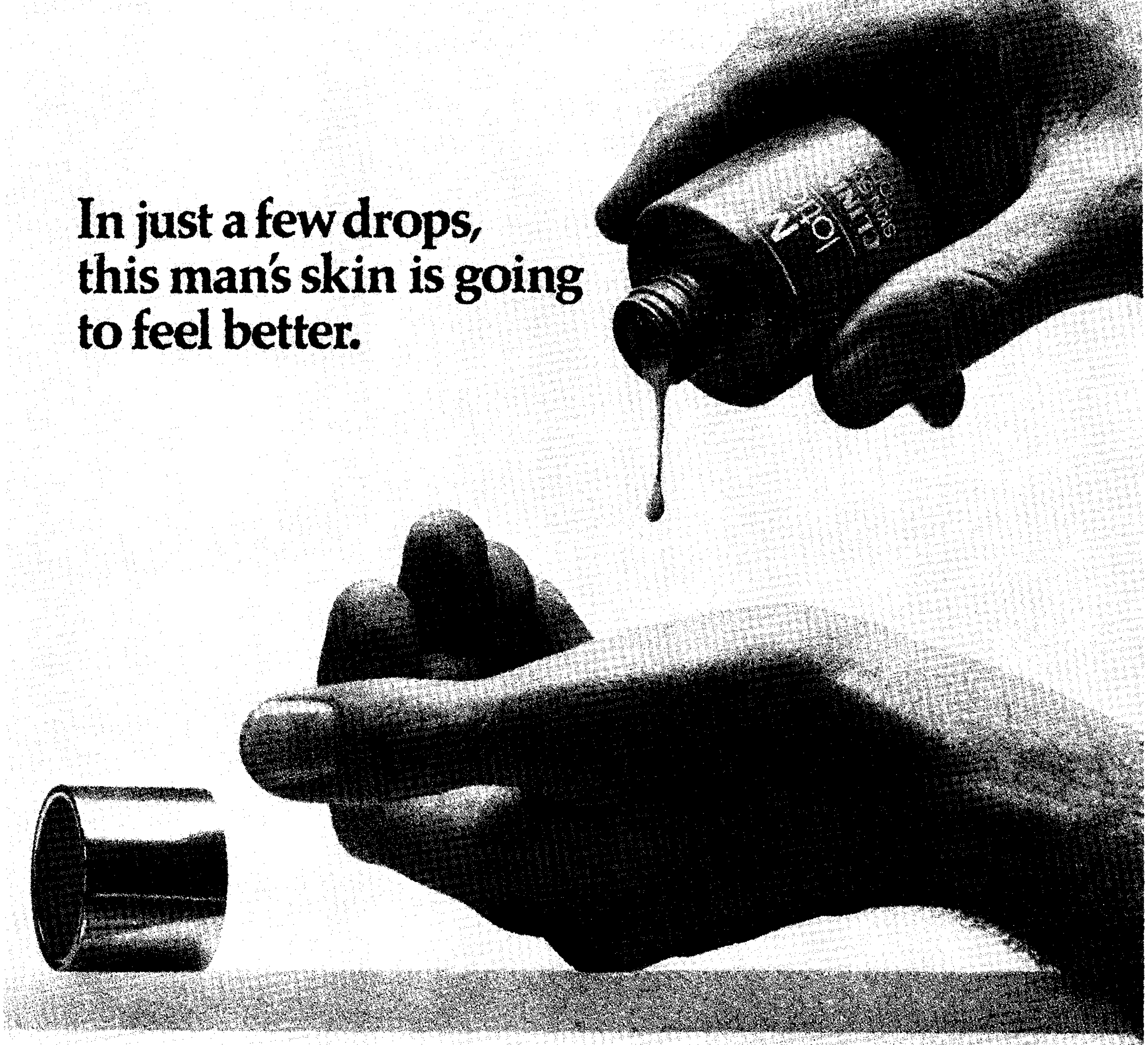

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Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. Mike Burstyn has replaced Jim Dale in the title role. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,984 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. On Thursday, Dec. 3, the play will be interpreted for deaf patrons by two sign-language interpreters. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

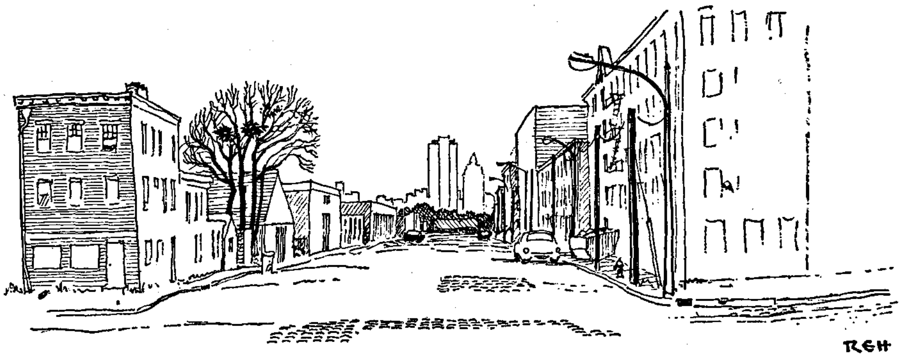
MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—The hundred-and-eleventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's brouhaha. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100. Opens Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8; thereafter, Fridays at 10:30 and 8; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8; Sundays at 1 and 5:30; and Tuesdays through Thursdays at 4 and 8. Closes Sunday, Dec. 13.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—The annual Christmas show will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 11, 2:30, and 7:30; Fridays at 2:30 and 7:30; Sundays at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Monday, Dec. 7, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 11 and 2:30.)

THE AMAZING MASTERS OF MAGIC AND ILLUSION—An international cast headed by Richiardi. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 2-4, at 7:30; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 7:30; and final performances Sunday, Dec. 6, at 1 and 5.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring circus in a heated tent in Damrosch Park. Performances start Friday, Dec. 4, and will continue through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2 and 6; Monday, Dec. 7, at 6; Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 6:45—a benefit performance, with Mayor Koch as the ringmaster; Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 2 and 6; Thursday, Dec. 10, at 11 and 6; Friday, Dec. 11, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 8.)



DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Opening performances of a twenty-eight-day engagement of "The Nutcracker," which will run through Sunday, Jan. 3. (Thursday, Dec. 3, at 6; Friday, Dec. 4, at 8; Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Dec. 6, at 1 and 5; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 8-10, at 6; Friday, Dec. 11, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 2 and 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 21.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 20—Wednesday evening, Dec. 2: "Phases," "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 3: "Memoria;" "Fontessa and Friends" (première); an unnamed ballet (première), with guest dancers Judith Jamison and Alexander Godunov; and "Revelations." (A benefit performance.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 4: "The River," "Spectrum" (première), and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 5: "Phases," "The Still Point," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 5: "Phases," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Dec. 6: "Spectrum," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Dec. 6: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Fontessa and Friends," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 8: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 9: "Spectrum," "Masekela Langage," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 10: "Phases," "The Still Point," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 11: "Fontessa and Friends," the new unnamed ballet, and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 12: "The Lark Ascending," "Treading," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 12: "The River," "Spectrum," and "Memoria." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **VAN GRONA DANCE THEATRE.** Wednesday, Dec. 2, and Friday, Dec. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2: "Revival '81," a reconstruction of Eugene Van Grona's American Negro Ballet Company, which was in operation in the thirties. . . . **ROBERT SMALL AND THE SMALL DANCE COMPANY.** Thursday, Dec. 3, and Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 5-6, at 8: "Skan" (première), "Tuber Tales," "Boundaries," and "Patio" (New York première). (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

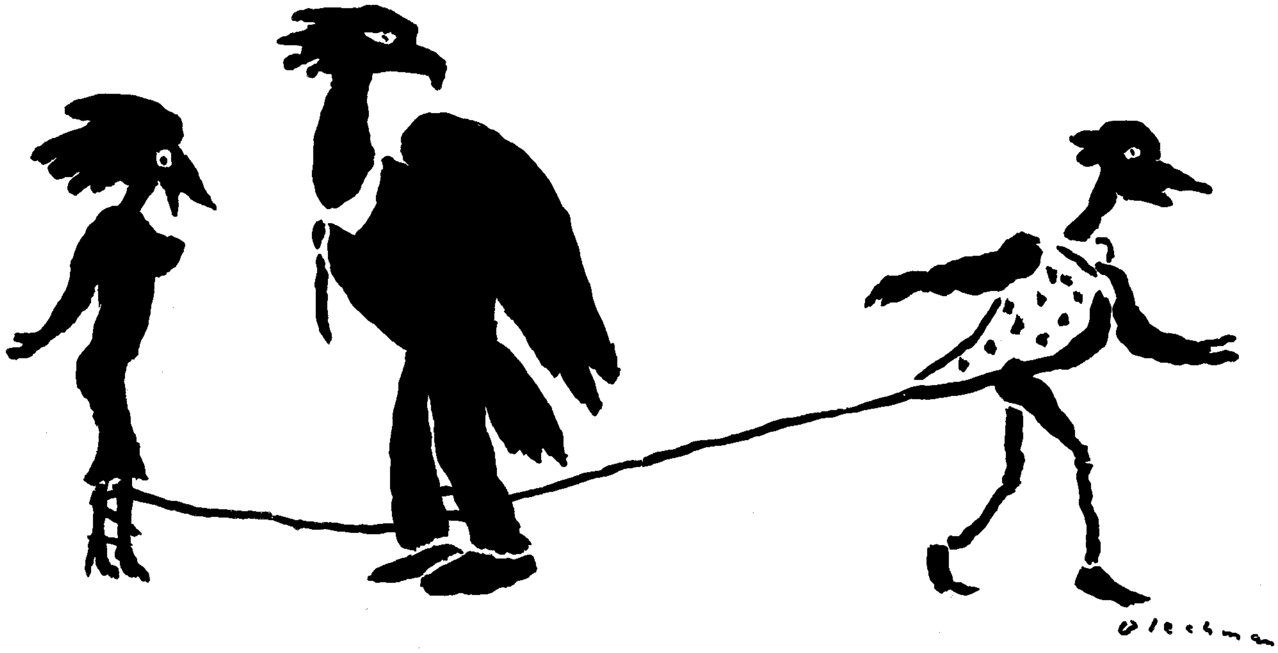
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneous stride and free pianist, leads a trio on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will head up a trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BECHET'S, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—Mainstream small-combo jazz on the upper East Side: **SLAM STEWART,** as comic and as hammy as ever, emits fuzzy, buzzing vocals that accompany his bowed-bass solos. He leads a trio Tuesdays through Sundays. On Monday, Dec. 7, guitarist Gary Gross's quartet will be present. Music from nine. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A new dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Alto saxophonist **CHRIS WOODS** and bassist-hummer **MAJOR HOLLEY** co-pilot a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 6; on Tuesday, Dec. 8,

The Eagle and the Jaybird



Once on a business trip to the Coast, the Eagle and the Jaybird were invited to a cocktail party at a movie producer's home. "We must dress for the occasion," said the Jay, and went out and spent $369 on a new outfit.

"How do you like my threads?" he asked the Eagle. "One of them is loose," replied the Eagle, who has a keen eye for craftsmanship. "Get your money back." "Nonsense," said the Jay. "Details, details, details. All I care about is the broad strokes. One little thread won't stop me."

Sure enough, the loose thread got caught in an assistant casting director's gold chain at the party and began to unravel. The Eagle was too busy getting the phone number of Second Runner-up Miss Anaheim to notice that the unravelling continued until the Jaybird was as naked as an oven roaster.

The L.A. police arrested the Jaybird and locked him up for 90 days on an indecent exposure charge.

MORAL: Sometimes, hanging by a thread is as bad as hanging by a noose.

Every Eagle shirt goes through 72 separate phases of manufacture and inspection before it ever leaves our Pennsylvania factory.

We check to make sure every button fits every buttonhole. We stitch the buttonholes so it's impossible for them to fray. Threads? We have lots of nice ladies who spend their entire day checking for loose threads... not only at the seams, but even *inside* the collar before it is sewn to the band.

Our point is this: some birds may be generous to a fault, but an Eagle overlooks nothing.

Now, where to find our shirts. It may be a problem since a lot of fine stores like them so much they have us sew in their labels. Same shirt, different name. If you're dead set on buying an Eagle shirt, with (or without) a real Eagle label, just drop us a card and we'll let you know where you can.

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SHIRTMAKERS
SINCE 1867

Miss Afflerbach, P.O. Box 580, Quakertown, PA 18951

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CHRIS CONNOR will begin singing. The music begins at ten. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS and flutist DAVE VALENTIN; Sunday, Dec. 6, John Maxwell in a one-man show called "Oh, Mr. Faulkner, Do You Write?" (at eight-thirty); Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 9-10, folkies JOHN HARTFORD and PETER STAMPFEL & STEVE WEBER; Friday, Dec. 11, DOC & MERLE WATSON and FIDDLE FEVER; and Saturday, Dec. 12, the JOHN HERALD BAND. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar: it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. The good musicians (in this case, piano-bass duos): RAY BRYANT and JIMMY ROWSER through Saturday, Dec. 5; RICHIE BEIRACH and GEORGE MRAZ on Sunday, Dec. 6; and KENNY BARRON and BUSTER WILLIAMS starting Monday, Dec. 7. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a Brazilian trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—BUCKY PIZZARELLI plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—BOBBY SHORT, who looks anything but "World Weary" when he sings that clever Noël Coward song—or for that matter, when he sings anything—is back in New York for a month (through Saturday, Jan. 2). He's performing with bassist BEVERLY PEER and drummer ROBBIE SCOTT in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . BARBARA CARROLL plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist ELLIS LARKINS, whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Dec. 2, the Satin Latins, China Shop, and Malibu Dolphins; Thursday, Dec. 3, Eddy Dixon & Liz Gallagher, Jody Beach, and Those Dirty Rings; Friday, Dec. 4, the Sirens, Timmy Capello & the Ken Dolls, and the Decoys; and Saturday, Dec. 5, guitarist RHYS CHATHAM, the Din, and La Gaupa Papa. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—RUTH BROWN sings her R. & B. biggies—"Teardrops from My Eyes" (1951), "5-10-15 Hours" (1952), and "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean" (1953)—in addition to creditable versions of such standards as "Here's That Rainy Day" and "Skylark." She's accompanied by a trio and by her own polyrhythmic hip-bashing tambourine playing Mondays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. CARRIE SMITH, a singer with a big, resounding voice, is on hand Sundays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Thursday, Dec. 3, a jam session; Saturday, Dec. 5, Nevard & the Barrelhouse Boys; Sunday, Dec. 6, guitarists Nick Katzman and Ari Eisinger; Wednesday, Dec. 9, Debby McClatchy and the Derby Ram; Thursday, Dec. 10, ANDY STATMAN and friends; and Saturday, Dec. 12, the Juggernaut String Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays and Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

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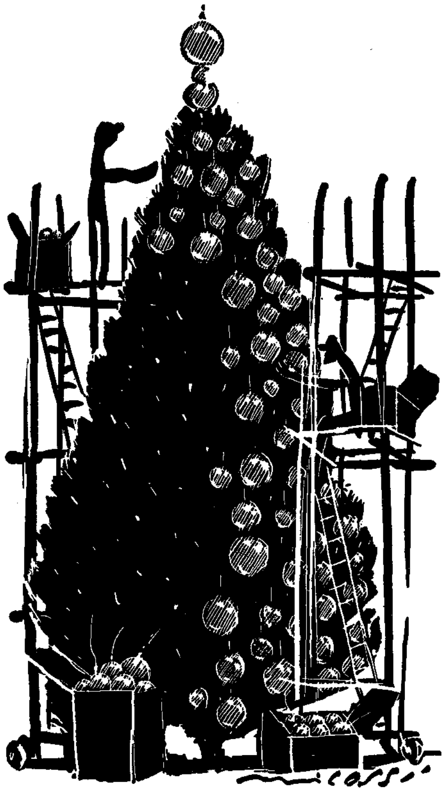
Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. On Sunday, Dec. 6, trumpeter Glenn Zottola's quartet will work from about nine-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. Tenor and alto saxophonist SONNY STITT leads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 6; on Tuesday, Dec. 8, JOHNNY HARTMAN, the jazz musician's singer, will move in with a backing combo. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Ginger Man, 51 W. 64th St. (399-2358)—A small room in the back of a sprawling Lincoln Center restaurant is home base on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays for the HARLEM BLUES AND JAZZ BAND—trombonist EDDIE DURHAM, guitarist AL CASEY, bassist AL HALL, tenor saxophonist EDDIE CHAMBLEE, pianist GENE RODGERS, trumpeter BOBBY WILLIAMS, and drummer TOMMY BENFORD—which performs forty-, fifty-, and sixty-year-old music with verve, skill, and humor. Music from nine-thirty.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. The music lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 2, singer Janet Lawson; Thursday, Dec. 3, and Saturday, Dec. 5, CISSY HOUSTON, whose repertory is a celebration of sixties rhythm and blues; Monday, Dec. 7, pianist BROSS TOWNSEND and bassist BOB CUNNINGHAM and their guest trombonist BENNY POWELL; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 8-9, singer SUSANNAH MC CORKLE; and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 10-12, Raw Sugar, a pop-soul sextet. On Sundays, pianist HILTON RUIZ performs with his quartet. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven, and Sundays and Mondays from ten-thirty. Closed Friday, Dec. 4. Dining.



Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist JOE PUMA works with bassist Ronnie Markowitz and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist CHUCK WAYNE'S trio. Sundays, BROOKS KERR plays piano and sings from five to ten, and Mondays through Saturdays pianist Don Golson is on hand from seven to ten.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical tubes containing little incandescent bulbs, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. JOHN BUNCH and his bassist provide the music through Saturday, Dec. 5; on Tuesday, Dec. 8, pianist JUNIOR MANCE and bassist MARTY RIVERA will take charge. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little snazzier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) ART HODES, whose sets are less like sets and more like History of the Jazz Piano 101 as they dip into the blues, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie's early and late blue periods, performs Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two. RED RICHARDS is at the piano from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty on Sundays and Mondays.

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds guides a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A jazz loft for jazzmaniacs and good old regular, everyday, mild-mannered people. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, pianist WALTER BISHOP, JR., will guide a quartet that features GARY BARTZ on tenor sax, and on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, SONNY FORTUNE, the hard-edged driving alto saxophonist who can make you downright grateful for a long, extended solo, will bring in his quartet. Wednesdays, OLU DARA, who sometimes plays his trumpet upside down, leads his occasionally out-there OKRA ORCHESTRA, which sometimes plays its jazz-funk material inside out. Thursdays, composer, arranger, singer, and guitarist THIAGO DE MELLO leads his ten-piece Brazilian-jazz band, AMAZON. Music from nine; on Fridays and Saturdays, following the regular sets—which ought to be about two or three in the morning—saxophonist-proprietor Mike Morgenstern jams with a bunch of musical colleagues.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter MAX KAMINSKY leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Composer-pianist CEDAR WALTON and super bassist RON CARTER team up here Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from about ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-

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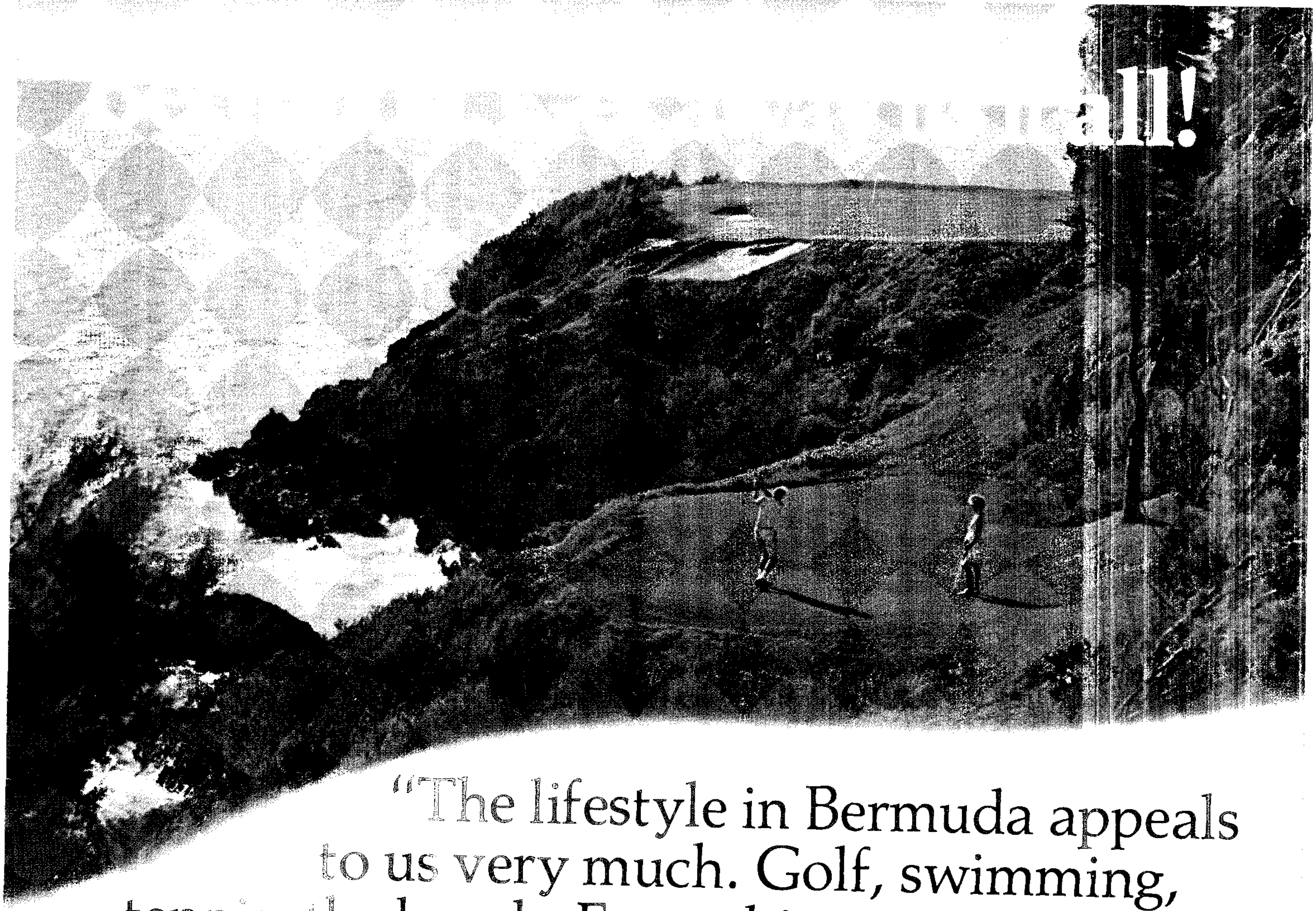
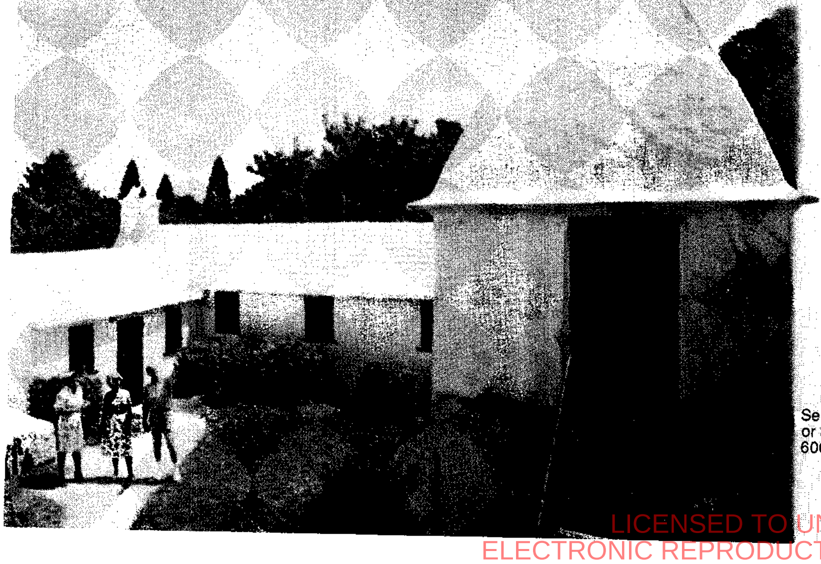


"The lifestyle in Bermuda appeals to us very much. Golf, swimming, tennis, the beach. Everything you want, at your fingertips."

Stephen and Ann Bell talk about the Bells' second visit to Bermuda.

"The architecture is a delight.
It's nice to see a house exactly as it was.
Like stepping back
a hundred years."



"I don't see how Bermuda can be improved upon. This is only the second time we've been here. But it's not going to be the last."

See your Travel Agent or write Bermuda, Dept. 1721, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10111 or Suite 1010, 44 School St., Boston, Mass. 02108 or 300 North State St., Chicago, Ill. 60610 or Suite 2008, 235 Peachtree St. N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30303.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, Dec. 2, Johnny Paycheck; Thursday, Dec. 3, Texas-blues guitarist **EDDIE COPELAND** and Chicago-blues saxophonist **EDDIE SHAW;** Sunday, Dec. 6, Canned Heat; Monday, Dec. 7, Jonathan Edwards; and Wednesday, Dec. 9, John McEuen. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—**CARMEN MC RAE** performs jazz vocals Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, Fridays at ten and midnight, and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Jonathan Schwartz, disc jockey, novelist, singer, and son (Arthur's), sings through Saturday, Dec. 5; on Tuesday, Dec. 8, pianist **DICK HYMAN'S PERFECT JAZZ REPERTORY QUINTET** will move in. The first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** leads a quartet that features **MICHAEL MOORE** on bass Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 2-3; on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, trumpeter **HUGH MASEKELA** will drop by with his African-funk band; on Monday, Dec. 7, and Friday through Monday, Dec. 11-14, guitarist **ERIC GALE** will work with his septet; and Tuesday, Dec. 8, will belong to the Tony Decaprio jazz band. Music from ten to two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. The music: Thursday, Dec. 10, Jim Scott & Radiance, and Saturday, Dec. 12, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 128 W. 45th St. (719-3176)—Many patrons on the dance floor have given up the Peppermint Twist for the Slam, which looks like something linebackers might learn at football training camp. The rock and roll: Wednesday, Dec. 2, El Futuro; Thursday, Dec. 3, Human Condition; Friday, Dec. 4, the Speedies; Saturday, Dec. 5, Suburban Lawns; Sunday, Dec. 6, the Gun Club; Monday, Dec. 7, I Dunno; Tuesday, Dec. 8, New York Dancestand; Wednesday, Dec. 9, the Cramps; Thursday, Dec. 10, Nash the Slash; and Saturday, Dec. 12, the Fleshtones. Music from round about midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet, which plays for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows, Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Friday, Dec. 4, the Cramps and SVT; Saturday, Dec. 5, the Rockats; Friday, Dec. 11, Sherri Beachfront and the Trio; Saturday, Dec. 12, Human Sexual Response and Mission of Burma. Shows after midnight.

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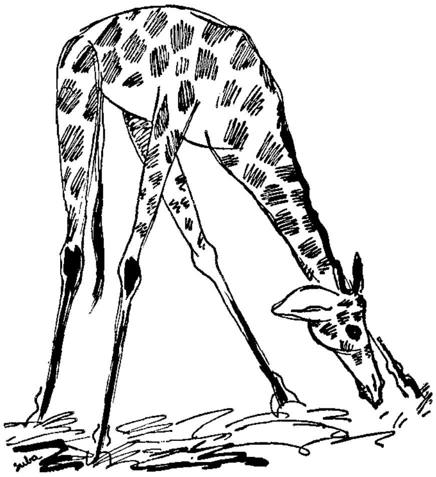
ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, a tribute to Irving Berlin is under way. The participants are Andrea McArdle, Larry Kert, Terry Burrell, and Debbie Shapiro. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—**PAQUITO D'RIVERA,** a young Cuban alto and soprano saxophonist who has gained the attention of New York jazz audiences in the past year, doesn't play with a tone as full as, say, Lou Donaldson's. But sometimes Mr. d'Rivera oozes up the scale in an unexpected, energetic, pleasing glissando (like the lead clarinet part in the opening of "Rhapsody in Blue" or like the trumpet solo on Perez Prado's 1955 smash hit, "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White"). His quintet is full of energy, too. The conga player uses not one, not two, but four conga drums and, along with the rest of the band, lots of body English. Mr. d'Rivera and his musicians form a small, flamboyant, macho Latin-jazz band that plays out-and-out intense, wildly rhythmic music executed with splashing cymbals and exaggerated gestures, smiles, and creative grimaces. They'll be here Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 2-4. Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 5-6, will be claimed by Yellowjackets; Tuesday, Dec. 8, guitarist Rodney Jones will perform; Wednesday, Dec. 9, will belong to Roland Vazquez & the Urban Ensemble; and on Thursday, Dec. 10, saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will arrive with his band. Music from nine-thirty.

STAR AND GARTER, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, pianist **JOHN HICKS** will head up a trio, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, drummer **PHILLY JOE JONES** will work with a quartet. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Saxophonist **BENNY CARTER** ends his visit on Saturday, Dec. 5; Sunday and Monday, Dec. 6-7, have been reserved for drummer **VICTOR LEWIS,** bassist **RUFUS REID,** pianist **ART RESNICK,** and saxophonist **BOB ROCKWELL;** and on Tuesday, Dec. 8, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** will move in with his latest quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae club. **JOE TURNER,** who is now seventy, first attracted attention in the early thirties, when he was known as Big Joe Turner. He quickly became *the* Kansas City blues shouter, working with pianist Pete Johnson and the Count Basie big band. By the late forties, his career was on the wane; Turner changed with the times and became a successful rhythm-and-blues artist. His styles during the period stretched from New Orleans singer ("Honey Hush") to Chicago-blues singer ("TV Mama," a funny blues, which he wrote and recorded with guitarist Elmore James) to rock-and-roll singer ("Shake, Rattle, and Roll"). Now a whole new generation of listeners has discovered him. He's still (thank heavens) here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sunday and Monday, Dec. 6-7, Chicago blues singer and guitarist **LUTHER ALLISON** will be onstage. On Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a local basic-blue octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights from around nine-thirty.



TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Dec. 2, Video and Spaces; Thursday, Dec. 3, Ex-Husbands, Mystery Dates, and Funktionaries; Friday, Dec 4, Iron City Houserockers; Saturday, Dec. 5, the Brains; Tuesday, Dec. 8, Madonna; Wednesday, Dec. 9, Bank and Heidi & the Hotshots; Thursday, Dec. 10, Locals, Ex-Davis, and Velveteen; Friday, Dec. 11, Neon; and Saturday, Dec. 12, Nash the Slash. Music after eleven. Dancing.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the barnlike downstairs room is given over to exuberant salsa bands, which begin playing at nine-thirty; on Monday, Dec. 7, **RAY BARRETTO** and his band will trade sets with **CONJUNTO CREMA** and guest musician **PAQUITO D'RIVERA.** Out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty on Tuesdays after nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN,** pianist **BARRY HARRIS,** and their hard-bop quartet wind up the week on Sunday, Dec. 6; on Tuesday, Dec. 8, tenor saxophonist **JOHNNY GRIFFIN,** whose solos are the urgent, vigorous kind that ex-big-band soloists tend to play, will descend the stairs with his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Hank Johnson on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Tony Regusis Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. The schedule: **HAROLD ASHBY** plays tenor sax and leads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 6; on Wednesday, Dec. 9, clarinettist **EDDIE BAREFIELD** will take over with his group. Mondays are saxophonist Percy France nights, and Tuesdays are reserved for the great drummer **JO JONES.** Music every night from nine.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

DAVID MURRAY OCTET—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Dec. 4, at 10.

GREG LAKE—With Novo Combo. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

BILL MONROE AND THE BLUEGRASS BOYS and THE DRY BRANCH FIRE SQUAD—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 7:30 and 10:30. For information about tickets, call 687-9000.

DAVID JOHANSEN—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.

A TRIBUTE TO JOHN LENNON—The Cincinnati Pops Orchestra, David Clayton-Thomas, Roberta Flack, and others in a memorial concert of music associated with John Lennon. (Radio

City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Judy Collins—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.

Keith Jarrett—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.

Gil Scott-Heron & the Midnight Band—With Lenny White and Twenny Nine. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Beaver Harris-Don Pullen 360-Degree Music Experience—Public Theatre. Friday, Dec. 11, at 10.

Ricky Ford Quartet—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Friday, Dec. 11, at 11.

Miriam Makeba and **Jon Lucien**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.

James Newton Flute Quartet—Public Theatre. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 10.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10:30 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Walter Davis, Jr., Buster Williams, Ben Riley, Claudio Roditi, and Charlie Rouse. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Clifford Jordan-Barry Harris quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 9: Meatloaf & the Neverland Express. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5, at 10: the Knack and Balance. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 9: Paul Butterfield and Powder Blues. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11, at 9, and Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:30 and 11:30: Luther Vandross and Donald Byrd. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesday, Dec. 2: Hilton Ruiz trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 3: Arturo O'Farrill. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Dec. 4-5: Julius Hemphill and the Mixed Wind ensemble. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 8: Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 11: Tito Puente's Latin Jazz quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 12: Milford Graves. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. All shows begin about 9:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Benny Andrews—Oils on canvas and small constructions in mixed mediums, all showing the influence of the artist's sojourn in New Mexico this summer. Through Dec. 24. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Hannelore Baron—Found boxes filled with found and handmade objects. Through Dec. 24. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Georg Baselitz—Oils and drawings; first one-man show in New York by a German artist. Through Jan. 9. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.) . . . ¶ Brooke Alexander, 20 W. 57th St., is showing woodcuts, etchings, and linoleum cuts. Through Dec. 30.

Thomas Hart Benton (1889-1975) / **Carol Sutton**—A group of his Synchromist paintings, 1915-20, which until recently were in a private French collection. Also paintings by some of Benton's contemporaries. Through Jan. 30. / Color-field paintings. Through Jan. 2. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

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Pierre Bonnard (1867-1947)—A benefit loan show of fifty-six paintings, the most comprehensive exhibit of his work in nearly twenty years. Through Friday, Dec. 11. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Eugène Boudin (1824-98) / **David Smith** (1906-65)—Paintings and drawings. / Spray paintings on linen and on paper by the sculptor. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Brian Conley—Three-dimensional painted wall pieces incorporating dense clusters of plastic foliage and references to primitive African sculpture. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

Honoré Daumier (1801-79)—Forty lithographs. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (McCarron, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Semi-abstract paintings on canvas and paper. Through Dec. 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Michael Hague / **John R. Grabach** (1880-1981)—Watercolors by an illustrator of children's classics (these for a Hans Christian Andersen collection). / Paintings and works on paper. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Joanna Krasner—Abstract oil paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert M. Kulicke—A new set of small-scale fruit and flower still-lifes; also jewelry made by him with Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 30. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Daniel Lang—Recent realist landscapes. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Robert Lobe—Hammered-aluminum sculptures showing the impressions of the rocks and trees from which they were cast. Through Dec. 23. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Lostutter—Watercolors and drawings by a Chicago Imagist; first one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 19. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Matta—Paintings and drawings, dated 1937-1947, by the Chilean-born Surrealist. Through Dec. 19. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Armando Morales—Semi-abstract oils of still-lifes and figures. Through Dec. 31. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Edvard Munch (1863-1944)—A benefit loan show of more than fifty woodcuts, lithographs, and etchings—all of women. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Browne, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Paintings and drawings of nature. The more exotic plant models were found at the New York Botanical Garden. Through Dec. 23. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Herk Van Tongeren—Tabletop-size bronzes in most of which architectural details (columns, entablatures) are combined with geometric forms. Through Dec. 19. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Vaclav Vytlacil—Abstract cityscapes dated 1931-33. Through Dec. 31. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mary Joan Waid—Magnified close-up portraits, usually a part of a face, in oils and pastels. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Group Shows—At the **carus**, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.: About two dozen collages and works on paper by eleven early-twentieth-century Italian (Giacomo Balla, Carlo Carrà) and Russian (David Burliuk, Olga Rozanova) Futurists. Through Dec. 19. . . . **forum**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by gallery artists (Marina Stern, David Levine, Raphael Soyer) and others. Through Dec. 24. . . . **gibson**, 205 E. 78th St.: Five English artists—Mac Adams, James Collins, Roger Cutforth, John Hilliard, and Peter Hutchinson—represented by work from the late sixties and the seventies. Through Dec. 19. . . . **paul rosenberg**, 20 E. 79th St.: Twenty-six Old Master drawings, by Guardi, Tiepolo, Prud'hon, Ingres, and others. Through Dec. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

David Lee Brown / **Cynthia Gallagher**—Highly polished stainless-steel sculptures. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through Dec. 19. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Paul Brown—Abstract oils. Through Dec. 19. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

William Clutz—New oil paintings: figures in Central Park and other scenes of New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Thomas Cornell—Allegorical paintings among other works. Through Dec. 23. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—New paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet and Joan Miró—Early drawings and collages. Through Dec. 19. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sondra Freckelton—Large-scale watercolors of gardens and quilts and furniture and flowering plants. Through Dec. 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Arnold Friedman (1874-1946) / **Konrad Cramer** (1888-1963)—Still-lifes in oils applied with a palette knife. / Still-lifes by a modernist. Through Jan. 2. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Ellen Sragow, 80 Fifth Ave., at 14th St., is showing fifty prints, drawings, and photographs by Mr. Cramer. Through Jan. 16.

Brenda Goodman—Paintings, sculptures, and a collection of twenty drawings—from 1975 to the present, and all bordering on the surreal. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 19. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Recent small-scale abstract paintings. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Related drawings, from 1975 to the present. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.) Both shows through Saturday, Dec. 5.

Roberto Juarez / **Francis Joseph Bruguière** (1879-1945)—Paintings on canvas and paper. / Photographs: cut-paper abstractions and other experimental works from the twenties.

Roxie Munro

Through Jan. 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

IRIAM LAUFER (1918-80)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Dec. 19. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

VEN LUKIN—Plywood sculptures, generally in the shape of birds' wings, bound with painted muslin. Through Dec. 17. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

IARKUS LÜPERTZ—Paintings (oils and gouaches) and sculptures (painted bronzes) by a member of a new group of German Expressionists. First one-man show in New York. Through Dec. 31. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

NDRÉ MASSON—More than forty oils and works on paper from the early forties, when Masson was living in the United States. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

IENRI MATISSE (1869-1954)—Thirty-four drawings in pen-and-ink, charcoal, and pencil. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ICHARD MERKIN—Recent pastels and a few oils. Through Thursday, Dec. 3. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

ULES OLITSKI—Color-field paintings. Through Dec. 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ENE RICE PEREIRA (1907-71)—Abstract geometric paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

IARJORIE PORTNOW—Recent realist paintings, mostly of landscapes. Through Friday, Dec. 4. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

DILON REDON (1840-1916)—Fifty lithographs, including "La Mort: Mon Ironie . . . ," done in 1889. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

EMBRANDT—Fifty etchings—portraits, landscapes, Biblical and genre scenes—all but a handful printed by the artist himself. Through Dec. 31. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

RUCE ROBBINS—New paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

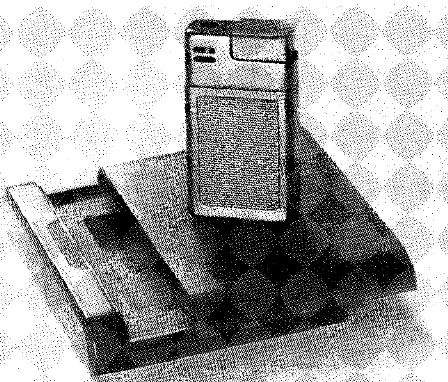
IERMAN ROSE—Impressionist paintings and monotypes: still-lifes, cityscapes, landscapes, and portraits, done since 1974. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

OHN SEERY—New paintings. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

AVID SHAPIRO—Abstract paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Dec. 19. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROUP SHOWS—At the **BREWSTER**, 41 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Latin-American artists, including Fernando Botero, Leonora Carrington, Diego Rivera, and Francisco Zuñiga. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Figure drawings by six realists (Jack Beal, William Beckman, Paul Georges, Alfred Leslie, Philip Pearlstein, and James Valerio), most of them studies for finished paintings. Through Thursday, Dec. 10. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St.: Seventy folk-art works, generally of three kinds—crafts-oriented religious art (Austrian and New Mexican), nineteenth-century American limner art, and twentieth-century naïve paintings (American, French, and Yugoslavian). Among the artists are Camille Bombois, Ammi Phillips, and Grandma Moses. Through Jan. 9. . . . **JANIS**, 110 W. 57th St.: A loan show of paintings and sculptures reflecting early-twentieth-century European movements, from Fauvism to Surrealism—Matisse's "Pink Nude," from the Baltimore Museum, for example, and Malevich's "Suprematist Composition: Red Square and White Square," from the Modern. Starts Thursday, Dec. 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Two portraits by John Singleton Copley, examples of the Hudson River school (Bierstadt, Heade), two bronzes by Leonard Baskin, and two of Joseph Hirsch's last paintings are among the sixty-three works here. Through Jan. 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: The opening show at the gallery's new address has paintings and drawings by artists associated with them in the past (Glackens, Sloan, Zorach) and the present (John Heliker, Jane Wasey, James Lechay). Through Dec. 30. . . . **MARKEL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Artists' books by Roz Chast, Bilgé Friedlaender, and others. Through Jan. 2. . . . **TOUCHSTONE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Original drawings by designers for the stage, including Santo

Made for Christmas.



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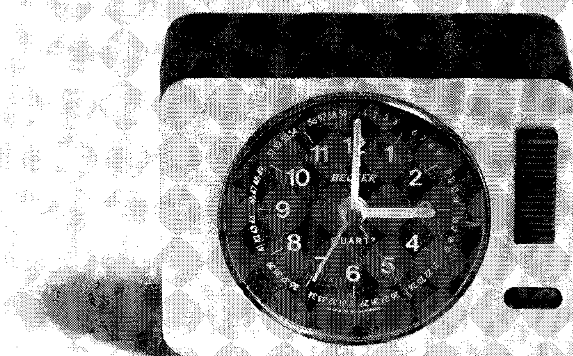

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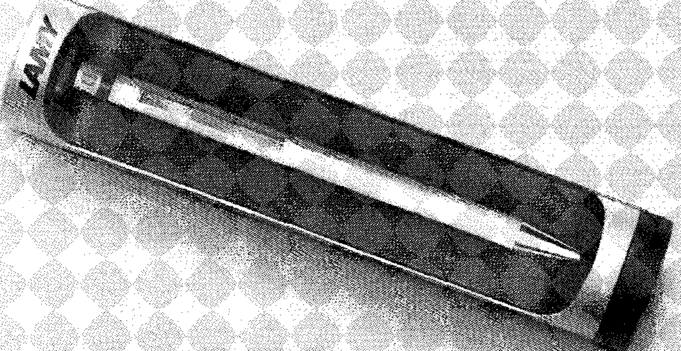

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Loquasto, Carrie F. Robbins, and Tony Walton. Through Dec. 30.

Sculpture—At the **mc kee,** 41 E. 57th St.: Figurative works by Arp, Giacometti, Lipchitz, and others. Through Dec. 19.... **zabriskie,** 521 W. 57th St.: Nine practitioners, among them Mia Westerlund (an abstract concrete form covered with a layer of lead), Patsy Norvell (a five-panel etched-glass screen), and Joe Neill (a wood relief). Through Jan. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre—Big blocks of Douglas fir and cedar arranged in various configurations on the gallery floor. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard Artschwager—Paintings and sculptures. Through Dec. 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Peter Berg—Architectural models (for projects at the Hudson River Museum among others), paintings, and drawings. Through Dec. 19. (Meyer, 410 West Broadway.)

Tom Boutis—Recent abstract paintings. Through Wednesday, Dec. 9. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays, at noon Saturdays.)

John Colt—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Stewart Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Hanne Darboven—Conceptual works frequently involving framed pages of symbolic notations. Through Dec. 19. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Erté—Gouache drawings for fashion and costume and set designs; they date from 1917 to 1975. Through Dec. 20. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Open Sundays.)

Hermine Ford—Abstract paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

E. F. Higgins III—Representations of imaginary stamps, most of them in oil on canvases measuring eighteen inches by sixteen. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

Aris Koutroulis / Marilynn Gelfman—Abstract works combining torn strips of cotton and linen applied to a wet acrylic backing. / Small-scale, delicate abstract sculptures. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Don Nice—New paintings on shaped canvases. Through Wednesday, Dec. 9. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Salomé—Paintings by a Berlin artist. Through Dec. 19. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Michael Singer—Two large sculptures (one in each of the gallery's two rooms), drawings, and photographs. Through Dec. 23. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Susan Weil—Drawings based on Muybridge's animal-locomotion studies; also prints. Through Dec. 30. (Judith Christian, 110 Greene St.)

Joe Zucker—A pair of large paintings depicting wrestlers and a series of fifteen others abstracting a boxing match. Through Dec. 23. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Thirteen contemporary artists. Through Jan. 2. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) ... **ingber,** 460 West Broadway: Very small works (Man Ray's 7½-by-9½-inch collage is a comparatively large one) by Lindner, Tobey, and others. Through Jan. 6.... **pindar,** 127 Greene St.: Kiyomi Iwata (sculptures using dyed silk organza and industrial fabrics such as fire hoses), Elaine Huyer (abstract oils), and Mimi Korach Lesser (Nova Scotia landscapes). Through Dec. 20. (Opens Sundays at 1.) ... **protetch,** in a second space at 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts.: Big works—sculptures, paintings, and architectural models—by Scott Burton, Alfred Jensen, Jackie Ferrara, Mary Miss, and others. Through Jan. 9. (Opens at noon.) ... **thorp,** 419 West Broadway: Drawings by April Gornik, John Lees, Mira Schor, and others. Through Dec. 31.

OTHER GALLERIES

Lee Krasner and Jackson Pollock—More than thirty works by each artist, dating from the late nineteen-thirties to Pollock's death in 1956, plus memorabilia. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

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George Luks (1867-1933)—Drawings. Through Jan. 15. (Washington Irving, 117 E. 17th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Sculptures, paintings, and constructions. Through Dec. 31. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Frank Young—Six large figurative oils. Through Dec. 24. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Group Shows—At the **claywork studio workshop,** 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St.: Ceramic pieces by eighteen painters and sculptors (Kenneth Noland, Jo Buffalo, Miriam Schapiro), many working in clay for the first time. Through Dec. 16. (Opens at 1.) ... **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Paintings and photographs, mostly, with admittedly ludicrous subjects—dogs dressed in shirts and ties (a photograph by Richard Ross), a herd of cows assessing a painting (a painting by Mark Tansey). Through Jan. 21. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) ... **pratt manhattan center,** 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: Paintings by artists who work predominantly in black; Rudolf Baranik, Marcia Hafif, Doug Ohlson, and Kay WalkingStick are four of them. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Berenice Abbott—A hundred and fifty photographs tracing the artist's years as a portrait photographer in Paris (the twenties) and as a documentary photographer in New York (the thirties). Through Jan. 10. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.) ... ¶ A group show that pairs photographs of similar subject matter—for example, Abbott's Second Avenue El alongside Andreas Feininger's. Through Jan. 10.

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—The Museum of Modern Art is showing a hundred and twenty-five prints of the French countryside. This is the first of four Atget shows planned by the museum, which has more than five thousand of the photographer's prints and negatives. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Paul Cava—Photographic collages and montages. Through Dec. 30. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Photogravures (and two platinum prints) of North American Indians. Through Dec. 31. (80 Papers, 80 Thompson St. Opens weekdays at noon; opens Sundays at 1.)

d·ehrenberg

Arthur Elgort—The Rolling Stones at Longview Farm, in Massachusetts, and in the photographer's studio; dancers of the New York City Ballet in rehearsal. Through Dec. 19. (Photograph, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Nancy Goldring—Works combining photography and pencil-and-gouache drawing. Through Monday, Dec. 7. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Jan Groover / Boyd Webb—A series of palladium-platinum contact prints. / Photographs of unlikely tableaux, with Webb himself in some of them. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Barbara Morgan—Six vintage photographs, thirty-five works recently printed, and four other works printed in editions. Through Dec. 30. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ruth Orkin / Mary Orkin—Photographs of people and places from the past five decades, beginning with a cross-country bicycle trip in 1939 and including such subjects as Leonard Bernstein at Tanglewood (from the forties), Montgomery Clift and Orson Welles (fifties), and Central Park (sixties and seventies). More than seventy-five prints in all. / Primitive paintings of Central Park by the photographer's mother. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Cindy Sherman—Pictures of herself in her usual vein. Through Wednesday, Dec. 9. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

Aaron Siskind / Nicholas Nixon—Photographs. / Group portraits, chiefly of young teen-agers. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

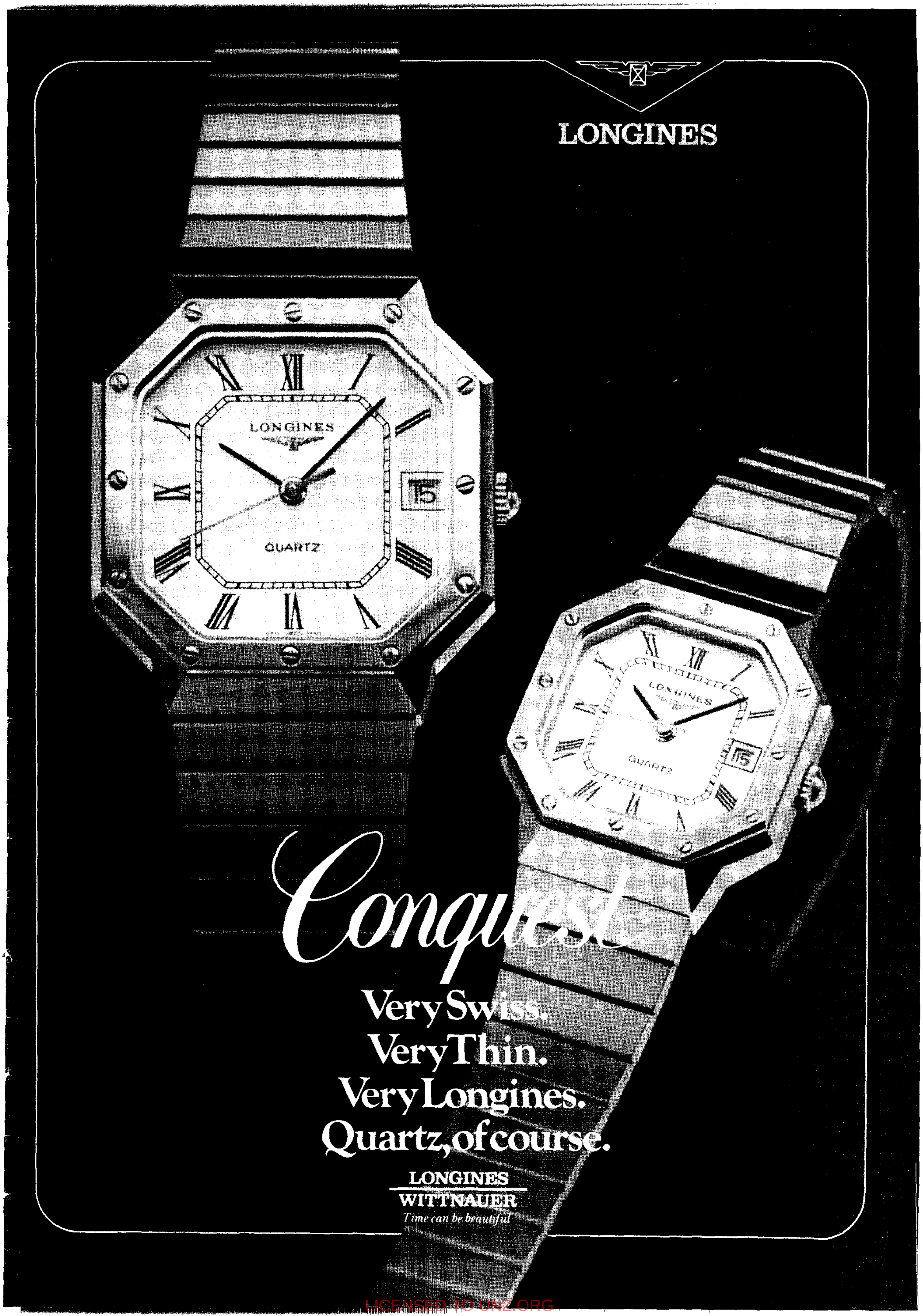
Photography at the Bauhaus—Fifty photographs. T. Lux Feininger, Joost Schmidt, Josef Albers, Hannes Meyer, and others. Through Saturday, Dec. 12. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A survey of decorative objects from Islam's Mamluk empire, whose artisans provided illuminated Korans; textiles; works in stone, wood, and glass; as well as swords, axes, and armor. Organized by the Smithsonian. Through Jan. 10.... ¶ "The Dance Master's Kit," a display in the musical-instruments galleries of fifty-one of the bowed, pocket-size stringed instruments, called "kits," used by dancing masters from the seventeenth century through the nineteenth. Stradivari and Guarneri each made one. Through Jan. 31.... ¶ Old Master paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza, Lugano. A 1311 panel from Duccio's Maestà altarpiece and a pair of Goyas are among the fifty-nine works. Through Sunday, Dec. 6.... ¶ Sixty twentieth-century French drawings and watercolors from the Robert Lehman Collection. Édouard Vuillard, Aristide Maillol, and Henri Matisse are here, and so is a large series of watercolors by Paul Signac. Through March 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the abstract works of the Swiss artist Sophie Taeuber-Arp. Through Dec. 13.... ¶ A show of prints and illustrated books (a copy of the almanac *Der Blaue Reiter* among them) which have been added to the museum's collections over the past five years. Through Jan. 3.... ¶ Five paintings and a number of drawings by the French artist Balthus; all the works, which date from the thirties, are from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 22.... **photography:** "The Work of Atget: Old France." Through Jan. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and graphics by the Italian still-life painter Giorgio Morandi (1890-1964). Through Jan. 17.... ¶ An exhibit of two hundred and sixty-eight paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by forty artists (many unknown here)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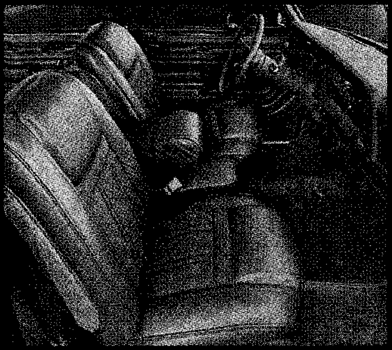

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AT AMERICAN MOTORS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of the Russian avant-garde of the early twentieth century. These works were brought out of Russia in 1977 by their owner, George Costakis. Through Jan. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that examines printmaking since 1960 as practiced by fourteen artists (Helen Frankenthaler, Michael Mazur, Claes Oldenburg) whose sketches, working and trial proofs, and finished works are shown in sequence. To underscore their contributions, a small selection of prints dated 1670 to 1960 is provided. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A stuffed buffalo presides over "Buffalo Bill and the Wild West," an exhibition centered on William F. Cody. It includes memorabilia from his travelling entertainment of a century ago (costumes, rifles, photographs) and paintings and sculptures of Western subjects by his contemporaries Bierstadt, Remington, Russell, and others. Through Jan. 17. . . . ¶ Seventy-three artists are represented in the twenty-second National Print Exhibition. Through Jan. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—More than three hundred and fifty objects of everyday use (a decorated canoe, carved chairs, metal spoons) made by the Suriname Maroons, who inhabit the rain forests of Suriname in northeastern South America. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—About forty works by contemporary artists Wayne Thiebaud, Red Grooms, Athena Tacha, and others. Some of the works will be purchased by the academy with funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher. Through Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Oils and other works by Childe Hassam (1859-1935), from the academy's collection. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 44 W. 53rd St.—The museum is using the occasion of its twenty-fifth anniversary to survey the nature of (and changes in) crafts since the Second World War, and to review (through slides) its shows of the past. The objects on view are in metal, wood, glass, fibre, and clay. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Eight Dynasties of Chinese Painting," a show of sixty paintings—hanging scrolls, hand scrolls, album leaves, and fans—on silk and paper and dated from the eighth century to the eighteenth. Starts Thursday, Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Thirteen original examples of Chinese calligraphy (ink brushed on silk and on paper) from the Sung (960-1279) and Yüan (1279-1368) dynasties. Among the hand scrolls and album leaves are works entitled "Poem Written in a Boat on the Wu River" and "Biographies of Lien P'o and Lin Hsiang-ju." Through Jan. 31. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A tribute to the written word, bounded at one end by a full-size replica of the inscription on Trajan's Column, and at the other by a word-processor. The evolution of writing implements is explored, as is the learning of one's ABCs. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A show that traces the development of the suburb and the suburban dwelling. Drawings and housing and street plans (some original) for communities spawned by the train (Forest Hills, 1913), the streetcar (Chatham Village, Illinois, 1931), and industry (Kohler, Wisconsin, 1913). Areas originally established as resorts (Coral Gables, Tuxedo Park) are also given their due. Through Jan. 24. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Book illustrations from eighteenth-century Venice. About a hundred and thirty-five volumes are on display, opened to pages showing original drawings by, among others, Tiepolo and Novelli (poetry) and Piazzetta (poetry and a treatise on surgery). Also twenty "presentation books"—commissioned volumes given by the nobility as commemorative gifts. Through Saturday, Dec. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Thirty-five examples of inlaid metalwork (furniture, decorative household items, a half-ton brass door with inlaid silver) in the Mamluk style, made during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries by Jewish craftsmen. A show timed to coincide with the one at the Metropolitan Museum. . . . ¶ A hundred and seventy photographs (ninety of them taken in the early nineteen-sixties) and written material, all highlighting the influence of Prague on Franz Kafka (1883-1924). Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A pair of seventy-fifth anniversary shows, the first consisting of architectural drawings of the Morgan Library as prepared in 1906 by McKim, Mead & White; the other show deals with the architecture of landscaping as practiced by Europeans in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and is illustrated with drawings and books. Through Feb. 7. . . . ¶ A salute to P. G. Wodehouse on his centenary. Manuscripts, first editions, photographs, letters, and so on. Through Jan. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Seventy-five woven baskets originally constructed for egg gathering, bird carrying, backpacking, church collection, and similar tasks but lately come into their own as art objects. Through Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"The Mayor's House: Gracie Mansion and Other Dwellings," an exhibit in which paintings, prints, photographs, maps, and furniture chronicle the history not only of Gracie Mansion (as a private home, restaurant, office, and, since 1942, home of the mayor), but also of the residences of earlier mayors. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A sixth-anniversary show featuring more than a hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, works on paper, and photographs. Dotty Attie, Jay Maisel, Liliana Porter, and Stuart Diamond are among the seventy artists. Through Saturday, Dec. 5.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—John Morton (music), Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8:30; Carl Stone (music), Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8:30; Trans Museq (music), Friday, Dec. 4, at 8:30; Roscoe Mitchell (music), Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30; Lisa Fox (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Dec. 10-13, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of photographs and video by Kevin Noble; starts Thursday, Dec. 3.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show is called "Figuratively Sculpting" and consists, as you will have guessed, of sculptures of figures. About forty artists. Through Dec. 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Dec. 2: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Galina Savova, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Jocelyne Taillon; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Patricia Craig, Giuliano Ciannella, and Louis Quilico. Angelo Campori conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 3: A program entitled "Stravinsky," consisting of

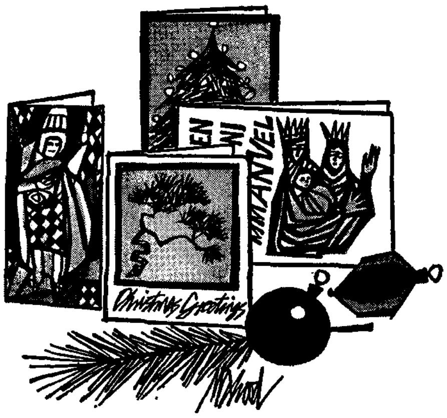
three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Morley Meredith, and John Cheek, as well as guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Tatiana Troyanos and Richard Cassilly. James Levine conducting all three works. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 4: A benefit performance celebrating Carlo Bergonzi's twenty-fifth anniversary with the Metropolitan Opera. The second acts from "La Traviata" and "Un Ballo in Maschera" and the third act from "Tosca" will be performed by Mr. Bergonzi and such colleagues as Catherine Malfitano, Galina Savova, Teresa Zylis-Gara, and Luciano Pavarotti. Conducted by James Levine. (For tickets, call 580-9830.) . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 5: "Tosca," with Carol Neblett, José Carreras, and Sherrill Milnes; Giuseppe Patanè. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 5: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Galina Savova, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Jocelyne Taillon; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Patricia Craig, Giuliano Ciannella, and Louis Quilico. Angelo Campori conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 7: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Morley Meredith, and John Cheek, as well as guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Tatiana Troyanos and Richard Cassilly. James Levine conducting all three works. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 8: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Galina Savova, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Gabriel Bacquier. Angelo Campori conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 9: "Rigoletto," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Isola Jones, Luciano Pavarotti, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 10: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jean Kraft, Ermanno Mauro, and Mario Sereni; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 11: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Morley Meredith, and John Cheek, as well as guest dancers Natalia Makarova and Anthony Dowell; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Tatiana Troyanos and Richard Cassilly. James Levine conducting all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 12: "Il Trittico"—"Il Tabarro," with Galina Savova, Vasile Moldoveanu, and Cornell MacNeil; "Suor Angelica," with Gilda Cruz-Romo and Bianca Berini; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Catherine Malfitano, Giuliano Ciannella, and Gabriel Bacquier. Angelo Campori conducting throughout. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 12: "Rigoletto," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Isola Jones, Luciano Pavarotti, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of Verdi's "La Traviata." Staged by Andrei Serban, with the Juilliard Symphony conducted by Christian Badea. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. 874-7515. Wednesday through Friday, Dec. 9-11, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

The Play of St. Nicholas—The first three of five performances of a twelfth-century musical drama, performed by members of the Ensemble for Early Music and the Cathedral Choristers. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 4 and 8, and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 4. For information about tickets, call 662-2133.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Raymond Leppard conducting a Purcell-Shostakovich program Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 3-5, at 8, and Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 7:30 (all with Hilda Harris, mezzo-soprano, and David Britton, tenor). . . . ¶ Eugene Ormandy conducting a Sibelius-Ravel-Brahms program on Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8; Friday, Dec. 11, at 2; Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8; and Tuesday, Dec. 15, at 7:30 (no soloists).



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Bohemian Virtuosi of Prague—Tomáš Koutnik conducting a fourteen-member chamber ensemble appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Philippe Entremont conducting and acting as piano soloist in a program of Viennese music. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8.)

American Philharmonic Orchestra—Rohan Joseph conducting, with the Guarneri Quartet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—George Manahan conducting, with Thorhallur Birgisson, violin. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the second in a series of three Haydn-Mozart programs, with Menahem Pressler, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

Orpheus—A chamber orchestra of twenty-six instrumentalists who perform without a conductor. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8, with Maureen Forrester, contralto.)

Speculum Musicae—Conducted, in part, by David Gilbert. With Sheila Schonberg, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a program of baroque music, with Leonard Rose, cello, and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Dec. 11-12, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 13, at 3.)

Manhattan Philharmonia—Vladimir Kin conducting, with Kerry McDermott, violin. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Mannes Chorus—Amy Kaiser directing. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

St. Patrick's Cathedral Concert—Hugh Ross directing the Schola Cantorum of New York in a program of Brazilian baroque music, with Lúcia Godoy, soprano; Vania Soares, mezzo-soprano; André Lorieri, tenor; Amim Feres, bass-baritone; and an orchestra from the Manhattan School of Music. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing a hundred-and-fifty-member chorus in a program of sacred and secular music spanning four centuries. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Barnard-Columbia Philharmonia and Chorus—Peter Schubert directing a performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," Parts I-III. With George Stauffer, organ. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Miriam Brickman and Naomi Drucker and Stanley Drucker—Piano and two clarinets. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 8, an all-Scandinavian program. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8, a Bartók-Smetana-Mozart program, with Ida Kavafian, viola.)

Lynn Harrell—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Karl Kraber—Flute, with James Tocco, piano; Fred Sherry, cello; and Robert Stallman, also flute. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Ani Kavafian and Ida Kavafian, violin; Daniel Phillips, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and Richard Goode and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Dec. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at 5.)

Composers String Quartet—The second in a series of five concerts presenting a survey of string quartets from the eighteenth century to the present, this one devoted to the nineteenth century. With commentary by Piero Weiss. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Peter Wiley—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2:30.)

Roberta Peters—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8.)

New Baroque Soloists—A program of chamber music by J. S. Bach and his sons. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

James Galway—Flute, with Phillip Moll, harpsichord, and Moray Welsh, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Viktor Friedman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The fifth in a series of eight recitals will be performed by Joan Benson, clavichord. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3 and 4:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music Project—An eleven-member ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 3.)

David Tanenbaum—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Eastman Chamber Players—Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Philip West, oboe; Robert Spillman, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Harmonie Ensemble—Steven Richman conducting an all-Stravinsky program that will include a staged production of the dramatic work "L'Histoire du Soldat." With actors Howard Da Silva and Chris Sarandon; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Porrello, singer-actor, Naomi Sorkin, dancer; and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Bach recitals. With Eugenia Zukerman and Paula Robison, both flute. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Heidi Nitze—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Dec. 7, at 8.)

Marvis Martin—Soprano, with Robert Routch, horn. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Robin McCabe—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Malka Schwarz—Mezzo-soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 8.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—With Jorge Bolet, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Jubal Trio—The first in a series of three concerts entitled "Festival of New York Composers." With Constance Beavon, mezzo-soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8.)

Helen Vanni and John Browning—Mezzo-soprano and piano, in an all-Debussy recital. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. at 122nd St. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Emerson String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

New Music Consort—The first in a series of three concerts of twentieth-century music by American composers, this one devoted to Ruth Crawford Seeger, Louis Karchin, Allen Anderson, Henry Cowell, and George Crumb. With Susan Belling, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Dec. 10, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Dec. 11, at 8.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

Etsko Tazaki—Piano, in a Bartók-Schubert program. With Felix Galimir and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Waverly Consort—The first two of six performances of a program called "Christmas in the Middle Ages," which will be given on three consecutive Sundays. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 1:30 and 3:30. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Mondays through Fridays.)

Benefit Concert—Grace Bumbry, the Cleveland Quartet, Cliff Robertson, Estelle Parsons, Ilana Vered, Igor Kipnis, and others. For the benefit of the Save the Children & the Hunger Project. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 6, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Washington, Thursday, Dec. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Dec. 5, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, Dec. 12, at 8:05. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 5. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, Dec. 11. (Games begin at 7:35.)

College Football—Army vs. Navy. (Philadelphia. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 3:40.)

Professional Football—SUNDAY, DEC. 6: Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Seattle Seahawks, at Seattle. . . . SATURDAY, DEC. 12: Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland.

Gymnastics—Women's International Gymnastics Team Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Dec. 5, at 1, and Sunday, Dec. 6, at noon.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Dec. 6, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Hartford Whalers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 17. The Firenze Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 5, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Dec. 12. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Dec. 31. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Thursday, Dec. 31.

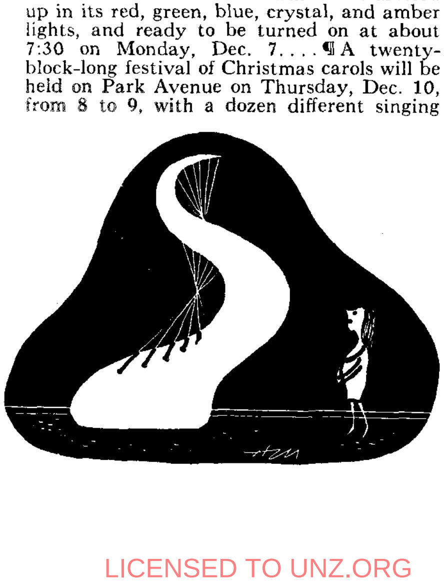
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 16.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Carol Muske and Philip Schultz reading from their own works. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Thursday, Dec. 3, at 8.) . . . ¶ Gwendolyn Brooks and Ntozake Shange reading from their own works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 7, and Thursday, Dec. 3, at 10:15 and 2: Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. Admission to the Wednesday sale by ticket only; for information, call 472-3628. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 9, at 2, and Thursday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2: American Impressionist and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures, including works by Edward Hopper, Georgia O'Keeffe, William Merritt Chase, and John Singer Sargent. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 5. . . . SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Friday, Dec. 4, at 2: Pre-Columbian art, from the collection of Serge Bogousslavsky. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: Pre-Columbian art. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 10:15 and 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 2: Netsuke, inro, and lacquerware. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental miniatures, manuscripts, and Islamic works of art. Exhibition starts Friday, Dec. 4. . . . SOTHEBY'S, 171 E. 84th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, Dec. 2, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, Dec. 3, at 10:15: A group of Latin-American books and manuscripts, Lincoln memorabilia, and other Americana material. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 4, at 10:15 and 2: American historical documents and autograph letters, from the collection of the Elsie O. and Philip D. Sang Foundation. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, Dec. 4, at 2, and Saturday, Dec. 5, at 10 and 2:30: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 5, at 2: Art Deco sculpture. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 10 and 2: Jewelry. . . . PHILLIPS, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Dec. 3: Property from the estate of Antoinette E. Schulte—jewelry at 10, furniture and decorations at noon, and paintings at 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 8, at 2: Old Master and modern prints. Exhibition starts Saturday, Dec. 5.

Christmas and Healthful Outdoor Living—If everything runs on schedule, the Christmas tree in Rockefeller Center will be all dressed up in its red, green, blue, crystal, and amber lights, and ready to be turned on at about 7:30 on Monday, Dec. 7. . . . ¶ A twenty-block-long festival of Christmas carols will be held on Park Avenue on Thursday, Dec. 10, from 8 to 9, with a dozen different singing groups, each on a corner of the avenue, from 67th Street to 86th Street. In case of rain, the festival will be held at the Einhorn Auditorium, 131 E. 76th St.



COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Dec. 18 (Chicago), Dec. 22 (Philadelphia), Dec. 25 (Nets), Jan. 2 (Detroit), and Jan. 10 (Washington). . . . ¶ The Nets at the BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA: Dec. 16 (Chicago), Dec. 23 (Knicks), Dec. 26 (Washington), Dec. 28 (Indiana), Dec. 30 (Detroit), Jan. 6 (Milwaukee), and Jan. 8 (Cleveland).

College Football—The Garden State Bowl: Wisconsin vs. Tennessee. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Dec. 13.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals. (St. Louis. Dec. 13.) . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Dec. 19.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Green Bay Packers. (Shea Stadium. Dec. 20.)

Hockey—The Rangers at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Dec. 13 (Pittsburgh), Dec. 16 (Philadelphia), Dec. 20 (Washington), Dec. 23 (Winnipeg), Dec. 27 (Pittsburgh), Dec. 30 (Islanders), Jan. 3 (Washington), Jan. 7 (Vancouver), and Jan. 9 (Chicago). . . . ¶ The Islanders at NASSAU COLISEUM: Dec. 15 (Quebec), Dec. 17 (Washington), Dec. 19 (Detroit), Dec. 22 (Winnipeg), Dec. 26 (Philadelphia), Dec. 29 (Montreal), Jan. 2 (Chicago), Jan. 4 (Vancouver), and Jan. 9 (Philadelphia).

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Jan. 1-March 12.

Tennis—Toyota Championships. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. Dec. 15 and Dec. 17-20.)

Trotting—At the Meadowlands: Jan. 8-Aug. 7.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 17. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 12. . . . ¶ Masterwork Orchestra and Chorus, Dec. 13 and 27. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, Dec. 14 and 21. . . . ¶ Monserrat Caballé, soprano, and José Carreras, tenor, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Messiah Sing-In, Dec. 22. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): American Symphony Orchestra, Dec. 13 and Jan. 3. . . . ¶ Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia, Dec. 14. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Dec. 16-17. . . . ¶ Orchestre National de France, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 20. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio, with Leonard Bernstein, piano, Dec. 31. . . . ¶ José Carreras, tenor, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ John Browning, piano, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ New Orleans Philharmonic, Jan. 9. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Dec. 13-15 and Jan. 8 and 10. . . . ¶ Natan Brand, piano, Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Dec. 19. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Continuum, Jan. 9. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y, Dec. 15-16 and Jan. 5-6. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Dec. 19-20. . . . ¶ Jorge Bolet, piano, Jan. 9. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Aston Magna, Dec. 17. . . . ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, Dec. 18. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Jan. 8.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Kingdoms," Edward Sheehan's play concerning the struggle between Napoleon Bonaparte and Pope Pius VII. It will star Roy Dotrice, Armand Assante, and Maria Tucci. . . . ¶ Anne Bancroft and Max von Sydow in Tom Kempinski's two-character drama "Duet for One." . . . ¶ A musical, "Dream Girls," with thirty-two young singers and dancers. Tom Eyen wrote the book and lyrics, and Henry Krieger did the music. . . . ¶ Melvin Van Peebles is the star, director, and author of "Waltz of the Stork," a comedy with music. . . . ¶ William Alfred's new play, "Curse of an Aching Heart," set in Brooklyn in the nineteen-twenties. It will star Faye Dunaway.

Other Dates—The first day of winter is Dec. 21. . . . ¶ Christmas and New Year's Day fall on Fridays. . . . ¶ Fourth-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, Jan. 15.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A Nicholas Ray festival:
Dec. 2: At 6 and 10, "Hot Blood" (1956), with Jane Russell and Cornel Wilde. At 8, "Lightning Over Water" (directed by Wim Wenders and Ray).
Dec. 3-4: At 6 and 10, "Wind Across the Everglades" (1958), with Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer, Chana Eden, and Gypsy Rose Lee. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."
Dec. 5-6: At 6 and 10, "Rebel Without a Cause." (†) At 8, "Lightning Over Water."
Dec. 8: At 6 and 10, "Flying Leathernecks" (1951), with John Wayne, Robert Ryan, and Don Taylor. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."
Dec. 9: At 6 and 10, an unnamed Ray film. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."
Dec. 10: At 6 and 10, "The Savage Innocents" (1961), with Anthony Quinn. At 8, "Lightning Over Water."
Dec. 11: At 6 and 10, "In a Lonely Place." (†) At 8, "We Can't Go Home Again" (1973), with students at Harpur College.
Dec. 12: At 6 and 10, "Knock on Any Door." (†) At 8, "We Can't Go Home Again."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Dec. 8: A week-long festival of gay films. Call theatre for film titles and time schedules.
From Dec. 9: "Stripes." (†); and "Stir Crazy" (Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Dec. 3: "Halloween II" (Rich Rosenthal), with Jamie Lee Curtis and Donald Pleasence; and "The Blues Brothers." (†)
From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Dec. 3: "Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith.
From Dec. 4: "New York, New York." (†)

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Dec. 3: "The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)
From Dec. 4: "Reds" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Dec. 3: "Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (Friz Freleng), an animated film.
From Dec. 4: "Excalibur" (†) and "Outland." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 8: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy. From Dec. 9: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 3: "True Confessions." (†)
From Dec. 4: "The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 10: "Airplane!" (†); and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker.
From Dec. 11: "Last Chance."

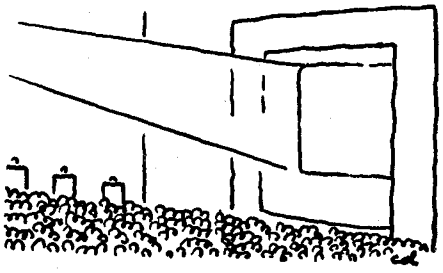
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Dec. 10: "True Confessions." (†)
From Dec. 11: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Dec. 8: "Southern Comfort." (†)
From Dec. 9: "Taps" (Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Montenegro" (Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Body Heat." (†)
From Dec. 4: "Chariots of Fire." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 25.

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: Theatre closed. From Dec. 4: "Reds" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.
Theatre 2: "Ragtime." (†)

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Dec. 3: "The Devil's Playground." (†)
From Dec. 4: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Chariots of Fire." (†) The theatre will be closed all day on Wednesday, Dec. 2. From Dec. 4: "On Golden Pond." (†)
Theatre 2: "Ticket to Heaven." (†) The theatre will be closed all day on Wednesday, Dec. 2.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Superman II." (†) From Dec. 4: "Excalibur" (†) and "Outland." (†)
Theatre 2: "Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (Friz Freleng), an animated film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Whose Life Is It Anyway?" (John Badham), with Richard Dreyfuss.

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.
Theatre 2: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Man of Iron" (Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Absence of Malice" (Sydney Pollack), with Paul Newman and Sally Field.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Dec. 3: "Body Heat." (†)
Dec. 4-10: "Prince of the City." (†)
From Dec. 11: "Paternity" (David Steinberg), with Burt Reynolds and Beverly D'Angelo.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 3: "The Prowler."
From Dec. 4: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle."

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Galaxy of Terror." From Dec. 4: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (Friz Freleng), an animated film. From Dec. 4: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Strong Medicine" (1979; directed by Richard Foreman), with Kate Manheim. From Dec. 9: "Clarence and Angel" (Robert Gardner).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog" (†); and "The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner" (1975; Werner Herzog; in German), a documentary about Walter Steiner skijumping. From Dec. 9: "Signs of Life" (Werner Herzog; in German); and "Precautions Against Fanatics" (Werner Herzog; in German).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Ashram" (Wolfgang Dobrowolny). From Dec. 4: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Body Heat." (†)

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Boat Is Full" (Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.
Theatre 2: "Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)
Theatre 2: "Cutter's Way." (†)
Theatre 3: "Priest of Love" (Christopher Miles), with Ian McKellen and Janet Suzman.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 3: "Pixote." (†)
From Dec. 4: "True Confessions." (†)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 3: "High Street" (1976; André Ernotte; in French), with Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman.
From Dec. 4 (tentative): "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Dec. 6: "The Shooting Party" (1977; Emil Loteanu; in Russian).
From Dec. 7: Theatre temporarily closed.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Dec. 8: "The French Lieutenant's Woman." (†)
Dec. 9-10: Theatre closed.
From Dec. 11: "Four Friends" (Arthur Penn), with Craig Wasson.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Woman Next Door" (François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Blood Wedding" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Only When I Laugh" (Glenn Jordan), with Marsha Mason and Kristy McNichol.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Dinner with Andre" (Louis Malle), with Wallace Shawn and Andre Gregory.
Theatre 2: "The Boat Is Full" (Markus Imhoof; in German), with Tina Engel and Curt Bois.
Theatre 3: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "They All Laughed" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Audrey Hepburn and Ben Gazzara.
Theatre 2: "Taxi Zum Klo" (Frank Ripploh; in German).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "The Hungarians" (Zoltán Fábri; in Hungarian). From Dec. 4: "The Devil's Playground." (†)

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Prince of the City." (†) From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (Friz Freleng), an animated film. From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 3: "Superman II." (†) From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 3: "True Confessions." (†) From Dec. 4: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 10: "Body Heat." (†) From Dec. 11 (tentative): "Buddy Buddy" (Billy Wilder), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "The Pursuit of D. B. Cooper" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robert Duvall and Treat Williams; and "Melvin and Howard." (†) From Dec. 4: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Superman II." (†) From Dec. 4: "Excalibur" (†) and "Outland." (†)

Theatre 3: Through Dec. 10: "Airplane!" (†); and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker. From Dec. 11: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†)

Theatre 4: Through Dec. 3: "Quartet" (James Ivory), with Alan Bates and Maggie Smith. From Dec. 4: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "The Prowler." Dec. 4-8: "Excalibur" (†) and "Outland." (†) From Dec. 9: "Taps" (directed by Harold Becker), with George C. Scott and Timothy Hutton.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Looney Looney Looney Bugs Bunny Movie" (Friz Freleng), an animated film. Dec. 4-10: "Goodbye, Emmanuelle." From Dec. 11: "Rollover" (Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson.

Theatre 3: "Prince of the City." (†)

Theatre 4: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Theatre 5: "Body Heat." (†)

Theatre 6: Through Dec. 10: "True Confessions." (†) From Dec. 11: "Arthur." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "Airplane!" (†); and "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker.

Theatre 3: "Mommie Dearest." (†)

Theatre 4: "Demonoid, Messenger of Death."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

Through Dec. 3: "Time Bandits" (Terry Gilliam), with John Cleese and Sean Connery.

From Dec. 4: "Reds" (Warren Beatty), with Beatty and Diane Keaton.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "Body and Soul" (George Bowers), with Leon Isaac Kennedy and Jayne Kennedy.

Theatre 2: "Ragtime." (†)

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

Through Dec. 10: "Arthur." (†)

From Dec. 11: "Spaced Out;" and "The Groove Tube." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Through Dec. 3: "Mortal Combat."

Dec. 4-10: "Escape from New York" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef; and "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.

From Dec. 11: "Last Chance."

R.K.O. Century Cinerama 1 and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through Dec. 3: "Superman II." (†) From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Dec. 3: "Galaxy of Terror." From Dec. 4: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Dec. 2: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965) and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957), both films in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina.

Dec. 3: "Victim" (1961; Basil Dearden), with Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms, and Dennis Price; and "Some of My Best Friends Are . . ." (1971; Mervyn Nelson), with Candy Darling, Fannie Flagg, and Carleton Carpenter.

Dec. 4-5: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

Dec. 6: "My Brilliant Career" (1980; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Judy Davis and Sam Neill; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Dec. 7: "Menschenfrauen" (1978; Valie Export; an Austrian film). Valie Export will be present at 8:15.

Dec. 8: Two Japanese films—"Kyoshiro Nemuri and the Pirates" and "Kyoshiro: The Full Moon Swordsman."

Dec. 9: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "La Strada." (†)

Dec. 10: "Butley" (1974; Harold Pinter), with Alan Bates, Jessica Tandy, and Richard O'Callaghan; and "The Maids" (1975; Christopher Miles), with Glenda Jackson, Susannah York, and Vivien Merchant.

Dec. 11-12: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Dec. 2: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (1967; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Ninetto Davoli and Totò.

Dec. 3: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew;" "The Hawks and the Sparrows;" and "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight.

Dec. 4: "Midnight Cowboy;" "S.O.B." (1981; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews and William Holden; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

Dec. 5: "S.O.B.;" and "Sunset Boulevard."

Dec. 6: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Dec. 7: "The Magic Flute;" "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson; and "All These Women" (1964; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Jarl Kulle, Eva Dahlbeck, Bibi Andersson, and Harriet Andersson.

Dec. 8: "Smiles of a Summer Night;" "All These Women;" and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.

Dec. 9: "The Damned;" "Bay of the Angels" (1962; Jacques Demy; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Banana Peel" (1965; Marcel Ophuls; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Gert Frobe, and Claude Brasseur.

Dec. 10: "Bay of the Angels;" "Banana Peel;" and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.

Dec. 11: "Death in Venice;" "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.

Dec. 12: "On the Waterfront;" and "The Wild One."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Dec. 3: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (1981; Moshe Mizrahi; in French),

Boots: Flaminia Photo: Marco Glaviano

Ritter Brothers

Ben Thylan

FURS

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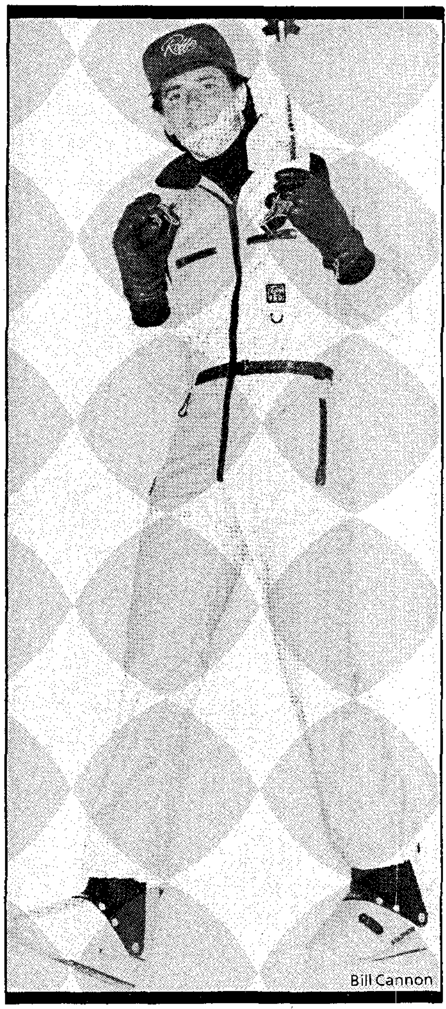
Bill Cannon

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with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort; and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.
Dec. 4-5: "Rust Never Sleeps" (1979; Bernard Shakey), a documentary about Neil Young; and "Journey Through the Past" (1974), a documentary directed by and about Neil Young.
Dec. 6-8: "Saturday Night at the Baths" (1975; David Buckley), with Robert Aberdeen; and "A Very Natural Thing" (1974; Christopher Larkin), with Robert Joel and Curt Gareth.
Dec. 9-10: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Lady Sings the Blues." (†)
Dec. 11-12: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards; and "Slaughterhouse-Five." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Spetters" (1981; Paul Verhoeven; in Dutch).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 5: "Thank Your Lucky Stars" (1943; David Butler), with Eddie Cantor and Bette Davis; and "Star Spangled Rhythm" (1942; George Marshall), with Bing Crosby and Paulette Goddard.
Dec. 6-8: "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée; and "The Egg and I" (1947; Chester Erskine), with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Marjorie Main, and Percy Kilbride.
Dec. 9-12: "Drums Along the Mohawk" (†) and "Golden Boy." (†)

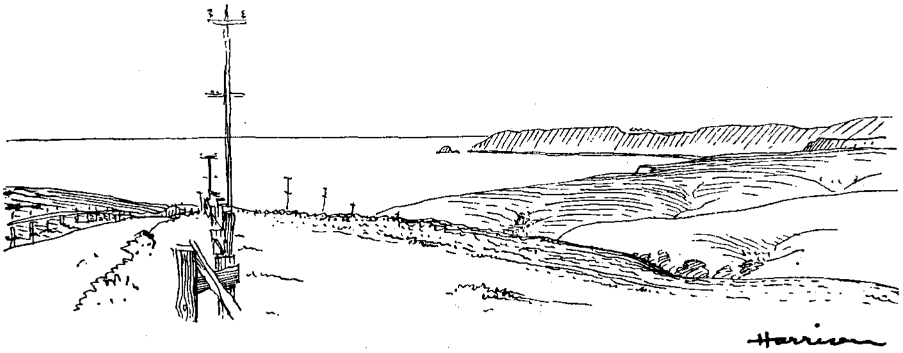
Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Dec. 5: "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.
Dec. 6-8: "Forbidden Planet" (1956; Fred M. Wilcox), with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "The Day the Earth Stood Still." (†)
Dec. 9-12: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (†) and "It Came from Outer Space." (†)

Olympia Quad 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Dec. 3: "The Europeans" (1979; James Ivory), with Lee Remick, Tim Woodward, Lisa Eichhorn, and Kristin Griffith; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.
Dec. 4-5: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.
Dec. 6-8: "Woman in the Dunes" (†); and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Rive and Eiji Okada.
Dec. 9-10: "Bye Bye Brazil" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Betty Faria and Jose Wilker; and "Gaijin: A Brazilian Odyssey" (1981; Tizuka Yamasaki; in Portuguese, Japanese, Italian, and English).
Dec. 11-12: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian) and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Dec. 2: "Parnell" (1937; John M. Stahl), with Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, and Edna May Oliver; and "Strange Cargo" (1940; Frank Borzage), with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Peter Lorre.
Dec. 3-5: "Forsaking All Others" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), with Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery, Rosalind Russell, and Billie Burke; and "Hold Your Man" (1933; Sam Wood), with Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and Stuart Erwin.
Dec. 6-7: "Love Me or Leave Me" (†); and "Teacher's Pet" (1958; George Seaton), with Clark Gable, Doris Day, and Gig Young.
Dec. 8-9: "Shake Hands with the Devil" (1959; Michael Anderson), with James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns; and "13 Rue Madeleine." (†)
Dec. 10: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney.
From Dec. 11: "Gone with the Wind." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Dec. 2: "Femmes de Paris" (1954; Robert Dhéry; in French); and "La Belle Américaine" (1961; Robert Dhéry; in French), with Dhéry and Colette Brosset.
Dec. 3: "Squeeze" (1981); and "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932; Leontine Sagan; in German), with Herthe Thiele and Dorothea Wieck.
Dec. 4-5: "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam); and "Reggae Sunsplash" (1980), a concert with Bob Marley, Third World Band, Peter Tosh, and Burning Spear.
Dec. 6: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (†) and "Bedazzled." (†)
Dec. 7: "Crime and Passion" (1976; Ivan Passer), with Omar Sharif, Karen Black, and Joseph Bottoms; and "Law and Disorder." (†)
Dec. 8: "Thieves Highway" (1949; Jules Dassin), with Richard Conte and Lee J. Cobb; and "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais, Robert Manuel, Carl Mohner, and Dassin.
Dec. 9: "The Disappearance" (Stuart Cooper), with Donald Sutherland, Francine Racette, and David Hemmings; and "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)
Dec. 10: "A Night in Casablanca" (†) and "Room Service." (†)
Dec. 11-12: "The Getting of Wisdom" (†) and "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 2: "Le Million" (1931; René Clair; in French), with Annabella; and "Under the Roofs of Paris" (1930; René Clair; in French), with Albert Préjean.
Dec. 3: "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy, and Louis Calhern; and "Bad Sister" (1931; Hobart Henley), with Conrad Nagel, Sidney Fox, Bette Davis, and ZaSu Pitts.
Dec. 4-5: "Jesus Christ Superstar" (1973; Norman Jewison), with Ted Neeley; and "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo.
Dec. 6: "To Be or Not to Be" (1942; Ernst Lubitsch), with Carole Lombard, Jack Benny, Robert Stack, and Felix Bressart;



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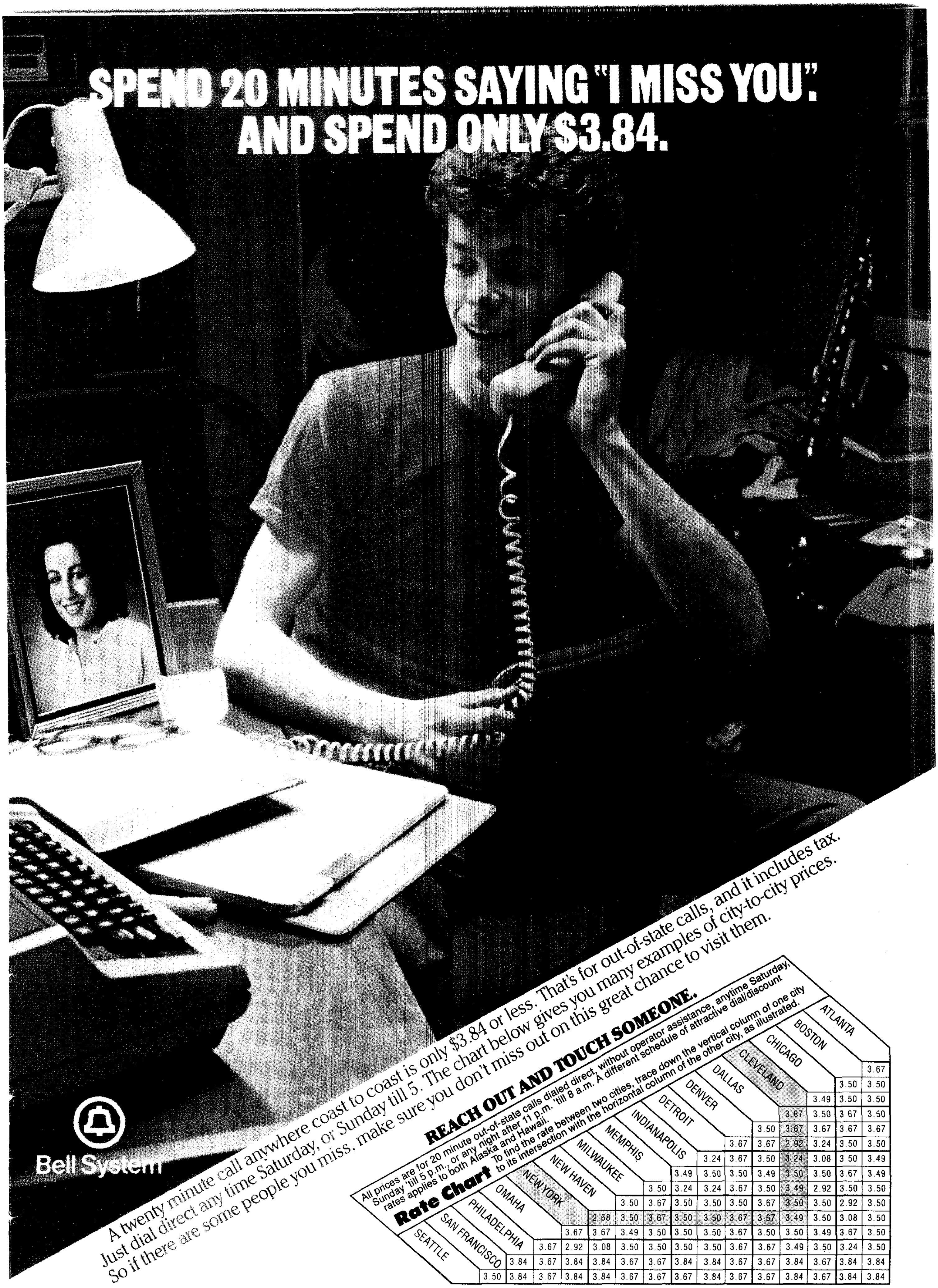

A twenty minute call anywhere coast to coast is only $3.84 or less. That's for out-of-state calls, and it includes tax. Just dial direct any time Saturday, or Sunday till 5. The chart below gives you many examples of city-to-city prices. So if there are some people you miss, make sure you don't miss out on this great chance to visit them.

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Rate Chart To find the rate between two cities, trace down the vertical column of one city to its intersection with the horizontal column of the other city, as illustrated.

	SAN FRANCISCO	PHILADELPHIA	OMAHA	NEW YORK	NEW HAVEN	MILWAUKEE	MEMPHIS	INDIANAPOLIS	DETROIT	DENVER	DALLAS	CLEVELAND	CHICAGO	BOSTON	ATLANTA
BOSTON															3.67
CHICAGO														3.50	3.50
CLEVELAND													3.49	3.50	3.50
DALLAS												3.67	3.50	3.67	3.50
DENVER											3.50	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.67
DETROIT										3.67	3.67	2.92	3.24	3.50	3.50
INDIANAPOLIS									3.24	3.67	3.50	3.24	3.08	3.50	3.49
MEMPHIS								3.49	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.49
MILWAUKEE							3.50	3.24	3.24	3.67	3.50	3.49	2.92	3.50	3.50
NEW HAVEN						3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	2.92	3.50
NEW YORK					2.68	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.08	3.50
OMAHA				3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.50	3.50	3.49	3.67	3.50
PHILADELPHIA			3.67	2.92	3.08	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.50	3.67	3.67	3.49	3.50	3.24	3.50
SAN FRANCISCO		3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84
SEATTLE	3.50	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.67	3.84	3.67	3.84	3.84

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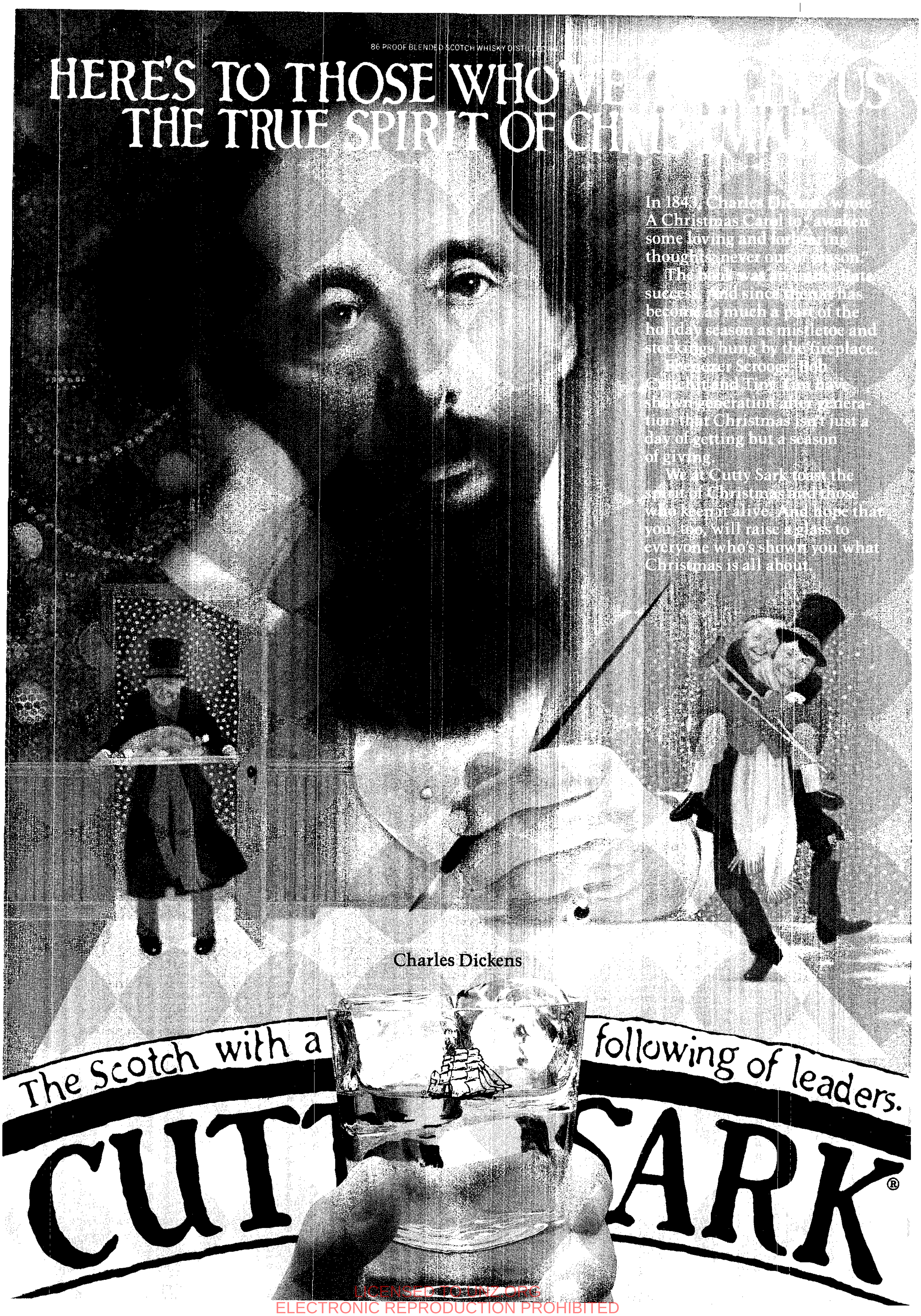

Charles Dickens

The Scotch with a following of leaders.
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and "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton.

Dec. 7: "The Seven Samurai" (1954) and "Rashomon" (1951), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Dec. 8: "Sunrise" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien, and Margaret Livingston; and "The Last Laugh." (†)

Dec. 9: "Lifeboat" (†); and "Rich and Strange" (1932; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Kendall and Joan Barry.

Dec. 10: "The Blood of a Poet" (†); "L'Affaire Est dans le Sac" (1932; Pierre Prévert; in French) and "Zero for Conduct" (1933; Jean Vigo; in French).

Dec. 11-12: "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell) and "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—A series of French films, 1930-60, all with English subtitles: Dec. 3 at 2:30: "Trois Valses" (1938; directed by Ludwig Berger), with Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay. . . . Dec. 3 at 6: "Une Vie" (1958; Alexandre Astruc), with Maria Schell and Christian Marquand. . . . Dec. 3 at 8:30: "Justin de Marseille" (1935; Maurice Tourneur), with Berval and Pierre Larquey. . . . Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Pension Mimosas" (1934; Jacques Feyder), with Françoise Rosay, Paul Bernard, and Arletty. . . . Dec. 4 at 6: "Une Si Jolie Petite Plage" (1949; Yves Allégret), with Gérard Philipe, Madeleine Robinson, and Jean Servais. . . . Dec. 5 at 2:30: "Une Vie." . . . Dec. 5 at 5: "L'Idiot" (1946; Georges Lampin), with Gérard Philipe, Edwige Feuillère, and Lucien Coëdel. . . . Dec. 6 at 2:30: "Gribouille" (1937; Marc Allégret), with Raimu and Michèle Morgan. . . . Dec. 6 at 5: "Ces Messieurs de la Santé" (1933; Pierre Colombier), with Raimu, Edwige Feuillère, and Lucien Baroux. . . . Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Paradis Perdu" (1939; Abel Gance), with Fernand Gravey, Micheline Presle, and Elvire Popesco. . . . Dec. 8 at 2:30: "Salonique, Nid d'Espions" (1936; G. W. Pabst), with Dita Parlo, Louis Jouvet, and Pierre Fresnay. . . . Dec. 10 at 2:30: "Les Parents Terribles" (1948; Jean Cocteau), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, and Yvonne de Bray. . . . Dec. 10 at 6: "Le Mystère de la Chambre Jaune" (1930; Marcel L'Herbier), with Huguette Duflos and Roland Toutain. . . . Dec. 10 at 8:30: "Le Parfum de la Dame en Noir" (1931; Marcel L'Herbier), with Huguette Duflos and Roland Toutain. . . . Dec. 11 at 2:30: "Le Père Tranquille" (1946; René Clément), with Noël-Noël. . . . Dec. 11 at 6: "Les Jeux Sont Faits" (1947; Jean Delannoy), with Micheline Presle, Marcel Pagliero, and Marguerite Moreno. . . . Dec. 12 at 2:30: "Le Mystère de la Chambre Jaune." . . . Dec. 12 at 5: "Le Parfum de la Dame en Noir." . . . ¶ Other, non-French, films scheduled during this period: Dec. 5-6 at noon: "Way Out West" (1937; James W. Horne), with Laurel and Hardy. . . . Dec. 7-8 at noon: "China" (1980; Larry Rosing), a documentary. . . . Dec. 7 at 6: "Empty Suitcases" (1981; Bette Gordon, who will be present). . . . Dec. 8 at 6: "Ben Da, U.S.A." (1981; David Hogoboom) and "Fundi, the Story of Ella Baker" (1980; Joanne Grant), both documentaries. . . . Dec. 12 at noon: "Hands Up" (1926; Clarence Badger; a silent film), with Raymond Griffith. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Starting Dec. 8: A week-long series of films by and about Willard Van Dyke: "Conversations with Willard Van Dyke" (1981), showings daily at noon and 4:30; "Valley Town" (1940) and "The City" (1939), showings daily at 1:30; and "The Photographer" (1947), showing daily at 3:30. On Tuesday evening, "The City" will be shown at 6 and "Conversations" at 7. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Dec. 2 at 8: A program of five films by Maya Deren. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 8: "Prästänken" (1921; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a Swedish silent film, no English titles). . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 8: "Michaël" (1924; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a German silent film, no English titles). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2: A video program of five artists, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 8: "La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc" (1928; Carl Theodor Dreyer; a French film, no English titles). . . . ¶ Dec. 8-10 at 8 and 10: A retrospective of films by Ian Hugo. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 7 and 10; Dec. 12 at 2, 7, and 10; and Dec. 13 at 7 and 10: A retrospective of films by Shirley Clarke.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AIRPLANE! (1980)—If you were a teen-ager in the late fifties and read the movie lampoons in *Mad* and watched a lot of TV series shows and a lot of cheapie old movies on television and remembered parts of all of them, jumbled together into one dumb movie—that's "Airplane!" It's compiled like a joke book. The three writer-directors (Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker) keep the gags coming pop pop pop, and the picture is over blessedly fast. With Julie Hagerty and Robert Hays as the young lovers, and Leslie Nielsen, Peter Graves, Robert Stack, Lloyd Bridges, and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar; celebrities such as Howard Jarvis, Maureen McGovern, Jimmie Walker, and Ethel Merman turn up in bits. Based on the 1957 movie "Zero Hour." (Reviewed in our issue of 9/1/80.) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and Olympia Quad; through Dec. 10.)

ARTHUR—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the poor-girl heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Manhattan. . . . ¶ Movieland; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Dec. 11.)

BEDAZZLED (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (Thalia; Dec. 6.)

THE BLOOD OF A POET (1930)—Jean Cocteau's first film is an enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown, composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Here is Cocteau's own interpretation: "The poet's solitude is so great, he so lives what he creates, that the mouth of one of his creations lives in his hand like a wound, and that he loves this mouth, that he loves himself in short, that he wakes up in the morning with this mouth against him like a pickup, that he tries to get rid of it, and that he gets rid of it on a dead statue—and that this statue begins to live—and that it takes its revenge, and that it sets him off upon awful adventures. I can tell you that the snowball fight is the poet's childhood, and that when he plays the game of cards with his Glory, with his Destiny, he cheats by taking from his childhood that which he should draw from within himself." The first time you see this film, you're likely to find it silly, auto-erotic, static, absurd, and you may feel cheated after having heard so much about it. But though it may seem to have no depth, you're not likely to forget it—it has a suggestiveness unlike any other film. Almost twenty years later, in "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes of the dreams and ecstasies of the poet. Music by Georges Auric. Photography by Georges Périnal. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 10.)

THE BLUES BROTHERS (1980)—A musical slapstick farce, set in Chicago and starring Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi as deadpan hipster musicians—characters they first used in skits on the television show "Saturday Night Live." But their taciturn style doesn't allow them to reveal enough personality for this full-length movie, and they don't really click together in the slightly hallucinated way one expects them to. It's a good-natured, sentimental folk-bop movie, in which the Blues Brothers antagonize so many people in the course of rounding up their old band that thousands of vehicles chase them and converge on unlucky streets and plazas. The director, John Landis, has a lot of comic invention and isn't afraid of silliness, but in terms of slapstick craft he's still an amateur. The film's big joke is how overscaled everything in it is; this has an unfortunate result—Landis is working with such a lavish hand that his miscalculations in timing are experienced by the audience as a form of waste. There are too many jokes that miss, too many musical numbers that fizzle. The film, however, brings Aretha Franklin to the screen, and she's so completely there and so funny as she sings "Think" that she transcends the film's incompetence. The picture's tragedy is that she has only one number. With Carrie Fisher, Henry Gibson, Ray Charles, Cab Calloway, James Brown, and many other celebrated musicians. Written by Aykroyd and Landis. (7/7/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 3.)

BODY HEAT—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and directed this forties pastiche that verges on camp but takes itself straight. He has devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson, and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Waverly, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and 72nd Street East; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Dec. 10.)

CHARIOTS OF FIRE—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (Cinema I; through Dec. 3. No performances on Wednesday, Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Dec. 4.)

THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (1954)—The amusingly slimy monster—a sort of rubbery, leering frog that stands upright, like a man—has obscene intentions on the fainting heroine (Julia Adams). This low-grade horror film from Universal came out in 3-D, and kids seemed to adore the amphibious villain. (There were two sequels.) Jack Arnold directed, from a script by Harry Essex and Arthur Ross. With Richard Carlson, Richard Denning, Antonio Moreno, Nestor Paiva, Whit Bissell, and Ricou Browning as the monster. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 9-12.)

Cutter's Way—In this moody fantasia on post-Vietnam bitterness, set in Santa Barbara and other parts of Southern California, John Heard is Cutter, a mutilated veteran whose conversation is a series of twisted, rasped-out gibes, and Jeff Bridges is lover-boy Bone, an Ivy League beach bum who lives on his suntanned amiability. When these two friends become involved in trying to expose and/or shake down an oil tycoon who they believe is also a sexual psychopath, the film suggests a counterculture version of the anti-fascist thrillers of the forties. Directed by Ivan Passer, from a much too literary script by Jeffrey Alan Fiskin. As Cutter's burned-out wife, Mo, Lisa Eichhorn carries a load of existential sorrow and honesty. With Stephen Elliott as J. J. Cord, and Ann Dusenberry, Arthur Rosenberg, and Nina Van Pallandt. The cinematography is by Jordan Cronenweth; the music by Jack Nitzsche. (Quad Cinema.)

The Day the Earth Stood Still (1951)—Robert Wise directed this hasty sci-fi about a peace-giving flying saucer, manned by Michael Rennie, that alights on the Washington Ellipse. Quite wry and alarmingly smooth. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 6-8.)

The Devil's Playground—An Australian film, with Arthur Dignam and Nick Tate, directed by Fred Schepisi. (Reviewed in this issue.) (D. W. Griffith; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 4.)

Drums Along the Mohawk (1939)—One of John Ford's uninspired epics, this lavish color version of the Walter D. Edmonds novel never seems to get going. No one appears to know why the picture is being made, or what its point is, exactly. Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are the young couple who go to the Mohawk Valley of upstate New York and are caught up in the Revolutionary War; there are scraps with Indians and various upheavals, but one gets more involved in Colbert's spotless gowns—a tribute to pioneer laundering—and the fussy, dainty interiors, full of Early American decorator touches. Script by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien; the enormous cast includes Edna May Oliver, John Carradine, Ward Bond, Dorris Bowdon, Jessie Ralph, Arthur Shields, Robert Lowery, and Mae Marsh. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 9-12.)

Excalibur—John Boorman's retelling of the Arthurian legends is a serious, R-rated fairy tale. Boorman plunges into the Dark Ages, smiting us with raging battles, balls of flame, mists of dragon's breath, knights with horns and tusks jutting out of their armored heads, and battle-axes that hack off limbs, which seem to ricochet off the armor. The dialogue is pedantic, we hardly have a chance to meet the characters before they're off and running, and the whole film is soaked in Jung, but it has its own crazy integrity. The imagery is impassioned and has a hypnotic quality. The film spans three generations—first Uther Pendragon and his feuding with the other Celtic lords, then his son Arthur's reign with the Knights of the Round Table gathered at Camelot, and finally, the challenge to Arthur's power by *his* son, the demonic Mordred. With Nicol Williamson as Merlin, Nigel Terry as Arthur, Paul Geoffrey as Perceval, Cherie Lunghi as hot little Guenevere, Helen Mirren as Morgana, and Nicholas Clay as Lancelot. Made in Ireland. (4/20/81) (Murray Hill, Gemini, and Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; Dec. 4-8.)

The French Lieutenant's Woman—Meryl Streep gives an immaculate, technically accomplished performance as Sarah Woodruff, the romantic mystery woman of John Fowles' novel, but she's so distanced from us that all we can do is observe how meticulous Streep—and everything else about the movie—is. Harold Pinter, the famed compressor who did the adaptation, has emptied out the story, and the director, Karel Reisz, has scrupulously filled in the space with "art;" every vocal inflection is exact, the 1867 settings seem flawless, and the cinematographer Freddie Francis's camera movements and muted colors are superbly elegant. The result is overblown spareness. With Jeremy Irons, Lynsey Baxter, Hilton McRae, Leo McKern, Patience Collier, Penelope Wilton, and David Warner. (10/12/81) (Festival. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting Dec. 4.)

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The Getting of Wisdom (1977)—A minor post-Victorian autobiographical novel about an Australian girl's coming of age, re-created for the screen in its own terms—or, rather, in what the re-creators think are its own terms. At thirteen, an impoverished girl (Susannah Fowle) from the backcountry who is highly precocious and a gifted musician comes to Melbourne, and she spends five years there at the Presbyterian Ladies College, a select school for the daughters of the wealthy, where the teachers sneer at her because her mother runs a post office in the bush, and the girls are harpies. She almost succumbs to snobbery, but she has her brains and her talent and her intrepid nature to see her through. This self-infatuated fantasy is presented in the guise of harsh realism, and the faithful, meticulous period re-creation makes it hard for us to connect with the heroine or with anything else. Directed by Bruce Beresford, whose attitude toward the material is cold and literal, as if we were in need of a muckraking exposé of the Victorian education of ladies. From a script by Eleanor Witcombe; cinematography by Don McAlpine. (9/15/80) (Thalia; Dec. 11-12.)

Golden Boy (1939)—William Holden—young, sensitive, and handsome—as the violinist turned prizefighter, in an only semi-reprehensible version of the Clifford Odets play, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The role of Lorna Moon was built up to be large enough for Barbara Stanwyck, and the play was softened, rearranged, and wrenched around to provide for a happy ending. Yet the Odets material still has its dramatic pull, and Lee J. Cobb as the boy's father, Sam Levene as his taxi-driver brother-in-law, and Joseph Calleia as the slimy gangster out to corrupt him bring back some of the ambience of the New York theatre in Odets' impassioned heyday. Adolphe Menjou plays the prizefight manager; with Don Beddoe, Edward S. Brophy, Frank Jenks, and Clinton Rosemond. Cinematography by Nicholas Musuraca and Karl Freund. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Dec. 9-12.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Regency; starting Dec. 11.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the grungy, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. With Chevy Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth; and Lane Sarasohn, who also wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. Made for four hundred thousand dollars; it started as a video-theatre entertainment. (Olympia Quad, and Movieland; starting Dec. 11.)

I Am My Films: A Portrait of Werner Herzog (1979)—Herzog, one of the new generation of West German filmmakers (he was born in a small town in Bavaria in 1942), talks about the genesis and making of his pictures. This *cinéma-vérité* film (directed by Christian Weisenborn and Erwin Keusch) shows us a man pondering: not a usual sight. A German film with English narration. (Film Forum; through Dec. 8.)

In a Lonely Place (1950)—Humphrey Bogart, as a cynical, tired Hollywood screenwriter named Dixon Steele, in an atmospheric but disappointingly hollow murder melodrama directed by Nicholas Ray. In talking to a hat-check girl, Steele discovers that she has read the book he is supposed to adapt to the screen; not wanting the bother of reading it himself, he invites her to his place so he can grill her about it. When the girl is murdered, the police think he did it. Steele is in love with Gloria Grahame, but he's under so much pressure because of the police that he almost kills her in a jealous rage. That makes her queasily fearful—maybe he actually did in the other girl. And she leaves him. Ray doesn't seem to have an adequate budget or enough ideas to play with; he keeps the thing going, but the dialogue is no more than functional, and there's not much of a supporting cast—Frank Lovejoy, Carl Benton Reid, Jeff Donnell, Art Smith, Robert Warwick, Steven Geray, and Hadda Brooks as the singer in the night-club sequence. From a novel by Dorothy B. Hughes, adapted by Edmund H. North and Andrew Solt; cinematography by Burnett Guffey; music by George Antheil. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 11.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1978)—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some funny lines, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (Thalia; Dec. 9.)

It Came from Outer Space (1953)—Sci-fi set in the Arizona desert, originally from Ray Bradbury. A spaceship lands and buries itself in the desert, and starts mysteriously to change people's characters. Good stuff about personality takeover, which is one of the metaphysical preoccupations of sci-fi. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Dec. 9-12.)

Knock on Any Door (1949)—John Derek as a young delinquent on trial for killing a policeman, and Humphrey Bogart as the lawyer defending him. As the lawyer talks, we see the boy's grim past in flashback: his father died in prison, he was sent to reform school, his child wife committed suicide. Making this solemn sociological case for him, Bogart is so wearing that you wish he'd stop orating and get out his own heater again. Nicholas Ray directed. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 11.)

Lady Sings the Blues (1972)—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great, dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed. With Richard Pryor (as Piano Man) and Billy Dee Williams. (Cinema Village; Dec. 9-10.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 8.)

Law and Disorder (1974)—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of two New Yorkers, Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine, as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director, Ivan Passer, doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit as a gooney-bird psychologist (in a tight whiny voice he gives a lecture on how to prevent rape), but the film is a painful failure—lumpish and crude. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy, and he doesn't really know how. With Ann Wedgeworth, Karen Black, Jack Kehoe, Pat Corley, Anita Dangler, David Spielberg, and Joseph Ragno. Produced by William Richert; screenplay by Passer, Richert, and Kenneth Harris Fishman. (Thalia; Dec. 7.)

Lifeboat (1944)—Ham-handed, wartime Hitchcock, highly regarded by many, and a big hit. John Steinbeck and Jo Swerling concocted the symbol-laden script about the ordeal of a group of survivors of a torpedoed ship; the script's chief virtue is that it provides a raucous opportunity for Tallulah Bankhead to strut her comic sexiness. The picture made her, for the first time, a popular movie star. She plays a famous mink-coated journalist who develops a yen for John Hodiak, an oiler from the ship's engine room. Others aboard the small boat include Canada Lee as a pickpocket, Henry Hull as a millionaire manufacturer, Heather Angel as a simpleton mother with a new baby, Mary Anderson as a nurse, Hume Cronyn as the ship's radio operator, and regrettably, in terms of the didactic uses they are put to, Walter Slezak as the U-boat captain, and William Bendix as a wounded seaman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9.)

Love Me or Leave Me (1955)—Doris Day as Ruth Etting. A lot of people were deeply impressed with this melodramatic bio, which tries for an authentic show-business tawdriness; it's certainly better than most movie bios of popular entertainers, but that's not saying all that much, though the script by Daniel Fuchs and Isobel Lennart is several notches above the usual, and James Cagney brings frightening strength to his role as the singer's vicious lover. Charles Vidor directed. (Regency; Dec. 6-7.)

Melvin and Howard (1980)—This lyrical comedy, directed by Jonathan Demme, from a script by Bo Goldman, is an almost flawless act of sympathetic imagination. Demme and Goldman have entered into the soul of American blue-collar suckerdom; they have taken for their hero a chucklehead who is hooked on TV game shows, and they have made us understand how it was that when something big—something legendary—touched his life, nobody could believe it. Paul Le Mat plays big, beefy Melvin Dummar, a sometime milkman, sometime worker at a magnesium-oxide plant, sometime gas-station operator, and hopeful songwriter, and Jason Robards plays Howard Hughes, who is lying in the freezing desert at night when Melvin spots him—a pile of rags and bones, with a dirty beard and straggly long gray hair. With Mary Steenburgen, who has a pearly aura as Melvin's go-go-dancer wife, Lynda, and Pamela Reed as Melvin's down-to-earth second wife. This picture has the same beautiful dippy warmth as its characters; it's what might have happened if Jean Renoir had directed a comedy script by Preston Sturges. Cinematography by Tak Fujimoto. (10/13/80) (New Yorker; through Dec. 3.)

Mommie Dearest—The best that can be said for this jumbled scrapbook of Joan Crawford's life from her middle years to the end is that it doesn't seem to get in the way of its star, Faye Dunaway, who gives a startling, ferocious performance. She invests the role with so much power and suffering that the camp horror scenes—the nocturnal rampages—transcend camp. With Mara Hobel, Diana Scarwid, Steve Forrest, Howard Da Silva, Rutanya Alda, and Jocelyn Brando. Produced by Frank Yablans; directed by Frank Perry; the screenplay is credited to Yablans, Perry, Tracy Hotchner, and Robert Getchell. (10/12/81) (Embassy.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Robert De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Liza Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbott as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. (Gramercy; starting Dec. 4.)

A Night in Casablanca (1946)—In this comedy the Marx Brothers dismantle the internation-al-intrigue thriller; the Warner Brothers, producers of the movie "Casablanca," were indignant and tried to stop the production. Though it is not as famous as the Marx Brothers' films of the thirties, it's better than all but a handful of their earlier ones. Groucho manages the hotel in Casablanca where all the spies hang out, and Chico runs a fleet of camel taxis. Directed by Archie Mayo. (Thalia; Dec. 10.)

On Golden Pond—With Katharine Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Jane Fonda; directed by Mark Rydell. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I; starting Dec. 4.)

Outland—Science fiction set in a morally grimy future that is conceived as a continuation of capitalist exploitation in space. Sean Connery is the new federal district marshal on Io (a volcanic moon of Jupiter), who learns that Peter Boyle, the boss of the mines on Io, is selling the workers amphetamines that keep them speeding for ten or eleven months, until they go berserk and kill themselves or attack others. When Connery destroys a shipment of the drug, Boyle sends for hired killers, and, just as in "High Noon," the one lone good man finds he has to fight by himself. The sets are great—the industrial-nightmare city on Io is like the offspring of a gigantic pipe organ and an oil rig. And Peter Hyams, who directed, knows how to stage chases and fights. But he also wrote the script, which deadens everything and doesn't even make sense. (It's insane that the miners refuse to help Connery—that they don't mind being exploited, going crazy, and destroying themselves.) It's a noisy, sombre film, with an element of the repugnant (the high spots are the horrible deaths), but with good performances by Connery, Frances Sternhagen as a sour, snappish doctor, and James B. Sikking as Connery's sergeant. (6/29/81) (Murray Hill, Gemini, and Olympia Quad; starting Dec. 4. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; Dec. 4-8.)

Pixote—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of some abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, the ten-year-old Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. In Portuguese. (11/9/81) (Quad Cinema; through Dec. 3.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie (1969)—Maggie Smith as Muriel Spark's witty caricature of a romantic crackpot teacher in an Edinburgh school in the thirties. Miss Brodie wants to inspire the girls rather than teach them—she's the kind of teacher little girls get crushes on. The movie has been too conventionally directed by Ronald Neame, but Maggie Smith, with her gift for mimicry and her talent for mannered comedy, makes Jean Brodie very funny—snobbish, full of affectations, and with a jumble shop of a mind. Miss Brodie is so entertaining that you can't accept it when the plot becomes melodramatic and you're asked to take her seriously as a dangerous influence. Celia Johnson has a genuine triumph as her implacable adversary, Miss Mackay, and Robert Stephens does a lot with the role of her lover, the art instructor. The script is by Jay Presson Allen, who also wrote the stage version. With Pamela Franklin (her big confrontation scene is a clinker, but the fault isn't hers—it goes back to the novel) and Gordon Jackson. Made in London and Edinburgh. (Thalia; Dec. 11-12.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit goes through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudo-documentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy. Directed by Sidney Lumet and based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music by Paul Chihara. (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; Dec. 4-10.)

Ragtime—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic, or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins) who demands redress for an insult. (Dog excrement has been put on the seat of his shiny new Model T Ford.) When the piano player can't find a legal remedy, he becomes a bomb-planting terrorist. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: this character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him, and we don't know on what conceivable basis he could have recruited his band of urban guerrillas. Forman is not—to put it courteously—strongly visual. His extras are generally posed frozen-faced in a row in the background—they look exactly like extras. The narrative shifts are jerky; the film seems chewed up rather than edited. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner; returning to the screen after a twenty-year retirement, Cagney has the faint, satisfied smile of an old tiger. Also with Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen,

Anne Burgess

Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (11/23/81) (Coronet, and Loews State.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Embassy 1.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—As Jim, a high-school boy, James Dean was the archetypal misunderstood teen-ager in this generation-gap soap opera of the fifties, which had more emotional resonance for the teen-agers of the time than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood as Judy, Sal Mineo as Plato, Corey Allen as Buzz, Nick Adams as Moose, Dennis Hopper as Goon, Jim Backus and Ann Doran as Jim's parents. Virginia Brissac as his Grandma, William Hopper and Rochelle Hudson as Judy's parents, and Ian Wolfe, House Peters, and Gus Schilling. Directed by Nicholas Ray; written by Stewart Stern and Irving Shulman, based on Ray's story. Music by Leonard Roseman; cinematography by Ernest Haller. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Dec. 5-6.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play (by John Murray and Allen Boretz, adapted by Morrie Ryskind) fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride, grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Thalia; Dec. 10.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech cinematographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Thalia; Dec. 6. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; Dec. 11-12.)

Southern Comfort—The members of a National Guard squad lost in the maze of the green-gray Louisiana marshlands are hunted down and ambushed by vengeful Cajuns. The director, Walter Hill, uses the locale for its paranoia-inducing strangeness (it suggests Vietnam), and he uses the men to demonstrate what he thinks it takes to survive. Hill has a dazzling competence as an action director. The movie is built like a trap; it's an infernal machine that closes in on the characters, who are designed to be trapped. (Each of the men seems to shed his anonymity and be given an identity just before he's picked off.) The film is very intense, and there's an unusual sequence, edited to Cajun dance music, in which the two principal characters (Keith Carradine and Powers Boothe) take refuge in a village that is having a celebration. Its limitation is that there's nothing underneath the characters' macho masks, and—partly because there were so many fine, shallow action films made in the studio-factory era—we want more from movies now. The action format colors everything with its own brand of action politics: you get the feeling that the world is threatening your manhood every minute of the day. With a good cast: T. K. Carter as the live-wire dope dealer, Carlos Brown as the high-school teacher, and Peter Coyote, Lewis Smith, Fred Ward, Franklyn Seales, and Les Lannom. (Even the Cajuns—usually a joke in movies—are fairly convincing.) Cinematography by Andrew Laszlo; *music composed and arranged by Ry Cooder.* Written by Michael Kane, Hill, and the producer, David Giler. (11/23/81) (Gotham Cinema; through Dec. 8.)

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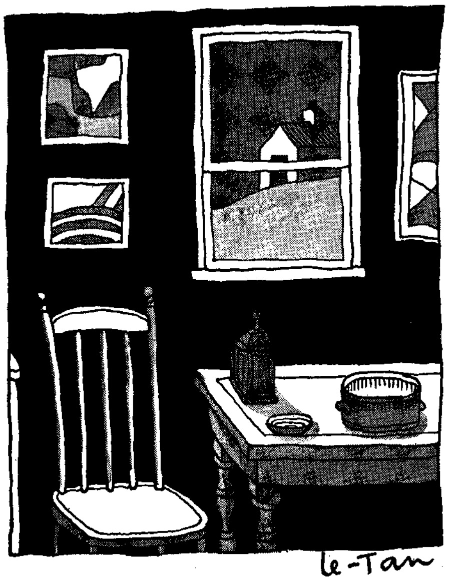
La Strada (1954)—The theme of Federico Fellini's spiritual fable is that everyone has a purpose in the universe. It is acted out by three symbolic characters. Giulietta Masina is the waif Gelsomina (soul, innocence, spirit, dreams); Anthony Quinn is the strong man Zampanò (brute physical strength, man as animal); Richard Basehart is an artist-fool (mind). Though the background of the film is neorealist poverty, it is transformed by the romanticism of the conception. Giulietta Masina's performance has been compared variously to Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Stan Laurel, Barrault, and Marceau, and the comparisons are just—maybe too just. Basehart's performance as the fool, which is not like the work of other performers, is possibly more exciting. Even if one rejects the concepts of this movie, its mood and the details of scenes stay with one; a year or two later, a gesture or a situation suddenly brings it all back. Winner of at least fifty prizes, including the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 9.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (Art; starting Dec. 9.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve brings emotional depth to Superman, and Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three arch-fiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terrence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Gemini, Olympia Quad, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama; through Dec. 3.)



13 Rue Madeleine (1946)—The producer Louis de Rochemont, known for his work on the "March of Time" series, had a popular success in 1945 with "The House on 92nd Street," an anti-Nazi spy picture based on an actual case and shot in New York locations in a semi-documentary style. Working with the same director (Henry Hathaway) and the same cinematographer (Norbert Brodine), de Rochemont attempted another anti-Nazi spy picture in the same pseudo-realistic format, but this time the script (by John Monks, Jr., and Sy Bartlett) was listless and hokey, and the film had no tension. Even its star, James Cagney, whips through his scenes as if he knew that all he could hope for was to pick up the pace. Cast as the noble American, he has just one flashy moment: there's a shot of him laughing triumphantly at his Nazi torturers as the Allies blow them all to bits. With Walter Abel (it's true his lines are righteous and earnest, but even so his readings are inexcusably bland), Annabella, Richard Conte, Frank Latimore, Sam Jaffe, Melville Cooper, Blanche Yurka, Alexander Kirkland, Karl Malden, and a "March of Time" narrator. The title refers to the Gestapo headquarters in Le Havre. (Regency; Dec. 8-9.)

Ticket to Heaven—A Canadian film on a hot, dramatic subject. On a trip to San Francisco, the hero (Nick Mancuso), a handsome young Toronto schoolteacher, is sucked into a religious cult that worships its Oriental founder. Deprived of sleep, of food, and of any solitude for reflection, he gradually shrinks into a smiling child-zombie panhandler, part of a team selling flowers on the streets. It's a plausible metamorphosis: his independent spirit is visibly drained away until his greatest excitement is joining with the others in the chant "Bring in the money! Stay awake! Smash out Satan!" As the hero's friend, a would-be standup comic who organizes a kidnapping plot to rescue him, Saul Rubinek rescues the movie, too, by providing it with some personality. Rubinek has a wry, affectionate manner and bright, brimming eyes that register double takes. After the kidnapping, when the bullying de-programmer (R. H. Thomson) stalks in and takes over, the dramatic logic collapses, because the director, Ralph L. Thomas, and his co-writer, Anne Cameron, haven't clarified the steps in the de-programming process (if it is a process, rather than just hit or miss). The picture could have used a better script and more taut direction, but the subject in itself makes it fairly compelling. Based on Josh Freed's 1978 newspaper series and on his 1980 book "Moonwebs." With Meg Foster, Guy Boyd, and Robert Joy. (11/23/81) (Cinema II. No performances on Wednesday, Dec. 2.)

True Confessions—Robert Duvall plays an L.A. police detective who finds evidence linking his brother (Robert De Niro), a monsignor who is chancellor of the Los Angeles archdiocese, to corrupt business deals and, indirectly, to the murder of a hooker. Repelled by the hypocrisy, the detective brings his brother down. But the movie is in a stupor; everything is internalized. Duvall is locked in, and De Niro is in his chameleon trance—he seems flaccid, preoccupied. The director, Ulu Grosbard, dulls out the material, and the writers—John Gregory Dunne, who wrote the 1977 novel that the film is based on, and his wife, Joan Didion, who collaborated with him on the script—carry their hardboiled detective fiction to a virtually abstract level. With Kenneth McMillan, who gives the only performance with any juice in it, and Charles Durning, Ed Flanders, Burgess Meredith, Cyril Cusack, Rose Gregorio, Jeanette Nolan, and Louisa Moritz. (10/26/81) (34th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Criterion Theatres; through Dec. 10. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Dec. 4.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that one's sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Olympia Quad 1; Dec. 6-8.)

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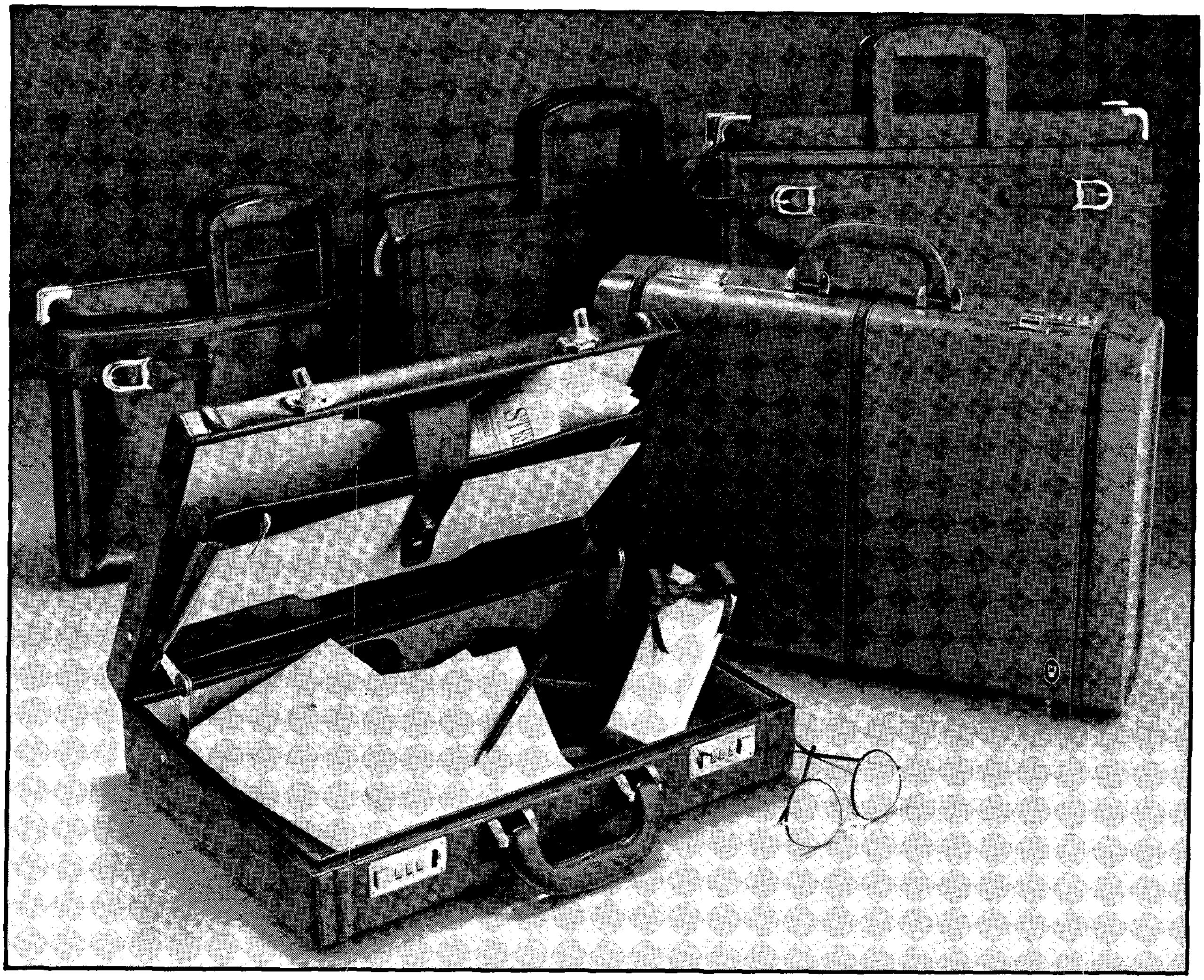
1981

Christmas



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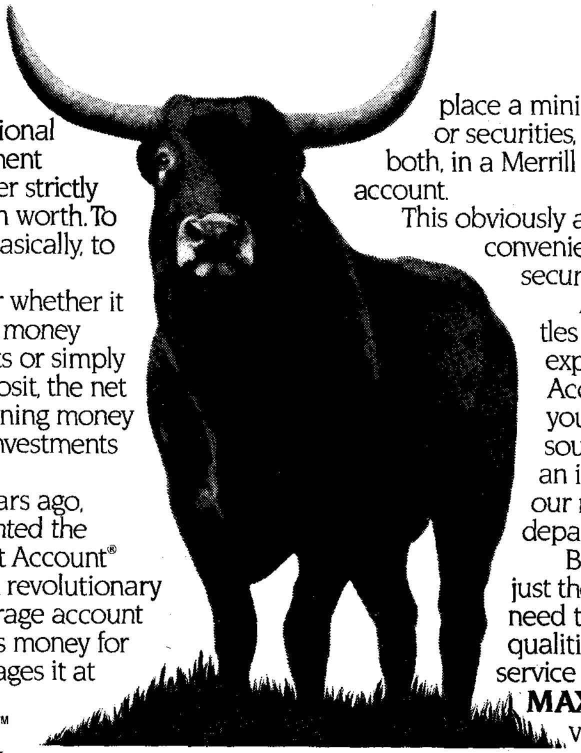

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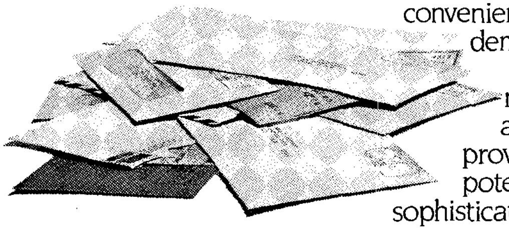

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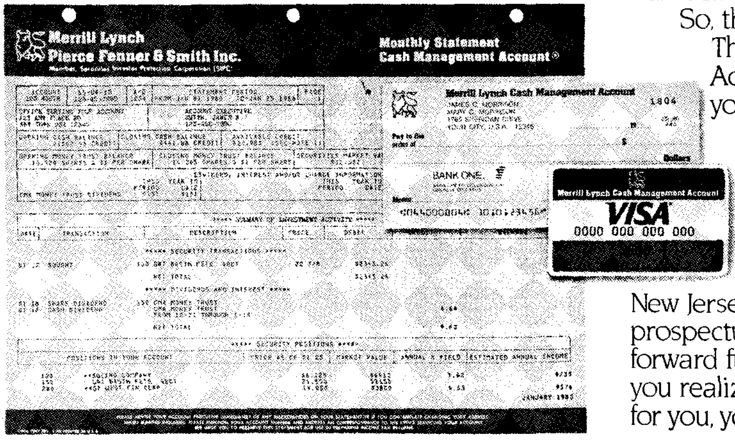
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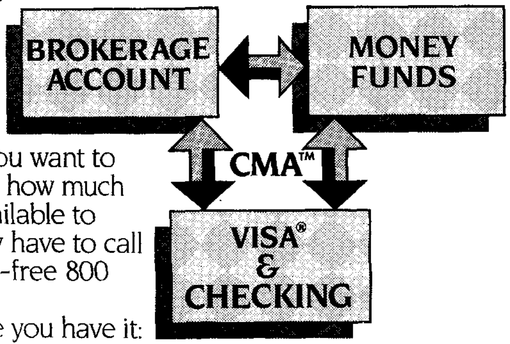

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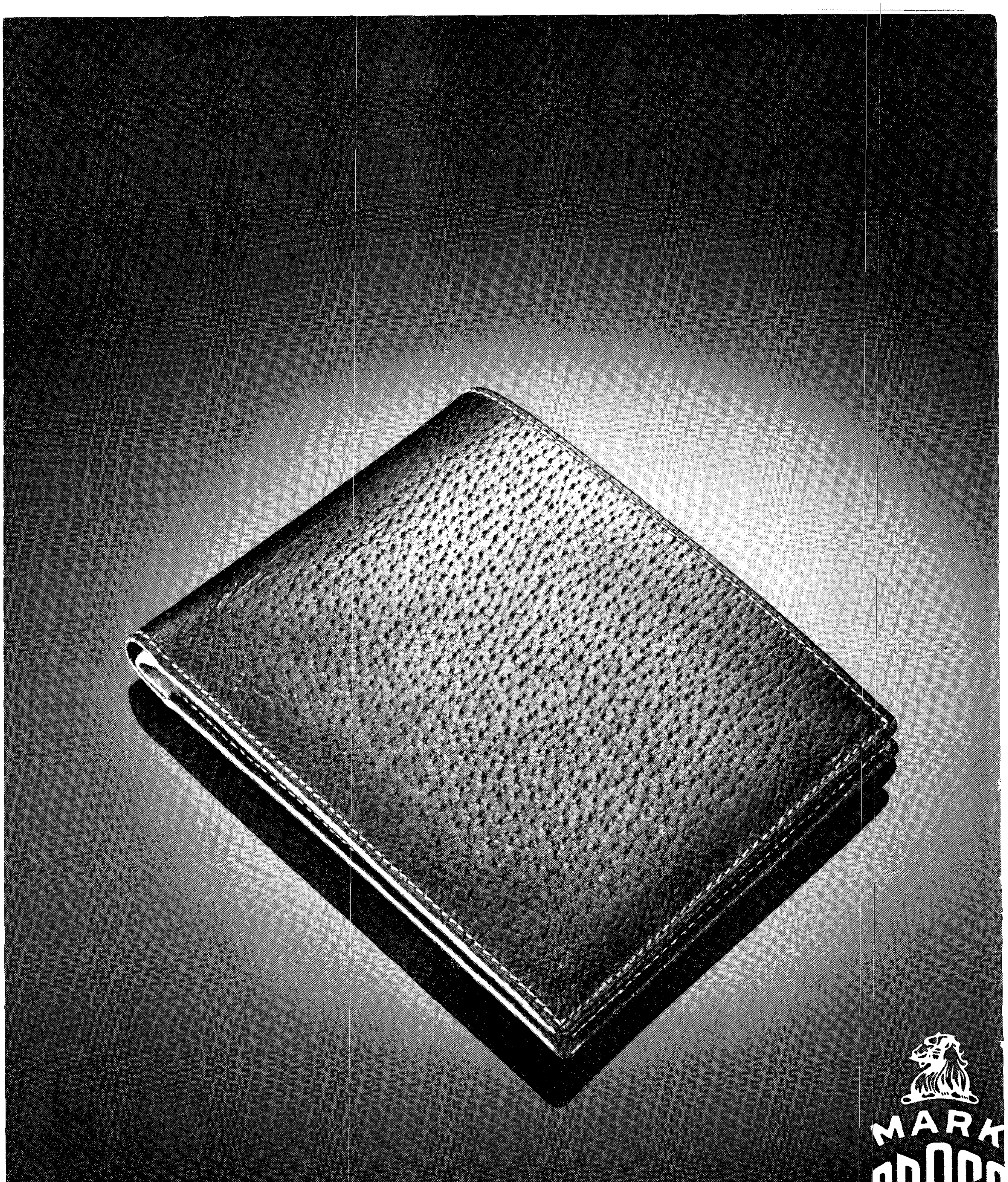

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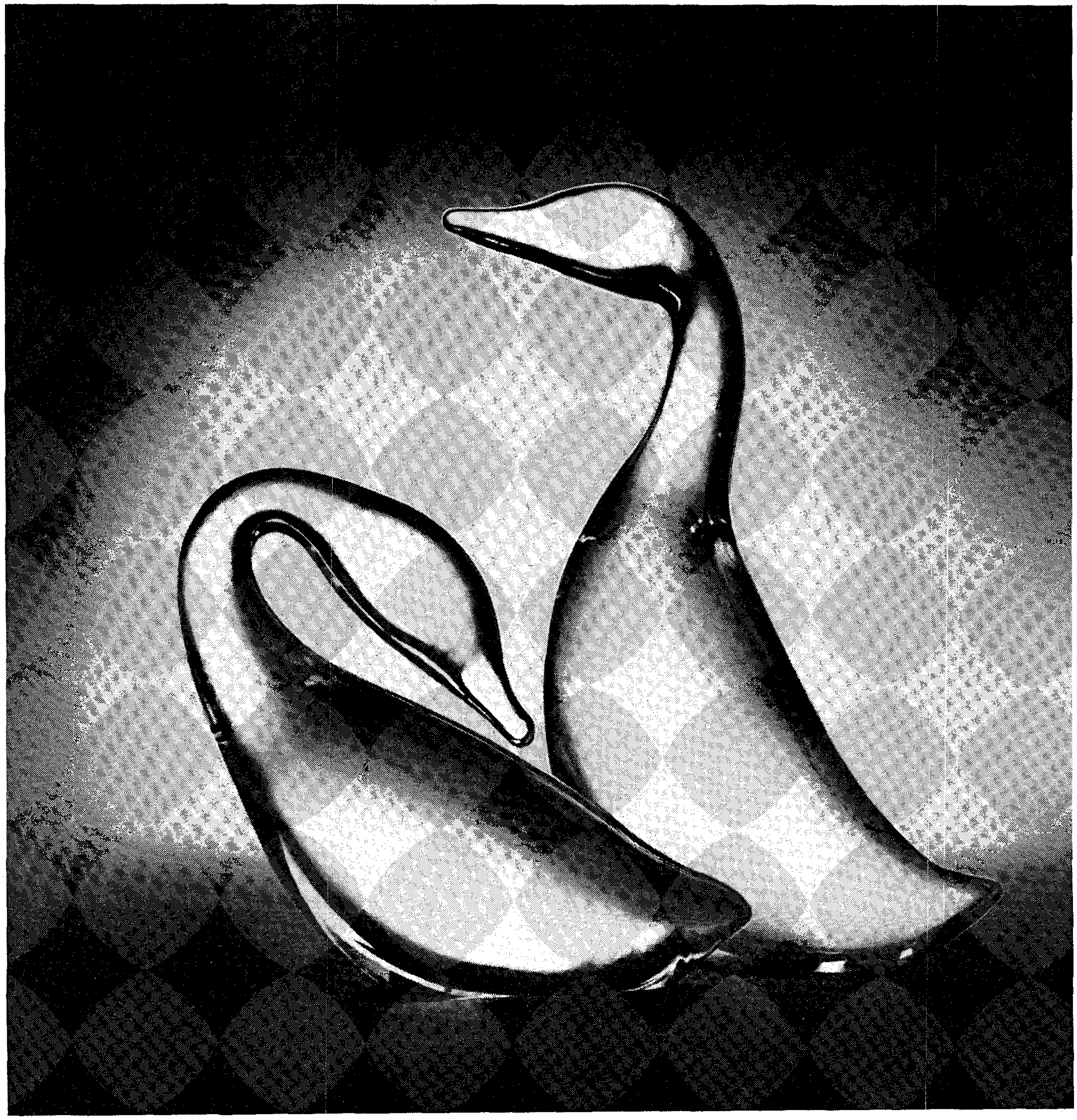

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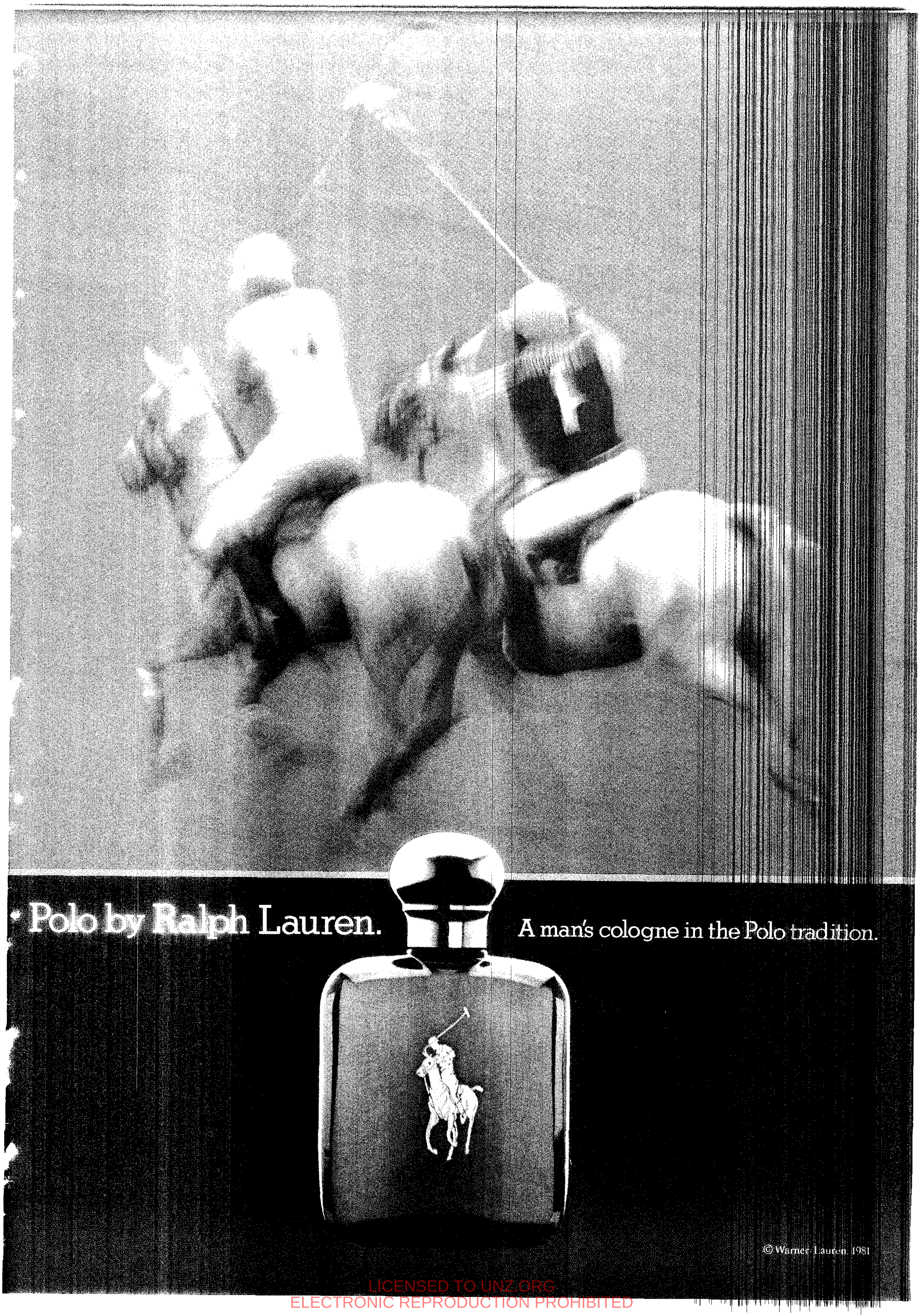
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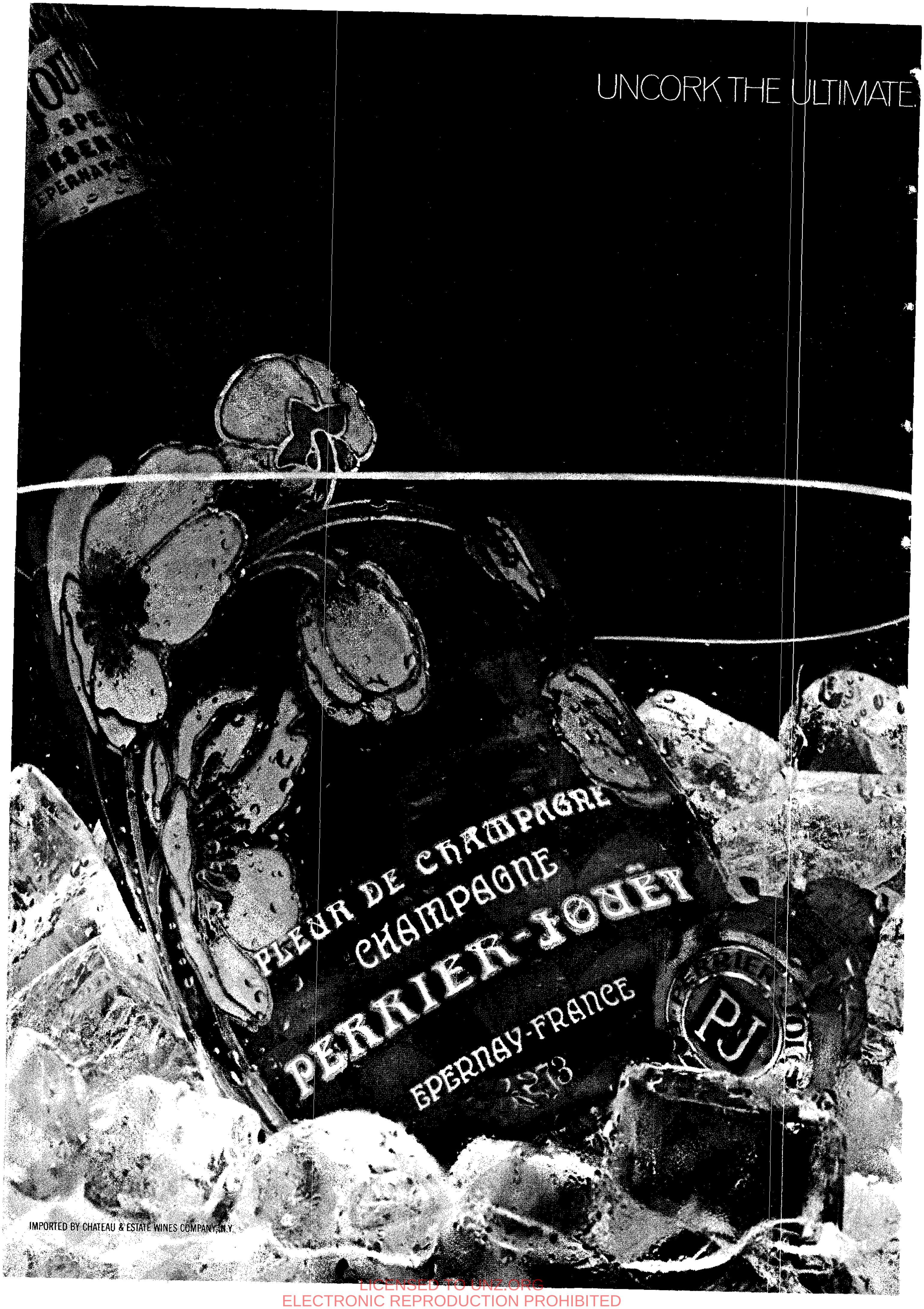
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT has been announced that the Columbia Broadcasting System will expand its national news coverage to enclose an hour. As it is now, the CBS Evening News, with Dan Rather, encloses a half hour. That period of time, thirty minutes from which is subtracted this or that minute given over to advertisements—this or that minute given over to a man who is in difficulty after a day driving a truck, to a woman whose arms are so riddled with arthritis pain that she is reluctant to lift a frying pan, to a woman who hates a product because it *oozes out*—has been sufficient only to provide a "headline service." This has been the point of view of serious journalists working within television: that television has provided a "headline service," and television ought to do more.

The most powerful headlines are headlines that announce a historical event that is *emblematic* of other events throughout history. Of all headlines, "WAR IS DECLARED" is certainly the most powerful. Even in a mere list of headlines, it has force:

KOCH NIXES BUDGET REVAMP
MOM HURLS TOT TO SAFETY
WAR IS DECLARED

No, no, a person feels, get it out of the list. It does not belong there. It is potent not only for this moment but for all time. It announces that a bad moment has arrived, and into that moment pour evil and excitement from other such moments. It has power because of the news it brings us in this moment, but it also has power as an *emblem*.

People who work at writing headlines share a craft, and they all work within a hierarchy of power which regulates the force of their headlines, but, historically, they have been at work within several different definitions of power, so the results of their work have been very different at different newspapers. At certain serious newspapers, for instance, the work has, in theory, taken place only within the hierarchy of what is powerful in history, without concern for emblematic power. At other newspapers, often tabloids, the emblematic aspect of the historical has been honored in such a way that the quality of the presence of a man in history has been noted as he has moved through history. He is angry. He is sad. He speaks from the soul. A third sort of publication, much deplored by serious people, has concerned itself only with the emblematic. Until recently, this third sort of publication was likely to be a weekly publication and to make no pretense of working within history. "MOM BURIES TOT IN CEMENT" would be a headline appearing in such a paper.

But serious newspapers began to look into questions having to do with the presence of men in history, depriving less serious newspapers of the edge of interest which had adhered to their point of view. So, as the tabloid idiom of *peppy history* ceased to have an edge of interest, certain newspapers moved to occupy the space formerly occupied by publications whose sphere was entirely outside history. The first among these was the New York *Post.*

"SLEEPING BOY, 6, SLAIN BY MOM" is a headline in the New York *Post.* Outside history, yet within every person's emotions. Not all sleeping children are safe. Perhaps we are not safe when we sleep. Not all children are safe with their mothers. Could there be danger in the intention of our mother? But wait. A subsidiary headline goes on, "SECOND SON BRUTALLY STABBED IN RAGE OVER CUSTODY." It is still alarming. A second child has been hurt. But somehow the existence of this second damaged child subtracts a piece of horror from the great horror of "SLEEPING BOY, 6, SLAIN BY MOM." The event begins to fall into history. There was a second child. The two children were specific children, in a specific situation. *In rage over custody.* Oh, yes—custody battles. Every reader who is not himself in a *rage over custody* now moves away from the event and begins to *observe.* Inside the newspaper, there is a story. Again the headline "SLEEPING BOY, 6, SLAIN BY MOM," but also a story within the old boundaries of journalism:

> A Mother was charged today with stabbing her 6-year-old son to death and critically wounding a second son.
>
> Marjorie Poole, 35, a jobless registered nurse, burst into a savage attack on the sleeping children shortly before midnight in her Bronx apartment at 1144 Nelson Av., near 166th St., in the High Bridge section, police said.

Notice how the emblematic gives way to the specific, and how, within the boundaries of journalism as we have known it, this is inevitable. All that the manipulators of this story can do to prolong the power and the simplicity of the headline "SLEEPING BOY, 6, SLAIN BY MOM" is to *repeat it.* This they do as far as they may without looking foolish. There is a *limit.* You can see it if you look. How far a person can go. Still, within our country, however nervous we are, a person who *repeats* "MOTHER KILLS CHILD MOTHER KILLS CHILD MOTHER KILLS CHILD" is a crank. It does not matter

how great the horror of the event is. If you repeat it like a crazy person in print, you look like a crazy person and are ignored. Of what is the limit made? The limit is made of our own sense and virtue and our understanding of context. And as long as these are reasonably strong no crazed message can have inappropriate power. This is the protection of the sensible person: *If you want to talk to me, talk sense.* The manipulators of the New York *Post* seem to understand that the limit is several yards farther back than it used to be. They look at their desk one morning, and those stories that rise up every day out of the police blotter are where they always are, and the manipulators of the New York *Post* look at one and see "Black Female, 35, Bronx, booked for homicide, attack on child," and they say, *We can make this go.* Any person with any experience in the newspaper business knows that it isn't a story. It's the *blotter.*

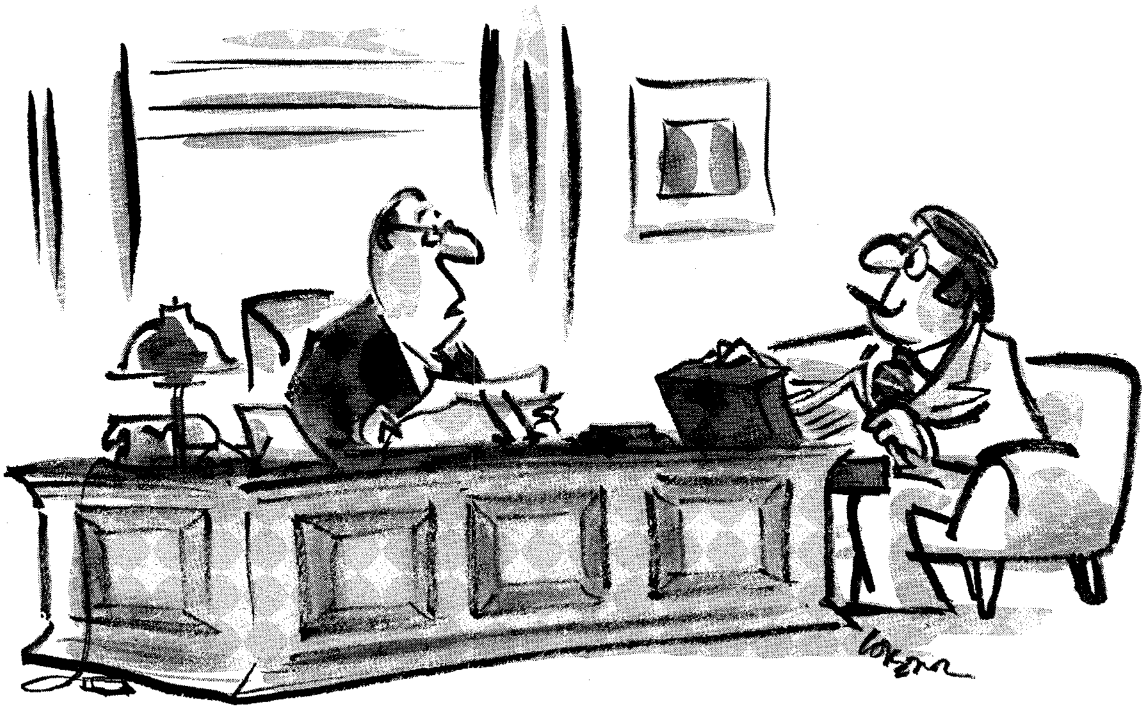
At that moment when any further delay would begin to look foolish, the story unfolds, and at every step it becomes at once sadder and less alarming. Marjorie Poole, a jobless registered nurse, lives in the Bronx. In the High Bridge section. She attacked two of her children, police said. *Police said.* There is, finally, the sense, and the comfort. The event falls into context. It is the police blotter. Notice this, then: that as the facts of the case are given, the event enters history and takes its proper place; that the process works in a near-miraculous way that was understood by the men who undertook to shape the structure of this country and who determined that there should be a free press; that the process, drawing strength from the power of truth, works even when it has been interfered with. But notice, too, that it has been interfered with, and that the manipulators of the New York *Post* are *reluctant* to let the event enter history. They are looking for the emblem of the universal emotion, not the woman in the Bronx. The important moment is the moment at which they can no longer delay the recital of the facts without looking foolish.

It is the gift of television that it may for long stretches of time—stretches of time which obliterate a sense of time and in which may be established rhythms that are outside the experience of daily life—remain within the power of the emblematic. This has to do with the peculiar power of the *image.* A word, however powerful, seeks completion in a flow of words. An image, which may, in ways we do not completely understand, evoke all of human experience, is complete in itself. The implications of the power of the image are large, but one of them may be noted especially: an image does not seek context. It carries some small context within it, sufficient for its own nourishment, and may disdain to be placed in history. Every image is emblematic forever. Only through effort is it placed within sense. Telling history with images, then, is a particularly hard thing to do, requiring, above all, discipline and self-restraint. The ability of television-news organizations to tell history with images has depended on two nice examples of self-restraint: a willingness to establish a context through a person, "the anchor man" (who might be better called "the context"), and not violate his sense, and a willingness to tell history with *boring images*—people talking in front of microphones, leaders emerging from automobiles, and so forth. In this situation, it is possible to *listen to the words.*

The broadcast of the CBS Evening News of November 20th entered the emblematic and, for a portion of its length, put its audience in the power of an image in such a way that no word was heard. The length of time was sufficient for the context ("the anchor man") to be forgotten and the process (necessarily fragile on television) by which sense is made of events to be halted. This portion of the broadcast began with this introduction from Dan Rather:

> You know, no news story touching so many people directly is more difficult to report than the economy. Hacking through the jungle of government reports, private analysis, bold pronouncements about economic dislocations, it's all too easy to lose sight of the people who are involved, the human beings who are hurting. Today, the Senate Democratic Policy Committee held a public forum on the effects of high interest rates. They heard from realtors, auto dealers, local officials, and farmers. And they heard a cry from the heart from one Michigan home builder named Manny Dembs.

What follows is what Mr. Dembs said. Notice, as the transcript of what he said proceeds, that the process still at work even in the New York *Post* by which the emblematic is placed within a context and is subsumed into history has been halted. Mr. Dembs' words constitute a cry from the heart, as Mr. Rather said, and that is all they constitute. They constitute one head-



"Before we get down to cases, Gellerman, let's clear the air. Are you, or are you not, wearing a rug?"

"Is it enough to have dined sumptuously?"

line: "BUILDER PANICS." Television, because it has at its disposal the power of the *image*, may run its headlines on and on. The life within the image of Manny Dembs is sufficient to keep alive the headline "BUILDER PANICS" past dozens of repetitions:

> And for two years, we've been up and down; prime up, prime down. When I buy land, I buy a land contract and I can't buy every day changing my mind. So when I'm tied into a land contract and I have to buy my land to do something, I can't fluctuate my business up and down every day. I kept reading the *Wall Street Journal* every hour, every second, every minute to see what M-1 and M-2—I didn't even know what the heck M-1 and M-2 meant. So what happened in the two-year period? Two and a half years later, now—it's almost two and a half years—Michigan is not a recession, Michigan is a depression—a depression for over one year, a complete depression! I happen to have— I happen to be national rep for the National Association of Home Builders. But I'm here as an individual builder, because I'm tired. I've gone to every congressman. Every congressman I've talked to is from our district. We've gone from one, we've gone to the other, and every one tells me this here: "I only got one vote. I only got one vote." All I'm telling you, it cost me twenty thousand dollars last year with interest and overhead on fifty-two houses! One million bucks in thirty years! I'm going out of business! It's absolutely a disgrace! It's a disgrace! Me, in a democracy, Manny Dembs, thirty years, with my wife and three kids, and I got to worry about what Volcker's going to do! I'd like the Reserve Board to resign themselves; to overhaul the Federal Reserve Board! This is something that—they're not the fourth branch of government. We've got the Executive, we've got the Legislature, we've got the Judicial—but we don't have the Federal Reserve Board as a fourth branch of government. They're autonomous, but they're running our country. We've got to do something to change it. But what I would like you—to ask you to do— If you ask me immediately to sum up what I want you to do, I say to all the Republicans, all the Democrats in Congress: stop playing politics with my life! My democracy's at stake! Get up strongly in Congress and say, "Mr. Volcker, you're chairman of the board—resign, resign! I don't care if you're right or wrong. You are in charge. Get out!" You've got the monetarists today that are running the country. I'm not a politician. I'm just a builder every day on the line trying to make a buck. And what I'm seeing there with the monetarists, with the Bruce Bringles—I don't even know these people—with the Milton Friedmans and the—the Volckers! I'm reading about all these people. These people scare me! I'm worried about my country and I'm worried that I'm going to go down the drain. I'll fight the system to democracy! One on one, I'll fight to my dying day 'cause my wife and my family come first, I come second, my country comes third! But I'm not going to let you put me down the drain! We have Big Brother Week in the state of Michigan. You know what Big Brother Week in the state of Michigan is? Builders from Grand Rapids, builders from Flint, builders from Marquette are coming to me: "Manny, help me. Help me, I don't know what to do!" And I'm not overdramatic, 'cause when I get mad I really get mad! But I'm telling you now, all over the state of Michigan, pleading with me: "What do I do? What do I do? What do I do?" It's so serious, Senator Riegel, I can't overemphasize. It's two years later. The cancer—the patient has died! In Michigan we've died! There's no more sales. People are not coming to my models, people are not coming to buy houses no more. It's disgusting! It's sad! The banks are starting to call in the notes right now. What the banks—the bankers, who are these bankers? They're running the country. I don't know why, who. But it's individual persons. I, Manny Dembs, cannot compete with Wall Street! I'm not that big! I'm not powerful enough! I'm a single citizen. I vote and I come to Washington. I talk to you, Riegel, I talk to Blanchard, I talk to a few other people. One on one I talk to them. That's all I can do. But if Congress don't get up on this, instead of talking about the budget— I know you're going to handle all that, I respect you people. But in Congress, what you should do tomorrow morning, stand up all! Mister Federal Reserve Board, don't ruin my country! Don't ruin my— Stand up and be counted!

The time is very long, but we learn very little. We learn that this one man is angry and frightened. We hear from him—but we do not hear from any independent reporter—that others in Michigan feel as he does. We learn that he thinks that the head of the Federal Reserve Board should be removed from office. And one more thing: that within his anger and his fear is a lack of understanding. He has tried to make sense of his situation, but he has failed. To this, the news organization of the Columbia Broadcasting System makes no reply, proposes no healing. Mr. Rather himself, in his introduction to the interval ruled by the image of Mr. Dembs, seems at sea. He makes reference to "the jungle of government reports, private analysis, bold pronouncements about economic dislocations," as though these were as puzzling to him as they are to Mr. Dembs. He finds authority not in his duty to make sense of the issue but in the intensity with which Mr. Dembs feels his own failure to make sense of it, and he finds his comfort in his ability to reach out and touch Mr. Dembs at the source of his impotence and confusion. This he is able to do by showing his own confusion and lack of authority, although he is, by definition, a man of authority in America. The interval is long. It is longer than the opening report on the budget crisis, which comprised an introduction from Mr. Rather, a report from Phil Jones, an interview with Representative Joseph Addabbo, and an interview with Senator Howard Baker. The interval is so long that it might have enclosed a very thorough report on the situation in which the home builders of Michigan find themselves. The interval encloses a cry from the heart. There are many cries to be heard—from people who feel strongly about abortion, from people who face difficulty in buying food. There are images, too, rising from the surface of the police blotter which are sufficient to chill our own hearts forever. If it is to such cries and such images that the attention of the CBS news organization is to be directed as it begins to bring more time within the boundaries of its "headline service," a person must say: Turn back.

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First and Only

THE New York City Fire Department has three hundred and fifty-seven companies, all with red fire engines except Engine Company 65, our next-door neighbor, at 33 West Forty-third Street, whose fire engine—or, in firefighting parlance, "apparatus"—is a pale lime green. Why?

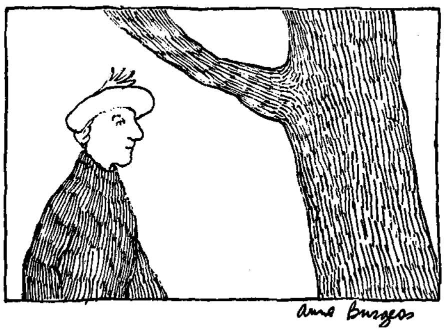
"It's an experiment in better visibility," John Mulligan, assistant commissioner in charge of public relations, told us over the telephone from his office, at 110 Church Street. "The lime-green apparatus is the first in a thirty-seven-million-dollar replacement program. She was made by American LaFrance at a cost of ninety-six thousand dollars. She's a cause. A point of contention. Recognition versus visibility. Yellow or green is supposed to be easier to see. She is lime yellow, or, officially, federal safety yellow, sometimes called national yellow. She is called chartreuse and slime green by those loyal to red. They are detractors, so to speak."

"O.K. to go over to see how she's doing?" we asked.

"Take some facts with you," Mulligan said. "She's the first and only, so it's too early to have figures. By next year, we plan to have ten more—made by Mack, now low bidders at a hundred and thirteen thousand each—and then we'll have something other than conjecture. She's only been in service since July. We've had a lot of pro and con. Keep in mind we're the busiest fire department in the world." Mulligan, who was the speediest talker in our reportorial experience, went on, "Not the biggest. Tokyo is the biggest. They have eighteen thousand firefighters, and they do fewer than eight thousand fires a year. Tokyo still has red. We have eleven thousand five hundred and ninety-nine, and we do three hundred fires a *day*. Last year, we did a total of one hundred twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and seventy-six fires, but it wasn't our peak year, which was 1976, when we did one hundred fifty-one thousand and seventy-nine fires. We're up on emergencies this year, but we're cutting down on false alarms, thank God. A fireboat can pump twenty thousand gallons a minute, and that gives you an idea when you realize that this one and only pumper pumps *one* thousand gallons a minute, which is typical of our pumpers, red or green. So we can't relate any of that to color. A lot of our firefighters think this new apparatus is a horrible color, but that's because they want traditional. I've driven in three cars—one black, one blue, and one red. Red gets them every time. But the public, I'm told, likes the green. Especially the women."

"We'll have a look," we said.

"Hold it," Mulligan said. "It's not true that we've *always* had red. Red dates from about 1916, with the arrival of motorized apparatus. Before that, only pumpers were red—the hose wagons, the ladder trucks, and the water towers were cream-white with maroon trim and fenders. It's not unusual to have different colors around the country—yellow, red-white-and-blue, you name it. Salt Lake City has green, but they are switching to red. Our fire-alarm boxes and the lights over them are still red. In 1731, the original fire apparatus, a hand-operated pumper that came from England and pumped seventy gallons a minute, had a *green* body with *brown* wheels. It was wood. You can see it at the American Museum of Fire Fighting, in Hudson, New York. We're heavy with history in this department. This green apparatus was the one stored in the second City Hall in history, at Wall and Nassau, where John Peter Zenger was imprisoned for nine months in 1734 and 1735, and he probably heard the firefighters drilling with this green apparatus. It's also where George Washington took the oath of office in 1789, and where our Bill of Rights was passed. In the presence of *green*, not red."



Fact-fortified, we visited the controversial apparatus next door, and thought it looked splendid. A shade lighter, in our opinion, than lime green. With a lot of gold leaf. "CENTURY NEW YORKER" in large gold letters on the sides. "KEEP BACK 200 FEET" in silvery letters on a red background on the rear. Illustrations of red apples on the exhaust-stack cover. The apparatus looked very shiny, very new, very modern, and raring to go as it faced the door of its landmark habitat (dedicated in 1898), which has white tile walls, a brass sliding pole, and, alongside, neatly stacked black leather helmets, black rubber boots, and black Nomex coats, all banded with yellow safety stripes.

Company Captain Robert Kearns, meticulously garbed in officer-on-duty navy pants, light-blue shirt, navy necktie, and black military-type shoes, gave us the lowdown on the apparatus. "She gets more yeas than nays," he said. "Especially from women. They go for the bright color. They're impressed. Personally, my men would prefer her to be red, but they also like having one of a kind. You stand out. Besides, this apparatus replaced a 1971 pumper that was old and tired, that was rusting away. The fire pump leaked. The engine oil leaked. The transmission oil leaked. Everything was loose. This is a beautiful pumper. Solid. She rides well, with power steering, which is great in midtown traffic, and flow meters that tell the pump operator the number of gallons of water being discharged. Look at this deluge nozzle." Captain Kearns jumped on the apparatus and pointed to a big object in the middle. "This nozzle weighs fifty pounds. The old one weighed a *hundred* and fifty, and it required two men to lift it. This takes one. And this electric siren! It's variable. It allows for three different sounds. First, there's the regular fire-engine whine. Then, there's a repeated 'wow-wow-wow.' Finally, if I press a button I can get a high-low siren—the quavering type of siren you hear in

Europe. When I come to an intersection, I usually change the tone from the regular fire-engine whine to the 'wow-wow-wow.' And look at these crew-riding positions." He opened the door of the cab and sat down in one of the seats. "The firefighter just leans back, puts his arms through the straps, and—presto!—into the smoke mask. He's ready!" He demonstrated how a firefighter gets into the mask contraption. "It's not just the color that gets me. It's the apparatus as a whole. Firefighters are into tradition. We've been wearing the same kind of helmets for a hundred years. We are all *attached* to red. Nick Mancuso, head of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, will dispute the contention that yellow is a safety factor. In the rearview mirror, he'll tell you, surrounded by hundreds of yellow taxicabs, you'll see a blanket of yellow, and lime green is not that much of a distinguishing factor."

Captain Kearns led us up to the front of the station and stopped at the house-watch desk, where a large, framed color photograph of the lime-green engine was hanging. "We're really *proud* of her," he told us. "There's a lot of competition between the companies. The horseplay never stops. We're constantly criticizing each other. Everybody in Sixty-five thinks Sixty-five is the greatest, and it *is*. So if we take a ribbing over the green, that makes us unique, and we're not going to admit to preferring red. We have green T-shirts with a drawing of the apparatus and the words 'The Mean Green—First Again.' And we go along with the safety idea that green is much easier to see—especially in fog or in twilight, at five o'clock in the afternoon on a rainy day, or with smoke or snow affecting light conditions. We like it when a poem is written about our apparatus—as it was by Mal Levy, the dispatcher in the Manhattan Central Office. I'll read it."

THE NEW LOOK

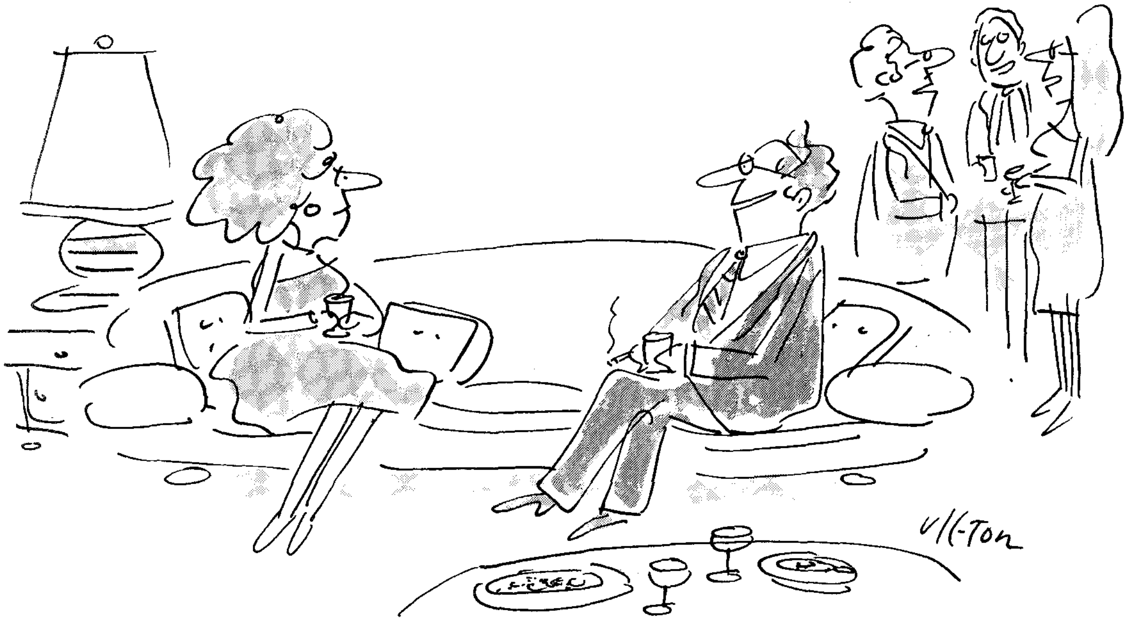
Tradition died and by the book,
One-hundred-sixteen years it took;
I speak of apparatus "red"—
Which color, science says, is dead.

Defenders deem it for the best,
As proved by laboratory test;
But those that care, know otherwise—
A lime-green shade offends their eyes!

When arsonists their candles lit,
'Neath sardine cans whose oil would spit,
Much help arrived all shiny red—
Extinguished and went back to bed!

No self-respecting torch today,
Would even light one up for pay;
Mere waiting for would him demean—
Arrival of a Green Machine!

Ask "Sixty-five," all those who doubt,
"Lime-Green" may put the fire out;
The problem that the men must lick,
Arriving at the job . . . sea-sick!



"I'm part fact and part fiction."

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Back

A YOUNG friend of ours who lives down in the East Village writes:

I've just bought a new stereo, and to celebrate I went to The Record Hunter to buy a copy of Gene Autry's "Back in the Saddle Again." As the young man who helped me find it flipped through his copy of *Phonolog Reports*—a fat yellow catalogue providing information on current releases by title, among other headings—I became nostalgic for horses, and trains cutting across lavender prairies, and three-alarm chili. And this is strange, because I was born and raised in New York City. What can I say? It's the times.

Peering over his shoulder, I noticed that there were whole columns of titles beginning with "Back." In fact, fourteen whole columns. A selected listing might include:

Regional: "Back Home Again in Indiana," "Back in Louisville," "Back to the Old Smokey Mountains," "Back in Merinda," "Back in Pomona," "Back to New Orleans," "Back in the U.S.S.R."

Wistful Regional: "Back on the Right Track," "Back on Top," "Back Seat of My Car," "Back to the Island."

Occupational: "Back to the War," "Back at the Chicken Shack," "Back to the Pit."

Wistful Occupational: "Back on the Hunt," "Back to the Land," "Back to the Levee," "Back in the Old Routine."

Therapeutic: "Back on My Feet Again," "Back Down to Lonely," "Back on My Mind Again," and—my personal favorite (self-help you can dance to, perhaps)—"Back Sliding Fearlessly."

Wistful Therapeutic: "Back in Your Arms Again," "Back in My Arms," "Back in Baby's Arms," "Back Side of Thirty."

Just Plain Wistful: "Back in Time," "Back in History."

"Back," with two hundred and eight listings in that particular copy of *Phonolog Reports*, triumphs over all the "Bad" that follows it. "Bad" weighs in with a mere bantam one hundred and fourteen, including "Bad Attitude."

THE HOTEL WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE year Father began to try to tame the bears was our first year living in The Hotel Washington, D.C. I think we sensed even then that there was something special about Father—a dreamy quality that probably had something to do with the fact that when he wasn't asleep, he spent most of his waking moments thinking the unthinkable. We all loved running the hotel, and wanted to make Father's job as manager as easy as we could. So pretty soon we *all* (one by one) went around thinking the unthinkable, until there was nobody left to think the thinkable. Later, we would all be going around mentioning the unmentionable. But before later, so much happened that we all started to go around wondering what *else* could possibly happen.

Here's one thing that happened: One day Father put Parson James in charge of the parks and wilderness preserves, which all started immediately going around getting raped.

"But Parson James *hates* parks and the outdoors," I said to Father. "He brags about it. How can you put him in charge of them?"

Father just smiled benevolently and shook his head and murmured, "Well, well, well," and probably I believed him.

By then we all knew that the strange and powerful love that existed between the nuclear-industry people and the nuclear-regulatory people had (secretly, of course) been expressed and consummated. Later than then, we would wonder what had taken them so long, since it would begin to seem that incest between members of the nuclear family was the most natural thing in the world.

But before then, the murder of the air people's union happened. One day the air people went on strike, and the air people's union, taking its sad and sorrowful leave of this lovely planet, dropped dead all over the nation.

"'Dropped dead'?" said Meester Ed. "Seems to me like it *committed suicide*."

"It went on *strike*," Ambassador Jeane said.

"And that's against the *law*," Cousin Billy Frenchy Smitty said.

"Cut!" Skinny Stockman cried.

Later, I would know better than to ask Father anything. Before later, though—this was just after the air people's union died—I asked Father something.

"Why did you murder the air people's union, Father?" I asked.

"Why, I didn't murder *anything*," Father said, laughing good-naturedly and shaking his head. He always laughed and shook his head whenever he denied decertifying something.

LATER, I would see that back then I would go around seeing that that's how we were: me, with my seeing later but asking earlier; Skinny, who was always going around shouting "Cut!;" Scrappy Al, who had his own private and mysterious language that no one could understand; Ambassador Jeane, who was very careful that *everybody* understood *her* vocabulary; and Father, our dreamer, who simply smiled and laughed and occasionally waved to the guests when they wanted to know why Room Service kept bringing them less and charging more.

"Well," Father would say, that twinkle in his eye. "I wouldn't feel too sorry for people who had good jobs before they got fired. *They're* not the truly needy."

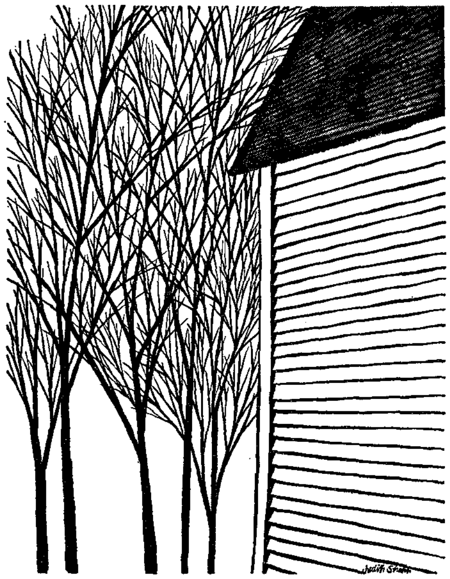
"The truly needy!" we all cried in unison.

"Cut!" Skinny shouted.

"I'll tell you who *I* pityify and empathicate for," Scrappy Al said. "It's those poor workers in Poland. Standing up to that great big bear all by themselves! By jingo, that's admirationable!"

("Because strikes are *illegal* in Poland," Ambassador Jeane would whisper to me much later. "At least, they *were*. But those people *defied* the government, and now they've got a *union!* They're *heroes!*")

Scrappy Al was always going around going on and on about the bear. Once, he spoke at a fund-raiser that was like a very expensive party dinner—actually, it *was* a very expensive party dinner. His speech sounded like a foreign-policy statement—actually, it *was* a foreign-policy statement.



"We do not fearfulize the bear," he said. "We recognition that the bear intents to nuzzle and paw and snort and hug the *whole world*. But we're going to assurance that it confinements its activities and limitations its influentials to *where* it *belongs!*"

"Hurray!" the fund-raisers shouted in unison.

"That goes double for me!" Father said, smiling and waving to the crowd.

But I think even then we all knew what Cap the Window-Watcher would say.

"One point six trillion," he said.

"One point six *trillion*?" I asked.

"One point six trillion," he said. "Dollars."

"That's a lot, Cap," Skinny said.

"It takes a lot of money to keep a bear in its place," Cap said. "This hotel has vulnerability to the bear. Why do you think I keep looking out the window?"

Father shook his head and smiled with that dreamer's twinkle in his eye. "Well," he said, "I guess you could almost say that when it comes to keeping the bear in line, it's the folks over at the *Pentagon* who are the truly needy."

"The truly needy!" we all cried in unison.

"Cut!" Skinny shouted.

"*I* know where we can get the money," Cap said.

"Where?" Skinny cried. "Tell us!"

"Tell us! Tell us!" we all cried in unison (all of us except Skinny, who had *already* cried "Tell us!").

"From the *people*," Cap whispered.

"*What* people?" Scrappy Al asked. He had spent so many years helping to manage The Hotel Washington, D.C., that he had *forgotten* that *anybody* except our *family* existed at *all*.

"The *American* people," Cap said, hitting Scrappy Al on the head with a sheaf of neutron-bomb cost-overrun explanations. ("That's a good bomb," Cap had said once. "A good *smart* bomb. We *need* a good smart bomb.")

"Now, now, stop bickering, you two," Father said dreamily. "Cap, you go figure out what you need, and I'll get it from the people."

"Better hurry up," Scrappy Al said. "The bear is coming!"

I think even then Scrappy Al believed, more than any of us, that one day we might have to shoot the bear, kill ourselves, and destroy the hotel in order to survive.

"The bear is almost accessing our localization!" he would cry. "The bear is pawing El Salvador! The bear is sniffing around South Africa!"

"Come on, Scrappy Al," I would say. "The bear can't be everywhere at once. In El Salvador all they want is to get rid of the *leeches*."

"What about Guatemala?" he'd say. "What about Argentina? The bear is encroachmenting everywhere!"

In those days, of course, somebody in Argentina or Guatemala was always going around disappearing and getting tortured or killed. It was horrible, and we were very sad over it, and it changed us forever back then.

"The bear isn't in Argentina or Guatemala," I would say. "Those are the *monsters*."

"Yes, they *are* monsters," Ambassador Jeane would sigh. "But thank God they're *our* monsters."

It was around then that I began to go to my office, close the door, and work out, weighing priorities. Once, Skinny stuck his head into my office and saw me.

"Cap and Scrappy Al and Ambassador Jeane get together and whisper all night about *their* bear," he whispered, "but they've got it all wrong. It's not *that* bear we have to worry about."

"Then which bear *is* it, Skinny?" I asked.

"The stock-market bear!" Skinny cried. "The stock-market bear is chasing everybody off Wall Street! The stock-market bear is eating up the bond market! Help!"

THEN one morning I ran into everyone in the Rose Garden.

"Guess what!" Meester Ed said. "The Department of Energy and the Department of Education just committed suicide!"

"Holy cow!" we all cried in unison. "That's too bad!"

"Wait a minute!" I shouted. "Shouldn't we tell Father?"

"I don't want to wake him!" Ambassador Jeane yelled.

"I have to watch the window!" Cap screamed.

"Cut!" Skinny cried.

"He's not here in the hotel anyway!" Meester Ed bellowed. "He's out at the Western hotel on vacation, urging everyone to be more productive!"

"QUIET!" I roared. Everyone settled down, and since I had gone around going around thinking the unthinkable all morning, I decided to ask the unaskable. "Why are things always so crazy around this hotel?" I asked. "Why does everything always come down to one bear or another?"

"That's a good question!" they all cried in unison. "Ask Father!"

So I waited until later, when Father returned to The Hotel Washington, D.C., and then, after later, I went to his office.

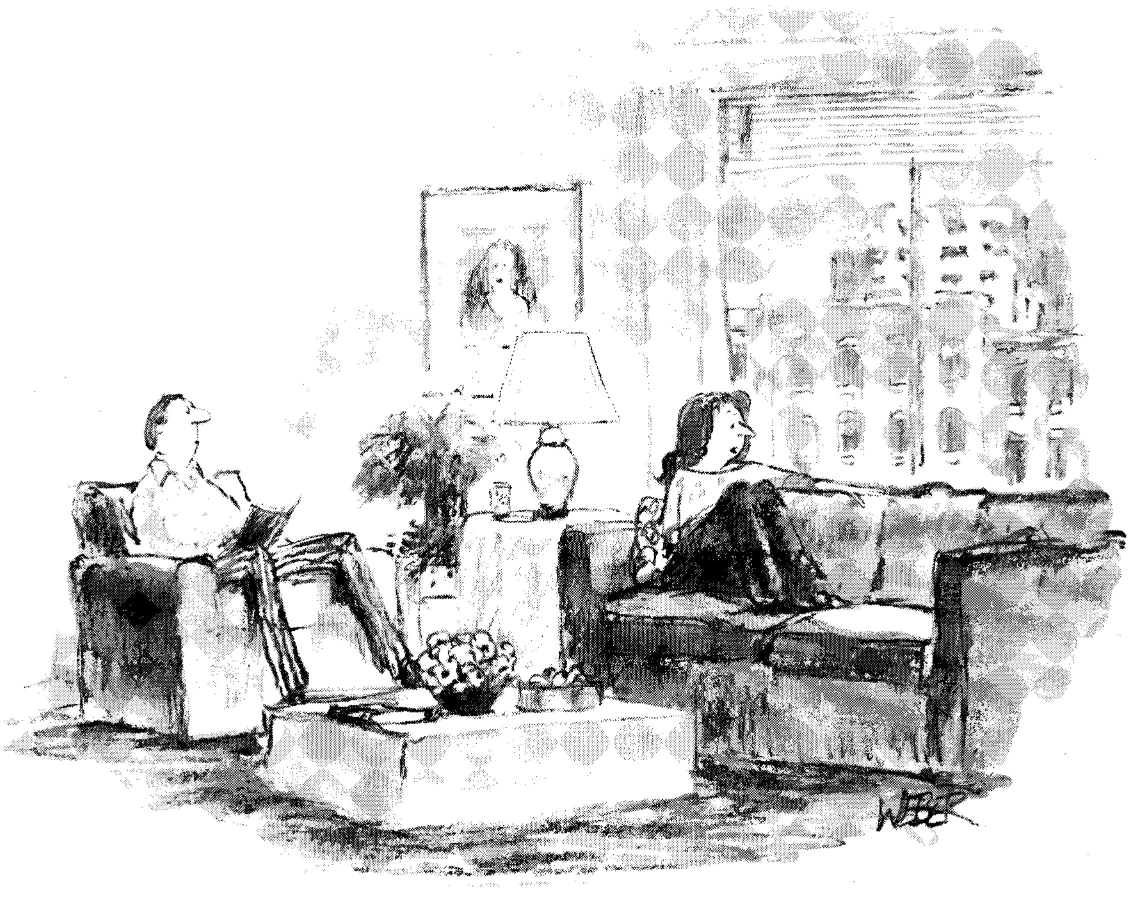
"Can I ask you something, Father?" I asked.

"Well, that's a good, responsible, tough question," he said, a twinkle in those dreamer's eyes. "And I suppose you'll be expecting me to answer it."

"*Can* you, Father?" I said.

"Well," he said, a dream in those twinkler's eyes. "When I was made manager of this great lodging, it was in order to make The Hotel Washington, D.C., the finest hotel in the world once again. To run the hotel the way it *used* to be run—back then, before there were bears, and unions, and the need for monsters. Some say that that world is a world that no longer exists. But they're wrong. It does exist. It exists in the past. It exists in the memories of the hotel's guests. And it can exist once more in *this* hotel. All I ask of everyone is that they learn to live as the original guests of The Hotel Washington, D.C., lived in that exciting and glorious time when the hotel first opened."

And that was how we all got used to sleeping on the floor waiting for the roof to cave in. —ELLIS WEINER



"Don't laugh, but I think new slipcovers wouldn't do our marriage a bit of harm."

• •

GIRL TALK

BARBARA is in her chaise. Something is wrong with the pool—everything is wrong with the pool—so it has not been filled with water. The green-painted bottom is speckled with goldenrod and geranium petals. The neighbor's cat sits licking a paw under the shade of the little mimosa tree planted in one of the raised boxes at one corner of the pool.

"Take a picture of that," Barbara says, putting her hand on top of her husband Sven's wrist. He is her fourth husband. They have been married for two years. She speaks to him exactly the way she spoke to her third husband. "Take a picture of a kitty licking its paw, Sven."

"I don't have my camera," he says.

"You usually always have it with you," she says. She lights an Indonesian cigarette—a *kretek*—waves out the match and drops it in a little green dish full of cherry pits. She turns to me and says, "If he'd had his camera last Friday, he could have photographed the car that hit the what-do-you-call-it—the concrete thing that goes down the middle of the highway. They were washing up the blood."

Sven gets up. He slips into his white thongs and flaps down the flagstone walk to the kitchen. He goes in and closes the door.

"How is your job, Oliver?" Barbara asks. Oliver is Barbara's son, but she hardly ever sees him.

"Air-conditioned," Oliver says. "They've finally got the air-conditioning up to a decent level in the building this summer."

"How is *your* job?" Barbara says to me.

I look at her, at Oliver.

"What job are you thinking of, Mother?" he says.

"Oh—painting wicker white, or something. Painting the walls yellow. If you'd had amniocentesis, you could paint them blue or pink."

"We're leaving up the wallpaper," Oliver says. "Why would a thirty-year-old woman have amniocentesis?"

"I hate wicker," I say. "Wicker is for Easter baskets."

Barbara stretches. "Notice the way it goes?" she says. "I ask a simple question, he answers for you, as if you're helpless now that you're pregnant, and that gives you time to think and zing back some snappy reply."

SONATA for PIANO and DOG
S. Harris

"I think you're the Queen of Snappiness," Oliver says to her.

"Like the Emperor of Ice Cream?" She puts down her Dutch detective novel. "I never did understand Wallace Stevens," she says. "Do any of you?"

Sven has come back with his camera and is focussing. The cat has walked away, but he wasn't focussing on the cat anyway; it's a group shot: Barbara in her tiny white bikini, Oliver in cut-off jeans, with the white raggedy strings trailing down his tan legs, and me in my shorts and baggy embroidered top that my huge stomach bulges hard against.

"Smile," Sven says. "Do I really have to say smile?"

THIS is the weekend of Barbara's sixtieth birthday, and Oliver's half brother Craig has also come for the occasion. He has given her an early present: a pink T-shirt that says "60." Oliver and I brought Godivas and a hair comb with a silk lily glued to it. Sven will give her a card and some orchids, flown in from some unimaginably far-off place, and a check. She will express shock at the check and not show anyone the amount, though she will pass around his birthday card. At dinner, the orchids will be in a vase, and Sven will tell some anecdote about a shoot he once went on in some faraway country.

Craig has brought two women with him, unexpectedly. They are tall, blond, silent, and look like twins but are not. Their clothes are permeated with marijuana. When they were introduced, one was wearing a Sony Walkman and the other had a tortoiseshell hair ornament in the shape of a turtle.

Now it is getting dark and we are all having spritzers. I have had too many spritzers. I feel everyone looking at everyone else's naked feet. The twins who are not twins have baby toes that curl under, so you can see the plum-colored polish on only four toes. Craig has square toenails and calluses on his heels which come from playing tennis. Oliver's long, tan feet are rubbing my legs. The dryness of his soles feels wonderful as he rubs his feet up and down the sticky sweat that has dried on my calves. Barbara has long toenails, painted bronze. Sven's big toes are oblong and shapeless, the way balloons look when you first begin to

PEANUT BUTTER
JELLY
ZIEGLER

blow them up. My toenails aren't polished, because I can hardly bend over. I look at Oliver's feet and mine and try to imagine a composite baby foot. As Sven pours, it is the first time I realize that my drink is gone and I have been crunching ice.

IN our bedroom, Oliver cups his hands around my hard stomach as I lie on my side facing away from him and kisses my hair from underneath, slowly moving down my spine to where his lips rest on one hipbone.

"My glass of ice water just made a ring on the night table," he says. He takes a sip of water. I hear him sigh and put the glass back on the table.

"I want to get married," I mumble into the pillow. "I don't want to end up bitter, like Barbara."

He snorts. "She's bitter because she kept getting married, and when the last one died he left almost everything to Craig. She's bored with Sven, now that his pictures aren't selling anymore."

"Oliver," I say, and am surprised at how helpless I sound. "You sounded like your mother just then. At least talk sense to me."

Oliver slides his cheek to my buttock. "Remember the first time you rubbed my back and it felt so good that I started laughing?" Oliver says. "And you didn't know why I was doing it and you got insulted? And the time you got drunk and sang along with Eddie Fisher on 'Wish You Were Here' and you were so good I laughed until I got the hiccups?" He rolls over. "We're married," he says. He slides his cheek to the hollow of my back. "Let me tell you what happened on the crosstown bus last week," he goes on. "A messenger got on. Twenty or so. Carrying a pile of envelopes. Started talking CB chatter to the baby on the lap of a woman sitting next to him. The woman and the baby got off at Madison, and between there and Third he started addressing the bus in general. He said, 'Everybody's heard of pie in the sky. They say Smokey in the Sky. Smokey the Bear's what they call the cops. But you know what I say? I say Bear in the Air. It's like 'Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds'—LSD. LSD is acid.' He had on running shoes and jeans and a white button-down shirt with a tie hanging around his neck."

"Why did you tell me that story?" I say.

"*Anybody* can get it together to do something perfunctory. The minute that messenger got off the bus he tied that tie and delivered that crap he was carrying." He turns again, sighs. "I can't talk about marriage in this crazy house. Let's walk on the beach."

"It's so late," I say. "It must be after midnight. I'm exhausted from sitting all day, drinking and doing nothing."

"I'll tell you the truth," he whispers. "I can't stand to hear Barbara and Sven making love."

I listen, wondering if he's putting me on. "That's mice running through the walls," I say.

SUNDAY afternoon, and Barbara and I are walking the beach, a little tipsy after our picnic lunch. I wonder what she'd think if I told her that her son and I are not married. She gives the impression that what she hasn't lived through she has imagined. And much of what she says comes true. She said the pool would crack; she warned Craig that the girls weren't to be trusted, and, sure enough, this morning they were gone, taking with them the huge silver bowl she keeps lemons and limes in, a silver meat platter with coiled-serpent handles, and four silver ladles—almost as if they'd planned some bizarre tea party for themselves. He'd met them, he said, at the Odeon, in the city. That was his explanation. Craig is the only person I know who gets up in the morning, brushes his teeth, and takes a Valium blue. Now we have left him playing a game called Public Assistance with Sven, at the side of the pool. Oliver was still upstairs sleeping when I came down at eleven. "I'll marry you," he said sleepily as I climbed out of bed. "I had a dream that I didn't and we were always unhappy."

I am in the middle of rambling on to Barbara, telling her that Oliver's dreams amaze me. They seem to be about states of feeling; they don't have any symbols in them, or even moments. He wakes up and his dreams have summarized things. I want to blurt out, "We lied to you, years ago. We said we got married, and we didn't. We had a fight and a flat tire and it rained, and we checked into an inn and just never got married."

"My first husband, Andrew, collected butterflies," she says. "I could never understand that. He'd stand by a little window in our bedroom—we had a basement apartment in Cambridge, just before the war—and he'd hold the butterflies in the frames to the light, as if the way the light struck them told him something their wings wouldn't have if they'd flown by." She looks out to the ocean. "Not that there were butterflies flying around Cambridge," she says. "I just realized that."

I laugh.

"Not what you were talking about at all?" she says.

"I don't know," I say. "Lately I catch myself talking just to distract myself. Nothing seems real but my body, and my body is *so heavy*."

She smiles at me. She has long auburn hair, streaked with white, and curly bangs that blow every which way, like the tide foaming into pools.

Both sons, she has just told me, were accidents. "Now I'm too old, and for the first time I'd like to do it again. I envy men for being able to conceive children late in life. You know that picture of Picasso and his son Claude? Robert Capa took it. It's in Sven's darkroom—the postcard of it, tacked up. They're on the beach, and the child is being held forward, bigger than its father, rubbing an eye. Being held by Picasso, simply smiling and rubbing an eye."

"What wine was that we drank?" I say, tracing a heart in the sand with my big toe.

"La Vieille Ferme blanc," she says. "Nothing special." She picks up a shell—a small mussel shell, black outside, opalescent inside. She drops it carefully into one cup of her tiny bikini top. In her house are ferns, in baskets on the floor, and all around them on top of the soil sit little treasures: bits of glass, broken jewelry, shells, gold twine. One of the most beautiful is an asparagus fern that now cascades over a huge circle of exposed flashbulbs stuck in the earth; each summer I gently lift the branches and peek, the way I used to go to my grandmother's summer house and open her closet to see if the faint pencil markings of the heights of her grandchildren were still there.

"You love him?" she says.

In five years, it is the first time we have ever really talked.

Yes, I nod.

"I've had four husbands. I'm sure you know that—that's my claim to fame, and ridicule, forever. But the first died, quite young. Hodgkin's disease. There's a seventy-per-cent cure now, I believe, for Hodgkin's disease. The second one left me for a lady cardiologist. You knew Matt. And now you know Sven." She puts another shell in her bikini, centering it over her nipple. "Actually, I only had two chances out of four. Sven would like a little baby he could hold in front of his face on the beach, but I'm too old. The body of a thirty-year-old, and I'm too old."

I kick sand, look at the ocean. I feel too full, too woozy, but I'm getting desperate to walk, to move faster.

"Do you think Oliver and Craig will ever like each other?" I say.

She shrugs. "Oh—I don't want to talk about them. It's my birthday, and I want to talk girl talk. Maybe I'll never talk to you this way again."

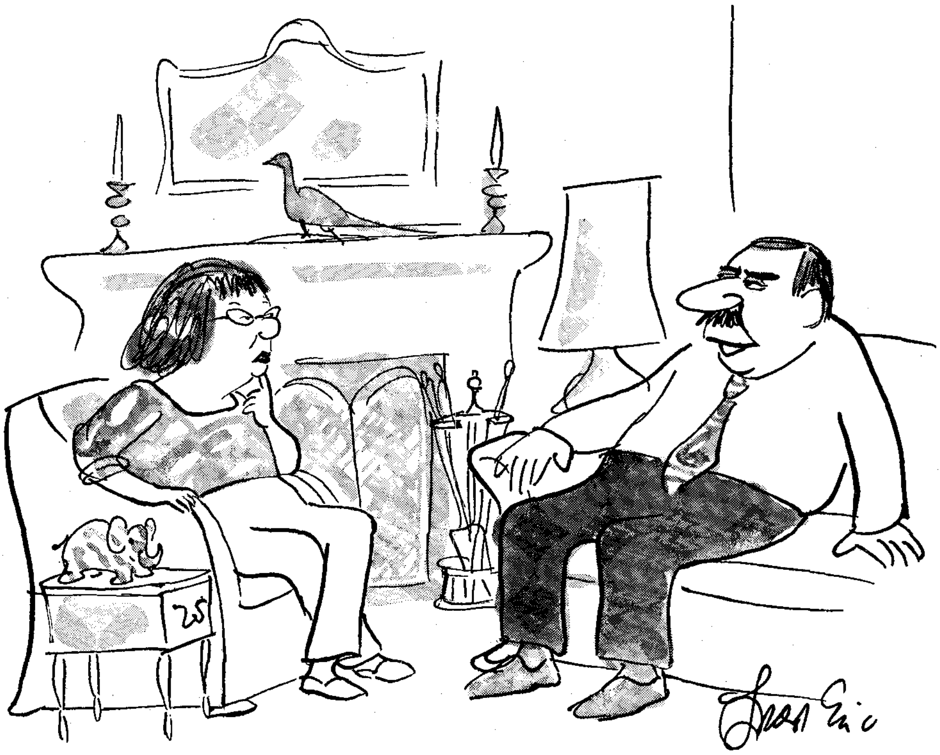
"Why?" I say.

"I've always had . . . *feelings* about things. Sven made fun of me when I said at Christmas that the pool would crack. I knew both times I was pregnant I'd have boys. I so much didn't want a second child, but now I'm glad I had him. He's more intelligent than Craig. On my deathbed, Craig will probably bring some woman to the house who'll steal the covers." She bends and picks up a shiny stone, throws it into the water. "I didn't love my first husband," she says.

"Why didn't you?"

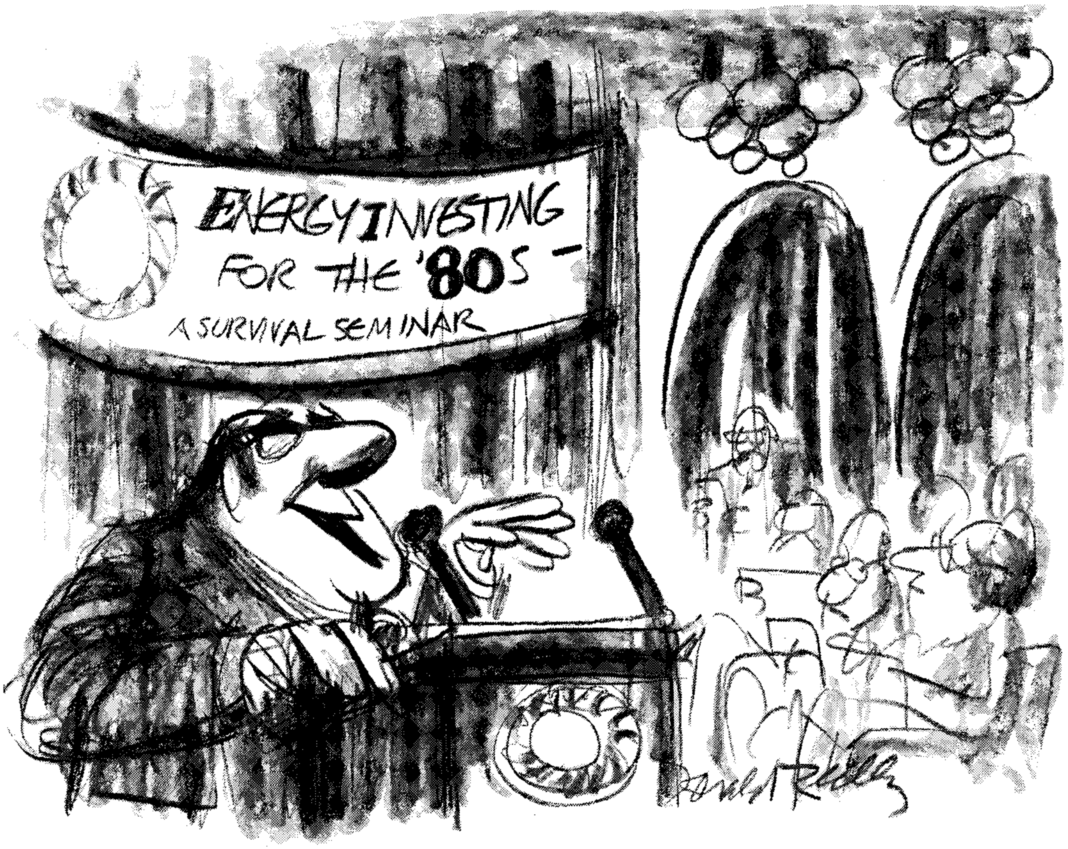
"His spirit was dying. His spirit was dying before he got sick and died." She runs her hand across her bare stomach. "People your age don't talk that way, do they? We fought, and I left him, and that was in the days when young ladies did not leave young men. I got an apartment in New York, and for so many weeks I was all right—my mother sent all the nice ladies she knew over to amuse me, and it was such a relief not to have to cope. That was also in the days when young men didn't cry, and he'd put his head on my chest and cry about things I couldn't understand. Look at me now, with this body. I'm embarrassed by the irony of it—the dry pool, the useless body. It's too obvious even to talk about. I sound like T. S. Eliot, with his bank-clerk self-pity, don't I?" She is staring at the ocean. "When I thought everything was in order—I even had a new beau—I was trying to hang a picture one morning: a painting of a field of little trees, with a doe walking through. I had it positioned where I thought it should go, and I held it to the wall and backed up, but I couldn't quite tell, because I couldn't back up enough. I didn't have any *husband to hold it to the wall*. I dropped it and broke the glass and cried." She pushes her hair back, twines the rubber band she has worn on her wrist around her hair again. Through her bikini I can see the outline of the shells. Her hands hang at her sides. "We've come too far," she says. "Aren't you exhausted?"

We are almost up to the Davises' house. That means that we've walked



"Well, have you decided yet what you want Santa to bring you this year?"

about three miles, and through my heaviness I feel a sort of light-headedness. I'm thinking, I'm tired but it doesn't matter. Being married doesn't matter. Knowing how to talk about things matters. I sink down in the sand, like a novice with a revelation. Barbara looks concerned; then, a little drunkenly, I watch her face change. She's decided that I'm just responding, taking a rest. A seagull dives, gets what it wants. We sit next to each other facing the water, her flat tan stomach facing the ocean like a mirror.


ENERGY INVESTING FOR THE '80S —
A SURVIVAL SEMINAR

"So here's what we're saying: The sun, wonderful as it is, can't do it alone, but, combined with the magic of the marketplace, anything is possible."

• •

IT is night, and we are still outdoors, beside the pool. Sven's face has a flickery, shadowed look, like a jack-o'-lantern's. A citronella candle burns on the white metal table beside his chair.

"He decided not to call the police," Sven says. "I agree. Since those two young ladies obviously did not *want* your crappy silver, they're saddled with sort of pirates' treasure, and, as we all know, pirate ships sink."

"You're going to wait?" Barbara says to Craig. "How will you get all our silver back?"

Craig is tossing a tennis ball up and down. It disappears into the darkness, then slaps into his hands again. "You know what?" he says. "One night I'll run into them at the Odeon. That's the thing—nothing is ever the end."

"Well, this is my *birthday*, and I hope we don't have to talk about things ending." Barbara is wearing her pink T-shirt, which seems to have shrunk in the wash. Her small breasts are visible beneath it. She has on white pedal pushers and has kicked off her black patent-leather sandals.

"Happy birthday," Sven says, and takes her hand.

I reach out and take Oliver's hand. The first time I met his family I cried. I slept on their fold-out sofa and drank champagne and watched "The Lady Vanishes" on TV, and during the night he crept downstairs to hold me, and I was crying. I had short hair then. I can remember his hand closing around it, crushing it. Now it hangs long and thin, and he moves it gently, pushing it aside. I can't remember the last time I cried. When I first met her, Barbara surprised me because she was so sharp-tongued. Now I have learned that it is their dull lives that make people begin to say cutting things.

I look over my shoulder at the beach at night—sand bleached white by the light of the moon, foamy waves silently washing ashore, a hollow sound from the wind all over, like the echo of a conch shell held against the ear. The roar in my head is all from pain. All day, the baby has been kicking and kicking, and now I know that the heaviness I felt earlier, the disquiet, must be labor. It's almost a full month early—labor coupled with danger. I keep my hands away from my stomach, as if it might quiet itself. Sven opens a bottle of club soda and it gushes into the tall glass pitcher that sits on the table between his chair and Barbara's. He begins to unscrew the cork in a bottle of white wine. Inside me, once, making my stomach pulse, the baby turns over. I concentrate, desperately, on the first thing I see. I focus on Sven's fingers and count them, as though my baby were born and now I have to look for perfection. There is every possibility that my baby will be loved and cared for and will grow up to be like any of these people. Another contraction, and I reach out for Oliver's hand but stop in time and stroke it, don't squeeze.

I am really at some out-of-the-way beach house, with a man I am not married to and people I do not love, in labor.

Sven squeezes a lemon into the pitcher. Smoky drops fall into the soda and wine. I smile, the first to hold out my glass. Pain is relative.

—ANN BEATTIE

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Hyderabad (India) Hindu*]

A huge plastic balloon containing a machine, thousands of Chinese pamphlets and biscuits landed in old Gwalior city area last Sunday.

SNORKELING

ROYAL woke up feeling expansive, his head comfortably stabilized between two blue pillows. Naomi, his girlfriend, was already in the shower as usual. He raised his arms (the diver preparing a difficult dive) and said, "Up, up, up!"—but instead of getting up he let his arms collapse back randomly on the bed. He sighed. Should he resign from his job? Should he resign from his job and become, let's say, a master furniture-maker, spending his days in a shop hung with the traditional apparatus of cabinet craft—mallets, chisels, deft little saws, glue guns? There would be real pleasure in knowing how to wield a glue gun. His furniture designs would glance sidelong at the Baroque—as, for example, in his epic dresser with fifteen helical legs of palisander, lathe-turned according to equations taken from Leonardo and Archimedes. He had a drum-shaped Shop-Vac to tame the drifts of pink sawdust (appeasing the fire marshals), and a CETA assistant patient enough to stand for an entire night holding together two pieces of satinwood so the glue would set properly, for no C-clamp could consummate the delicate bonds required. Ah! Do not forget his path-breaking bentwood desk. Those airy thoroughfares of beech! (Unusually high torque stresses, a major stumbling block, were neutralized along the principles of Buckminster Fuller's Tensegrity Geodesics.) Those twenty-seven partitioned drawers! (Each of them slid open at the sound of a specific word—"maps," "cufflinks"—for such was the monastic care Royal lavished on runner alignment. He glimpsed himself in various poses: at the green sketch pad, pursuing a rocker design with loose flourishes of his blunt grease pencil, or at a one-man show on Fifty-seventh Street, watching the guests run their hands over his smooth wood surfaces with the distant smile that only smooth wood surfaces evoke, or doing inlay work, head within inches of the incision, risking for the sake of his craft overinhalation of the toxic resin fumes, or, finally, stowing his rasps at the end of the day and walking out across the steaming lawn, past the bush of Father Hugo roses that had nodded all afternoon under the harassment of large, furry bees, some of which drifted, abdomens drooping, into the shop to die in dresser drawers.

Naomi reawakened him by pulling the sock off his right foot. Her coat and gloves were on. This morning she was compassionate. "It's daylight in the marshes," she said.

HUGE SALE
COME DOWN AND BUY A STEREO OR SOMETHING, O.K.?
MStevens

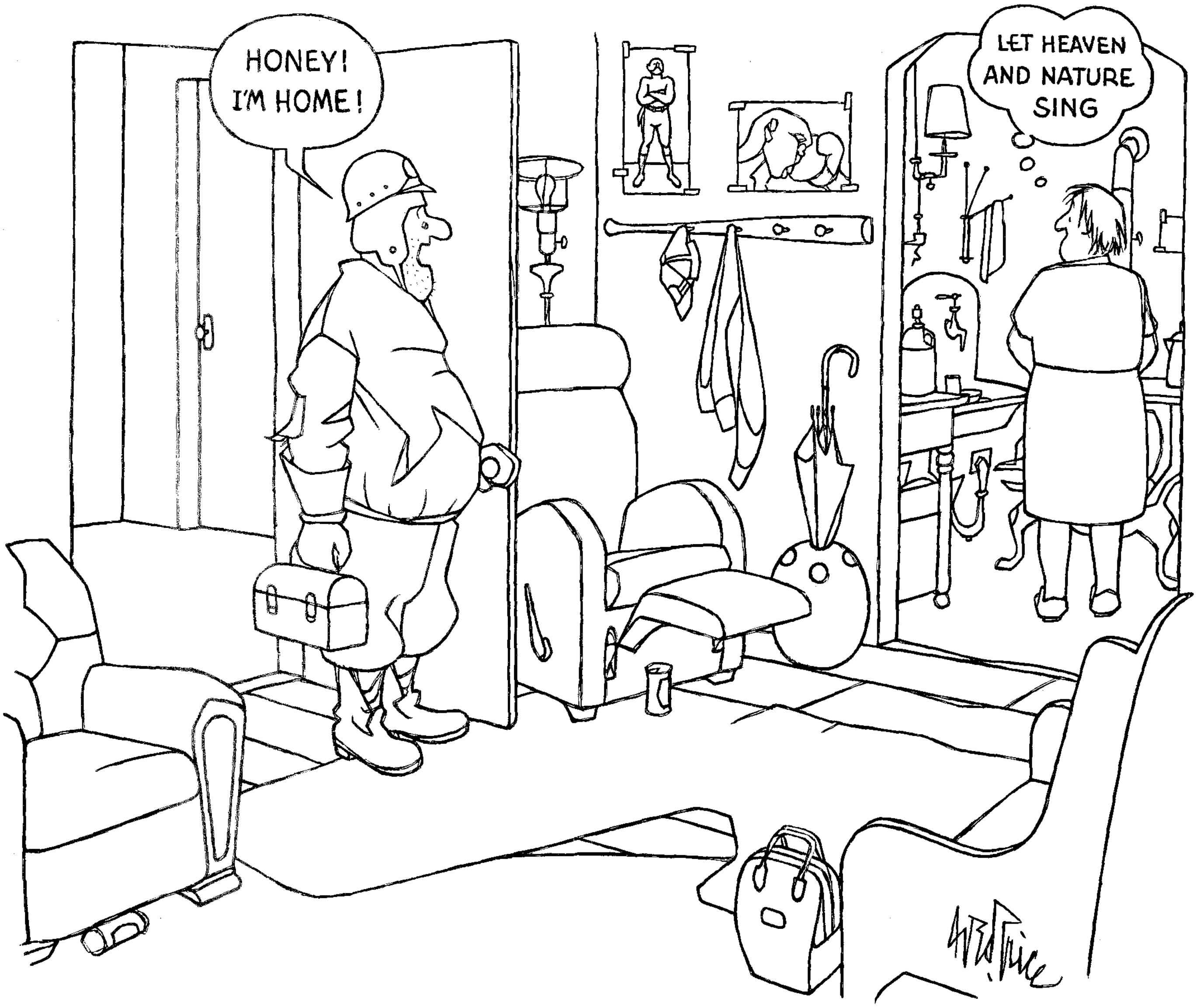
LAZY EDDIE

Five minutes later Royal stood in front of the mirror contemplating the pink origami pattern that wrinkles in the pillowcase had impressed on his cheek. I have no self-discipline and I deserve to die, he thought. In the shower he fell asleep briefly while shampooing, eyes closed, warm suds swamping his head and beard; when he perked up, he had forgotten whether he had truly shampooed or only dreamed it, so he lathered again to be sure.

AT work three cups of tea finally got him moving (he sucked the cold tea bags for maximal caffeine, revolting his secretary), and he was able to zip through the morning, alert and incisive, filling an entire page with municipal-bond statistics. After lunch, however, his momentum flagged. He eyed the calculator. A small, cost-effective nap would be rewarding, he thought. Why as a child had he never been sleepy?

"You are miles under the blue tropical sea," young Royal's mother would whisper when she put him to bed. "All the fishes in the reef are getting sleepy. The oysters are closing up, and the sharks are dozing off, and all the tiny rainbow fish are motionless in the water, breathing gently, and the only sound is the sound of the pale anemones going fwoosh, fwoosh, fwoosh. . . ." Royal would pretend to fall asleep, but under the lids he remained one of those embittered coelacanths, awake and watchful for thousands of years. In the morning he would be up with the first bird, noting by feel that a recent elbow laceration had scabbed over nicely. That had been sleep's one positive feature when he was small: scabs matured, turning the sumptuous color of his father's Plymouth.

During those days everyone around him slept. The cat, Cannonball, dozed steadily, squandering her life, drugged by the pungent juices of the bluebottles she ate in the afternoon window. Royal would sneak up to her as she lay on the Oriental rug, in a tessellation of sunlight, and make her ear flick by touching its white Venus's-flytrap hairs with a pencil. He did this repeatedly, soullessly. Finally the cat half opened her eyes: "Poking my ear gives you pleasure?" The dog, Lester, chewed the legs of the antique clothes tree until the coats fell in a heap; the old shellac knocked him out for the


HONEY! I'M HOME!
LET HEAVEN AND NATURE SING
W. B. Price

• •

rest of the day. Royal, satanic, would lift Lester's warm earflap, exposing a vortex of cartilage, and whisper, "Hey, Les, dog of dogs, what's going on in there?" Lester would jump up, trembling and wild-eyed, whereupon Royal would say, "Never mind, Les, nothing that important," and pat him back to sleep. Royal even approached his five-year-old sister during her nap to observe (the young scientist) the little domes of her corneas commuting from corner to corner as she dreamed. Once, he actually thumbed back an eyelid, disclosing the reclusive, swivelling ball, and then tiptoed frantically out of the room, undetected.

The phone rang and Royal, startled, raised his hands as if in surrender. Before answering, he sang several loud notes ("Doot! Doot! Doot!") to clear the sleep from his voice. A paper clip stuck to his forehead.

"Royal?" said an unfamiliar voice. "Dirk Deep speaking for SleepSharers. I'm calling you because I had a feeling you might appreciate my sharing with you the opportunity to sign up for a program that's really a lifesaver for people like you and me who don't have time to sleep as much as our body and brain seem to want or need to. Got a second?"

"Yes, I do," said Royal. Try to listen to what the cheerful man is saying, he thought.

"The program is called SleepSharers," Dirk Deep continued, "and I'm telling you it was a lifesaver for me when I was in school—in fact I loved it so much I'm now heading up the company's sales operation. So here's what it involves. What you do is you put a deposit down on this Sleep Diode. Now, a Sleep Diode is this clear transparent polyhedron—i.e., with lots of sides—they developed out at El Paso for NASA so the astronauts could increase their productive time in orbit, but now SleepSharers has franchised this thing, and what it involves is you kneel before the Sleep Diode and you tell it how much sleep credit you want to charge, and this Diode takes your sleep need and accumulates it, and transmits its digital equivalent to this loft we've got where we've got people who will actually, literally, do your sleeping for you, so that you have the time to do those things you've always wanted to do, be they job-related or be they recreational in nature, or whatever."

"Whatever they be?" said Royal.

"Yessir. And it's completely safe."

"Expensive?"

"Not for substantial individuals such as yourself."

Royal grilled Dirk Deep on the de-

FOUR POEMS

COME, LOOK QUIETLY

The bird on the terrace has his own name in French, but I don't know it.
He may be a nuthatch, only he doesn't eat upside down.
He has a perfectly round small purple cap on his crown and a slender long mask from his ears to his eyes all the way across.
Come, look quietly.
All the way across Paris.
Far behind the bird,
the globes of Sacré Cœur form out of the rain and fade again, all by themselves.
The daylight all across the city is taking its own time.
The plump Parisian wild bird is scoring a light breakfast at the end of December.
He has found the last seeds left in tiny cones on the outcast Christmas tree that blows on the terrace.

TO THE ADRIATIC WIND, BECALMED

Come on.
Shift your wings a little.
You have plenty of strength left in your shoulders,
Your hawk mouth that does not care,
Your pure beak glittering like a scimitar
Proud of moonlight.
Come back to Venice.
Come back.
It's no skin off you.

The city is sagging.
One mere whir of one of your minor plumes
Could blow it down,
All the way into the water
Where the towers belong.
Already the golden horses of San Marco
Have stepped carefully down in the darkness,
Placed their frail ankles one after another
Over the damp cobbles, whickering lightly,
And gone. Come on.

There is no saving the horses now, they are lost
Inland somewhere, stumbling and shying
In the strange grass.
Now, in fresh dawn,
The opening morning glory of the sea,
Now is the time
To do beloved Venice a kindness.
Come, blow it the rest of the way.
Come on.

YES, BUT

Even if it were true,
Even if I were dead and buried in Verona,
I believe I would come out and wash my face
In the chill spring.
I believe I would appear
Between noon and four, when nearly
Everybody else is asleep or making love,
And all the Germans turned down, the motorcycles
Muffled, chained, still.

Then the plump lizards along the Adige by San Giorgio
Come out and gaze,
Unpestered by temptation, across the water.
I would sit among them and join them in leaving

• •

tails, and the concept seemed legitimate, so after work he went down to SoHo, put a deposit on a Sleep Diode, and was instructed in its proper use.

Naomi walked in while he was bowed before the luminous Diode that evening. To plug it in, he had unplugged the clock radio: the time said seven-twenty-three, eleven minutes earlier. He still had his coat on.

"Jazzy night light," said Naomi. "Why is the phone off the hook?"

Royal's voice was muffled, because his forehead was pressed against his knees. "Sleep Diode, Sleep Diode, do me a fay-vor. Soak up my sleep, which I will pay for. *Don't hang it up, Naomi, that's the linkup!* Diode, again, I wish you to absorb three nights' worth of my sleep needs, which your Sleep Drones in SoHo will sleep off for me at their leisure." He gave his Visa card number. "I don't know if it heard me," he said to Naomi confidentially.

It had. When night rolled around, he felt not a hint of drowsiness. After Naomi had gone to bed, he cooked up a mound of Ronzoni shells and waited for sleep to take it from there. Instead he felt energetic, confident, able. "This may work!" he said. He spent the rest of the night watching cable and reading the articles on gardening, bridge, art, and stamps in the paper. He capered into the office an hour early.

Dirk Deep called at ten to follow up. "Dirk, Dirk, this is incredible," said Royal. "I was awake all night planning a big canvas on the Annunciation—subliminal, of course, but *very productive, some sound ideas*—and right now I'm bright as a berry. Things are opening up."

"Life lived to the utmost," said Dirk Deep.

"Can you believe this newfound authority and urgency in my voice?"

"Full ahead!" said Dirk Deep. "Take back the night!"

During the next two weeks Royal charged all but one night of sleep. His reading accelerated, and he burned through Fulgentius, Quiller-Couch, and Hermesianax of Colophon. He became attached to the intimate sounds of percolating coolant in his refrigerator; when the compressor switched on, it momentarily dimmed the lone light by his chair.

Next he decided that as a potential cultural titan he needed to embrace human personality in all its forms. Living on Pepperidge Farm Goldfish, he drifted from party to party, engaging in hundreds of man-hours of conversation. He used the phrases "barnstorming the citadels of" and "Ho Jesus I don't know anymore" over five hundred times each. He chatted about fibre-glass hull designs with Dustin Hoffman, explained to Brooke Shields what "10-4-2" on fertilizer sacks meant, admired Leonard Bernstein's cigarette holder. Susan Sontag kindly called his attention to a fleck of dip on his beard. "Good preparation," Royal said to himself. "Laying the groundwork."

The golden mosquitoes alone.
Why should we sit by the Adige and destroy
Anything, even our enemies, even the prey
God caused to glitter for us
Defenseless in the sun?
We are not exhausted. We are not angry, or lonely,
Or sick at heart.
We are in love lightly, lightly. We know we are shining,
Though we cannot see one another.
The wind doesn't scatter us,
Because our very lungs have fallen and drifted
Away like leaves down the Adige,
Long ago.

We breathe light.

WITH THE GIFT OF A FRESH NEW NOTEBOOK I FOUND IN FLORENCE

On the other side of the bridge,
Over the Arno,
Across the Ponte Vecchio, across
The street from the Pitti Palace, below the garden,
Under the shadow of the fortress,
I found this book,
This secret field of the city down over the hill
From Fiesole.

Nobody yet has walked across and sat down
At the edge under a pear tree
To savor the air of the natural blossoms and leave them
Alone, and leave the heavy place alone.

The pages have a light spirit
That will rise into blossom and harvest only
After your hand touches them.
Then the book will grow
Lighter and lighter as the seasons pass.
But, so far, this field is only
A secret of snow.

Now this slender field lies only a little uphill
From the river, and the pale water
Seems to be turning everything
It mirrors into snow.
It is that snow before anyone
Has walked across it
Slowly as children walk on their way to school
In the glittering Ohio morning,
Or quickly as the breathless
Ermine scamper upward through the light crust
In one indeterminate spot and then stitch
A threadwork across the whiteness and suddenly
Vanish as though blown like flakes back upward.

Red and white flowers lie quietly all around
The edges of the field,
And it doesn't matter that they don't grow there now.
For one time they grew there
Long enough to make the air
Vivid when they vanished.

I suppose I could imagine
The trees that haven't yet grown here.
But I would rather leave them to find their way
Alone, like seedlings lost in a cloud of snowflakes.
I would rather leave them alone, even
In my imagination, or, better still,
Leave them to you.

—JAMES WRIGHT
(1927-1980)

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He called up well-known conceptual artists at a quarter to four in the morning and said, "Hi! What's on the griddle? Any new projects? You're being taped: this is my latest work. I quote from your 1972 interview: 'All that is *truly new*, and not merely fascist breast-beating, involves the grammar of harassment.' "

Though he begged Naomi to kneel before the Sleep Diode with him ("Be a coelacanth, like me"), she refused to participate. "I'm starting to worry about you," she said.

"Nonsense," said Royal. "I'm leveraging my creative capital."

ONE morning, however, he noticed that the Sleep Diode had begun to darken. *Call Dirk Deep re dark Diode*, he wrote in his Daily Reminder; that evening he charged a solid month of sleep. Each successive second held new rewards. He clipped his fingernails in the elevator, synergizing to reduce time spent on mundane activities. At the office his regression analyses relating per-capita debt levels to road upkeep earned him the grudging respect of his boss. But his real work was at night. In a paroxysm of creative energy, he started dozens of projects: a screenplay that opened with a helicopter shot of a nun on a beach covered with hundreds of lurching seals (that's as far as he got); a concordance, with relative word frequencies, to Joyce Carol Oates; an epic that began, "If I could fold up the Sun in an Omelet/What an Omelet that would be!" (that's as far as he got); a series of frescoes based on the life of Daniel Patrick Moynihan; a verse drama on same. He approached the State Department: could he encode top defense secrets in the tone rows of his piano sonata? Anxious not to appear provincial, the Department agreed, but Royal had already moved on to other media.

"Royal," said Naomi, "you have a haunted look. I don't like this Diode. Your eyes are sunken and you've lost the lovableness you had when you were sleepy. I frankly can't get any rest myself with you pulling my eyelids open all the time."

"There's a purpose to that," said Royal. "It's research for an opera I'm blocking out. I'm going to call it 'Naomi.' It's going to be all about you, and it's going to be very poignant. In the love duet I pluck the long tendons behind your knees like bass strings. I shoot around the bobsled track of your ear cartilage singing Russian songs."

"That *is* nice. Thank you. But I still think you're not completely . . ."

Royal brushed aside her doubts, but little by little he began, without knowing why, to move more slowly. He didn't feel tired; it just took him a long time to do things. He couldn't bring a match up to flaring velocity. Elevator doors bounced off his shoulders several times as he boarded.

He dialled Dirk Deep. Slowly he said, "I think I need a new Diode. Mine is wearing down. It is all dark."

"Royal," said Dirk, "you're heading toward what we like to call a Slowdown. Your Diode darkens as your unfunded sleep credits accumulate in there. You know you owe close to seven and a half thousand dollars in unfunded sleep credits? Have you been getting our printouts?”

Royal stared into space. “I am ever *wakeful*,” he said, and hung up. He crept toward the Sleep Diode, now the color of obsidian. Destroy it and I erase my debts, he was thinking. He banged it against the refrigerator. Nothing. He boiled it for an hour and a half. Nothing. Finally, in slow motion, he lifted one end of the couch, positioned the Diode under it, and let go. A chink appeared. Under repeated blows this widened to a crack, out of which seeped an icy, low-lying black fog that spread silently across the floor. Presently it filled the room to knee level. He heard a tap at the door. Two blind men were there, with ebony canes.

“We smell it,” said one.

“We are Sleep Collectors,” said the other. “You owe close to seven and a half thousand dollars in unfunded sleep credits. The Sleep Diode has been abused: two to three parsecs of untreated sleep have been allowed to escape. Come.”

“I am in deep trouble,” said Royal.

They led him away, tapping in tandem.

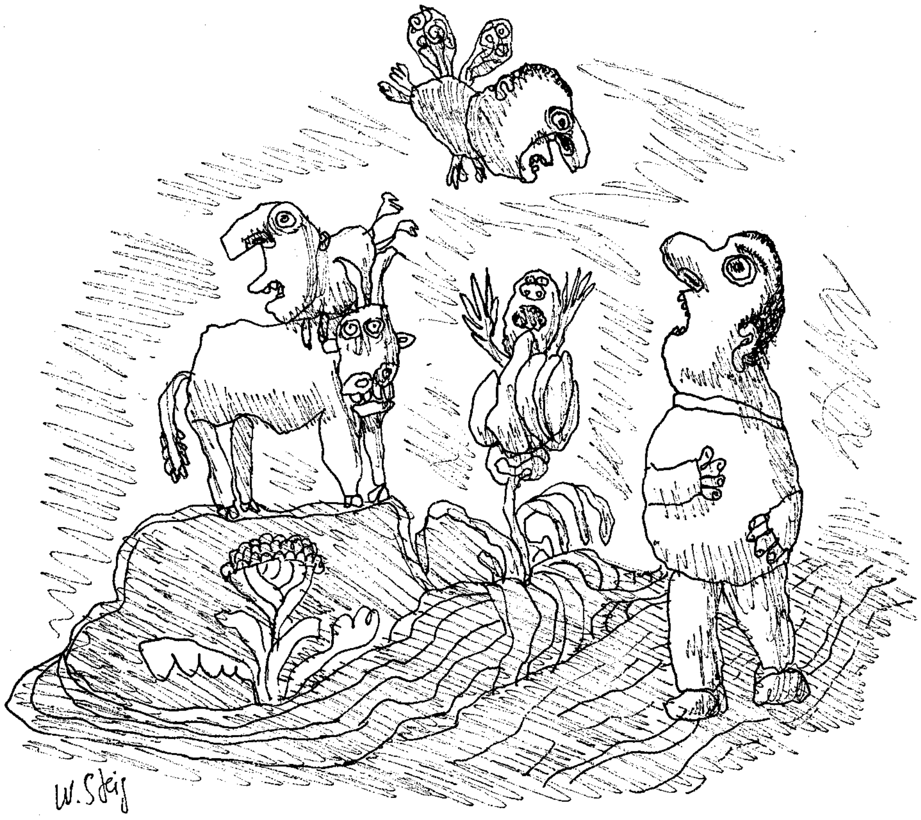
Dirk Deep was waiting at the SoHo office. “I hate to do this, Royal,” he said, “but Sleep Diode abuse is a pretty grave thing, and you can understand that it’s got to nullify your credit standing with us. We’re unfortunately going to have to ask for the full amount of back sleep right now.”

Royal, eyes rolling, was hallucinating a scorpion in his shirt pocket.

“If you don’t remit,” said Dirk, “you will die of REM deprivation. It’s an unpleasant process—you are feeling its first effects. There is only one other scenario.” He raised a finger. “Become a Sleep Drone.”

“Drone, drone, drone,” Royal intoned mindlessly.

“That’s what I like to hear,” said Dirk. “Now, we have performed an analysis of your Diode signal. You’re very rare: you have a Rutherford *negative-ion capability*. That means you are sleep-compatible with some of the most successful printmakers, potters, painters, et al., et al., around. Very many members of the avant-garde have repeatedly contacted me, desiring to charge some wakefulness and boost salable art output, but we have up till now been unable to design a Diode Plan uniquely suited to their needs because we have lacked someone whose negative-ion capability jibes with theirs.”



Spellbound

Royal sat up in his chair. “Mine jibes? Mine jibes?”

“We will pay you handsomely if you sleep for us, permanently.”

“Can I free-lance?”

“All or nothing.”

After Dirk Deep had briefed him further, he called Naomi. “Naomi, my rainbow, something really big has come up and I’ve got to go to sleep for the rest of my life.”

“Life?”

“Trust me. I know this is startling. Hang in. This could be a major watershed. It’s very lucrative, and I really think it’s the thing I’m best at. I’ll be doing the sleeping for Ralph Zabor, who does those low-fired ceramic hose environments? And, ready? *Cynthia Sudan*—those haunting video tattoos! D. S. Charmon, possibly Frank Pecks. Huge names. It’s a lot of responsibility. Naomi?”

“No one has ever broken up with me like this before,” said Naomi.

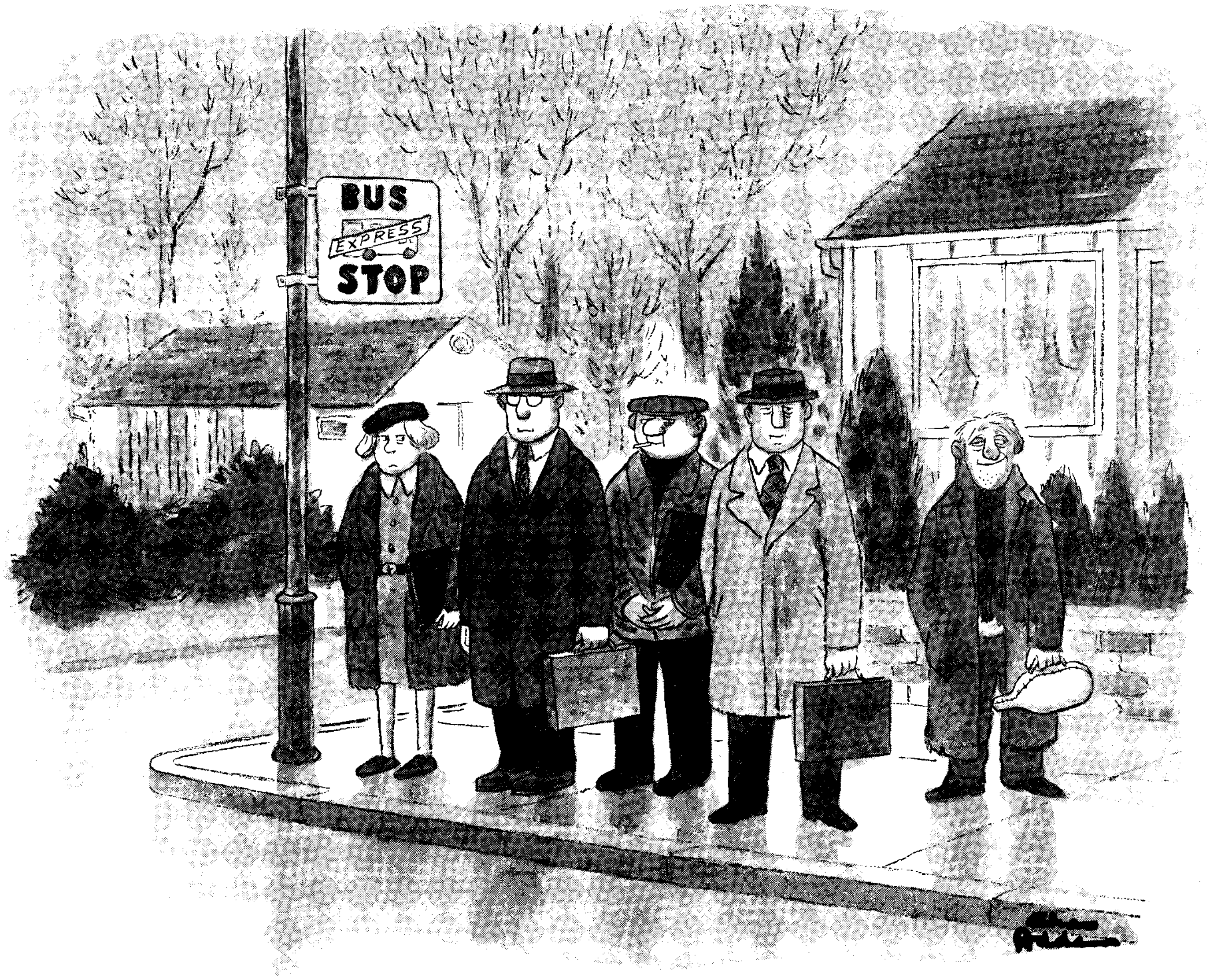
“That’s not the way to view it! I’ll be in the midst of artistic ferment. Plus I can cancel at any time.”

“Royal, if you do this I will leave you.”

Nonetheless Royal signed a consciousness release form and prepared to sleep for the cutting edge of culture. He was wheeled into a high-ceilinged room filled with shrouded forms on mattresses. A technician walked up with a handful of multicolored electrodes. “Take me,” said Royal.

EVERY April, Dirk Deep woke him to sign his tax returns. “Have the ice caps melted?” Royal would inquire; reassured, he sank back to work. But the Minimal Conceptualists for whom he slept slowly lost favor with galleries, their places taken by artists of more conventional sleep habits—exponents of the so-called Warming Trend. With Rutherford negative-ion demand slumping, Dirk Deep decided to prune idle Drone capacity; after six years and four months, Royal was disconnected. Refreshed and cheerful, he rejoined the world, following a period of agonizing physical therapy.

The first thing he did was to get in touch with Naomi. She had married and divorced. In bed she told him about her thesis; who had been denied tenure; who was President of the U.S.



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"But what *I* want to know," she said, "is what people like Ralph Zabor and Cynthia Sudan dream about."

"Well," said Royal, "at first, when they're just dozing off, it's the standard images: tumbling through flocks of down vests, exploding spores, leaf piles of dollar bills, silent heaps of hot laundry, and so on. Then, *blam*—sex, sex, sex. Once in a great while, art. Awful! There I am, dreaming about you, when all of a sudden one of Cynthia Sudan's art dreams forces its way in: curved steel forms being installed by crane in throughway cloverleafs across the nation. After a while it was a nightmare. D. S. Charmon's mitten holograms were the worst."

"Scandalous," Naomi murmured.

"You're falling asleep, aren't you?" said Royal. He began to whisper. "Basically, Naomi, the whole reef is bedding down. Fwoosh. Your trouts are hitting the sack, your jellyfish has on her slinky nightgown, your dugong is wailing his nightly prayer, your myriad phytoplanktons have winked out, your scrods are snoring, and your squids, having donned their crotchless panties, are waving good night, good night with all their tentacles. Fwoosh. Naomi?"

She didn't answer. Royal slowed his breathing to synchronize with hers. Was it not time to begin writing his memoirs? He could cast them in rhyme, perhaps heroic couplets, and dedicate them to her: "The Drone's Confession." He could complete them with his Dictaphone, on a Southern porch overlooking a stately croquet game. (This would most likely be after he had retired as a master furniture-maker.) Pondering his first lines,

> As winds of flannel soothe
> the tattered palms,
> Rum tum te tum, the
> chastened bay becalms,

he would gradually nod off, awakened some years later by a distant chain saw, or was it—was it the sudden slushy buzz of the kitchen blender, in which Naomi was churning exotic fruits into a pastel-colored semi-liquid? Naomi brought the pitcher and glasses out on a silver tray, beside the galleys of Royal's book, a limited edition, soon to be printed on hand-hung paper made from pulp as rich as the drink he now dreamed in his hand—quince, banana, sea cucumber, the abdomens of bees, the flesh of river-soaked logs, the maroon washcloth he had chewed on in the bathtub as a child.

—NICHOLSON BAKER

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"These murders and others indicate a change in the philosophy of criminals," Hoffer said. "Burglars turn into murderers. Most people here don't mind losing a few items to a burglar. What they cannot abide is being killed when accidentally stumbling onto burglaries."—*Los Angeles Times.*

Some of them get positively furious.

A REPORTER IN EUROPE

WEST BERLIN

"KEEP SMILING! NEW YORK HASN'T GOT A WALL!"

SOMEONE sprayed this on the Berlin Wall last month, not far from the no man's land of barricades and tank traps and police dogs on the other side, which was once the Potsdamer Platz, the center of the city—Times Square, people used to call it back in the days when both squares were doing better than they are now. The graffito was in English, so it could have been the handiwork of an American—a soldier, say, or a tourist. Tourists come to Berlin just to see the wall. They expect their money's worth of spray-paint sentiment, and they are apt to supply it themselves if they are disappointed. Berliners tend to avoid the wall, or at least to ignore it. They have lived with the wall since the morning—twenty years ago last August 13th—when thousands of East German soldiers and factory workers appeared suddenly on the streets of the city and sealed off the Western Sectors. The wall is a fact of Berlin life by now, grotesquely normal, cutting Berlin in half, like a jagged line drawn by a demented giant. A generation of Berliners has been born to the sight and sensitivities of a divided city. They accept the fact that their world is an enormous cell—a hundred and eighty-five square miles, bounded by a hundred miles of barbed wire and white concrete. They live an island life, and if a friend or a parent gets depressed or wakes with nightmares or goes crazy they are likely to call his symptoms *Mauerkrankheit*, or wall illness. They rarely join the tourists who climb the wooden steps to the rickety little platform near the Potsdamer Platz to look down into the eastern half of the city. Berliners avoid the wall precisely because it *is* a fact of life. What is intolerable to them now is not the wall itself but the fact that the wall has lost its drama. In a way, they are proud that strangers find the wall alarming. They have a kind of nostalgia for the invigorating fear that *they* felt back in the days of the Berlin blockade, when planes were landing every two minutes, carrying not just food and fuel but a measure of self-esteem to a city that a lot of Germans had rather hoped would disappear under Russian bulldozers, taking the past with it, as it were—taking with it twelve unspeakable years of German history. Berlin in 1948 was no longer the doomed capital of two lost wars but the capital of a new war, a cold war. The blockade had suddenly made Berliners heroes. It had turned the blitzed capital of Hitler's Reich into a freedom fortress in the malignant East of Soviet power. It lent the rhetoric of the frontier to the experience of an otherwise meaninglessly divided city, and the Berlin Wall completed that rhetoric. The wall gave people here a sense of mission. It made a virtue of their ambiguous citizenship. It was a hundred-mile concrete correlative of the complications and the valor of being a West Berliner—guarded by an occupying army, attached for all practical purposes to a country that could then be reached only by sealed railway car or by air shuttle, out of touch with, and even out of sight of, a million of one's closest neighbors. "*Ich bin ein Berliner*," John F. Kennedy said after the wall went up. Berliners repeated it in the first flush of a seductive new identity, leaving unresolved the identity of friends, and even family, across the wall, who had no choice now in the matter of who *they* were. There were sixteen million Germans left in the German Democratic Republic on that August 13th, and the wall was really intended for them—to keep them home. More than three million people had fled East Germany by 1961—some eighteen hundred a day during that final summer. I know two brothers, men in their fifties, whom the war and then the wall separated. "So I am on the wrong side again," the brother in East Berlin wrote in a letter after the wall went up. Ten years passed before the brothers saw each other again, and by then each was a good party man in his own Berlin, with a job in government. Besides, by then an agreement had been negotiated between the four occupying powers—Britain, France, the United States, and the Soviet Union—and while it mainly concerned Allied access rights and transit traffic, it did produce a kind of local détente. The Quadripartite Agreement, as it was called, went into effect in June of 1972, and after that West Berliners with the time and the checkpoint patience and the hard currency could cross over into East Berlin to see friends and family, and even do some business, and East Ber-

"I'm sorry, I never see anyone personally. However, you may call me from that phone."

liners who had retired could move west and let West Germany pay their pensions. It meant, too, that the brothers I know could send presents to their nieces and nephews, and even get together for Christmas dinners and for family funerals—though always in East Berlin, since East Berliners without official or "approved" business in the West rarely get to cross over into West Berlin, and most of them have given up applying to their government for permission. But 1961 was the last time that either of the brothers mentioned "sides" or talked politics. There is nothing now to talk *about*, the brother in West Berlin says; he seems to miss the tension of the Berlin blockade and the old border crises—the tension of those terrible, heroic, *political* moments, which the Agreement reduced to the status of little disturbances in daily life. A lot of West Berliners miss the tension. They sense that there is a kind of monstrous irrelevance to West Berlin today, that the subsidized and spacy energy of their city is in fact the energy of an imploding claustrophobia. They sometimes say that from the point of view of morale they were better off before the Agreement—that it was the Agreement and, with it, Willy Brandt's *Ostpolitik*, the policy of reconciliation with East Europe, that first suggested to the West that life in walled Berlin was "normal."

"What it comes down to is this—we're a $28,000-a-year couple rattling around in a $265,000 house."

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There is nothing normal about Berlin. Its raison d'être is emergency—emergency is mainly what has made the queer arrangements of life in West Berlin tolerable—and without it the city seems to suffer from a kind of civic emptiness. In a way, the idea of a "normal" Berlin has been more undermining than liberating. It is an idea that suits West Germans better than West Berliners, because Berlin is West Germany's hair shirt, a permanent object lesson in the consequences of the country's past savagery, and West Germans prefer their object lessons calm and at a safe remove, providing sentiment, and even shame, but not the discomforts of enacted penitence. They are willing to pay for that preference. In fact, they paid nearly ten billion Deutsche marks last year—about fifty-five per cent of West Berlin's budget—in direct subsidy to the city, and billions more in indirect subsidies like tax breaks and bonuses and special business credits, which the government here prefers to call "promotions." Intellectuals in West Berlin say that these subsidies are a form of blood money, that maintaining Berlin has been the most dramatic, if not always the most convenient, way for West Germany to clear its conscience—a way of buying out of the slow, dispiriting business of moral recovery and historical reflection, so that West Germans can get on with the more pressing business of their celebrated economic miracle. They grumble about the cost, especially now that inflation in the Federal Republic is higher and the mark is falling, but most of them know that ten or eleven billion marks a year is not such a heavy price to pay for purity. It is the Allies, after all, who have to maintain a Berlin garrison of twelve thousand soldiers—more than half of them American—and keep the runways clean at Tempelhof Airport.

The Occupation of Berlin began with the conquest of the Reich, and for America it was even then more symbolic than strategic. Eric Warburg, the head of the Hamburg merchant-banking dynasty, who had spent the war attached to the intelligence branch of the United States Army, and was concerned with the disposition of Western power, was one of the people who urged the Allies to trade their presence in Berlin, if necessary, for the obvious—and not only to a merchant banker—advantages of a West German Elbe and, with it, control of shipping on Central Europe's most important waterway. The argument for occupying Berlin had to do with a kind of moral strategy—with *la grande revanche* of Charles de Gaulle and the Free French, who had had their own capital humiliated under Nazi Occupa-

"Ever have one of those days when you no longer get a kick out of throwing the book at someone?"

• •

tion, and with some sort of tangible, final victory for an exhausted Britain, and especially for London, after years of German blitz. That argument was much more powerful. The Russians took Berlin, and then the rest of the Allies arrived to share it, eventually pulling back to the present borders.

Today, West Berlin is for all military purposes indefensible, but in spite of that, one million nine hundred thousand people—half of them postwar settlers—have been encouraged to stay here and plan their future here, and they understandably demand to be defended somehow. They are terrifically indulged, *faute de mieux*. West Germany tends Berlin like the hothouse flower it is—always out of season, under a bell jar of soft jobs and subsidies. Berliners are cynical. They have come to enjoy the fuss, and West Germans, for their part, have come to resent *them* and the financial burden they represent—not to mention the guilt—though most of their outbursts against Berlin and Berliners are followed by effusive and even teary protestations of affection, as if the subject of Berlin were automatically an exercise in self-censorship. Straining toward respectability, West Germans do not know what to make of this city which reacts so splendidly to trying times but takes up "normalcy" with a kind of kinky torpor that mocks their earnestness.

Berlin's history as the capital of a united Germany was, like that of united Germany, a seventy-five-year disaster. Berlin was nearly synonymous with war—or, rather, with interludes of peace so brief, so fragile, that people today unconsciously extend them, taking, say, Weimar Berlin well into the nineteen-thirties, forgetting that the Berlin of Wystan Auden and Christopher Isherwood was already Hitler's Berlin, too. Certainly Berlin never mellowed as a city or a culture. It was always provisional, and it is still provisional—which may be why people who live here prefer its unsettled, edgy tone to the aggressive propriety of other German cities. Berlin at its best was a vulgar town, lively and tough and popular. It thrived on new money and on new blood—qualities that Germans today can speak of with chilling sentimentality, as if Berlin had always cherished the Jews and the Slavs who gave the city so much of its wit and temper.

The *Gastarbeiter* in Berlin today—two hundred and thirty thousand foreign workers and their families—are in a long tradition of immigration to Berlin. The Turks who were recruited after the wall went up to fill the jobs that had belonged to East German workers have a lot in common with the Poles who started coming here a hundred years ago to take the jobs that no one else wanted. Berliners complained then about the Poles, who they said were lazy and backward, and they complain now about the Turks—a hundred and twenty thousand Turkish peasants from Anatolia—because cities like Frankfurt and Hamburg and Düsseldorf, recruiting earlier, got all the Italians and Yugoslavs and Greeks.

Still, Berliners make do. It is one of the things about them that alarm the bourgeoisie in West Germany, which has the space to keep its own *Gastarbeiter* relatively out of the way, in workers' suburbs and factory stalags. West Germans suspect Berlin of arty, foreign, and erotic tendencies—of having a bad influence on children and the national rectitude. With its foreigners and its students and a couple of hundred thousand free spirits of one sort or another who, when pressed, will frankly describe themselves as "freaks," Berlin is like a free port of the mind, a trip in every sense. It is as if the wall had given Berliners the kind of freedom that prisoners and kindergarten children have—had made them, by definition, not responsible. They are bound not so much by a common cause as by the shared pleasure of unaccountability. They improvise their reality. They assume that their city is a European New York. They talk about island nerves, and about the special humor of the born survivor. They talk about walled-in West Berlin as if it were Manhattan in a blizzard or a blackout or during a garbage collectors' strike. They say that a sense of what-are-we-doing-in-this-crazy-place inspires the same sort of gruff and democratic collegiality they associate with New York from American magazines and movies. They talk about the anarchic intelligence of the place. They make Berlin wisecracks and Berlin jokes. (East Berliner goes to a department store and asks for scissors. Salesman says, "No scissors are on the third floor. On this floor we have no shoes and no stockings.") They refer to the West German bourgeoisie as if it were a breed peculiar to the Federal Republic. They say that the boring people—the serious people who want to make seri-

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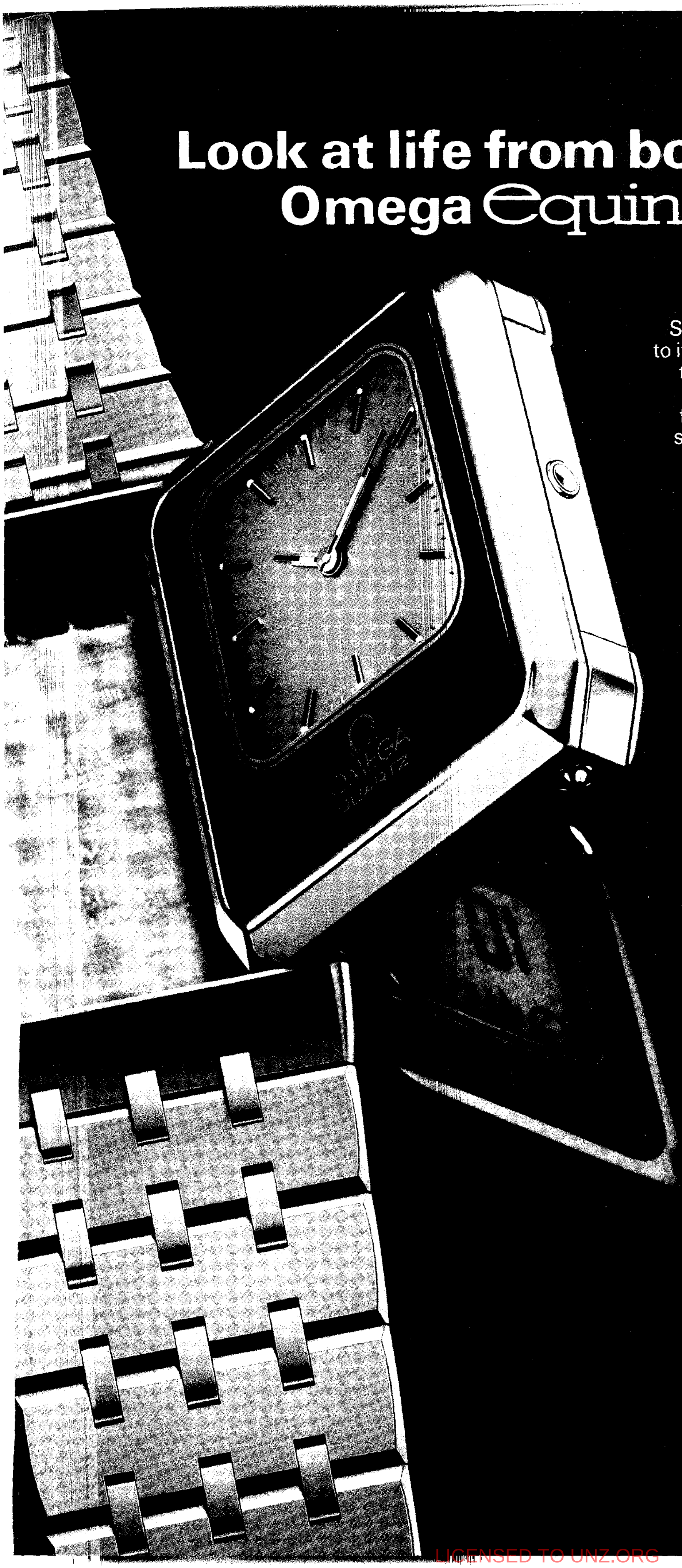

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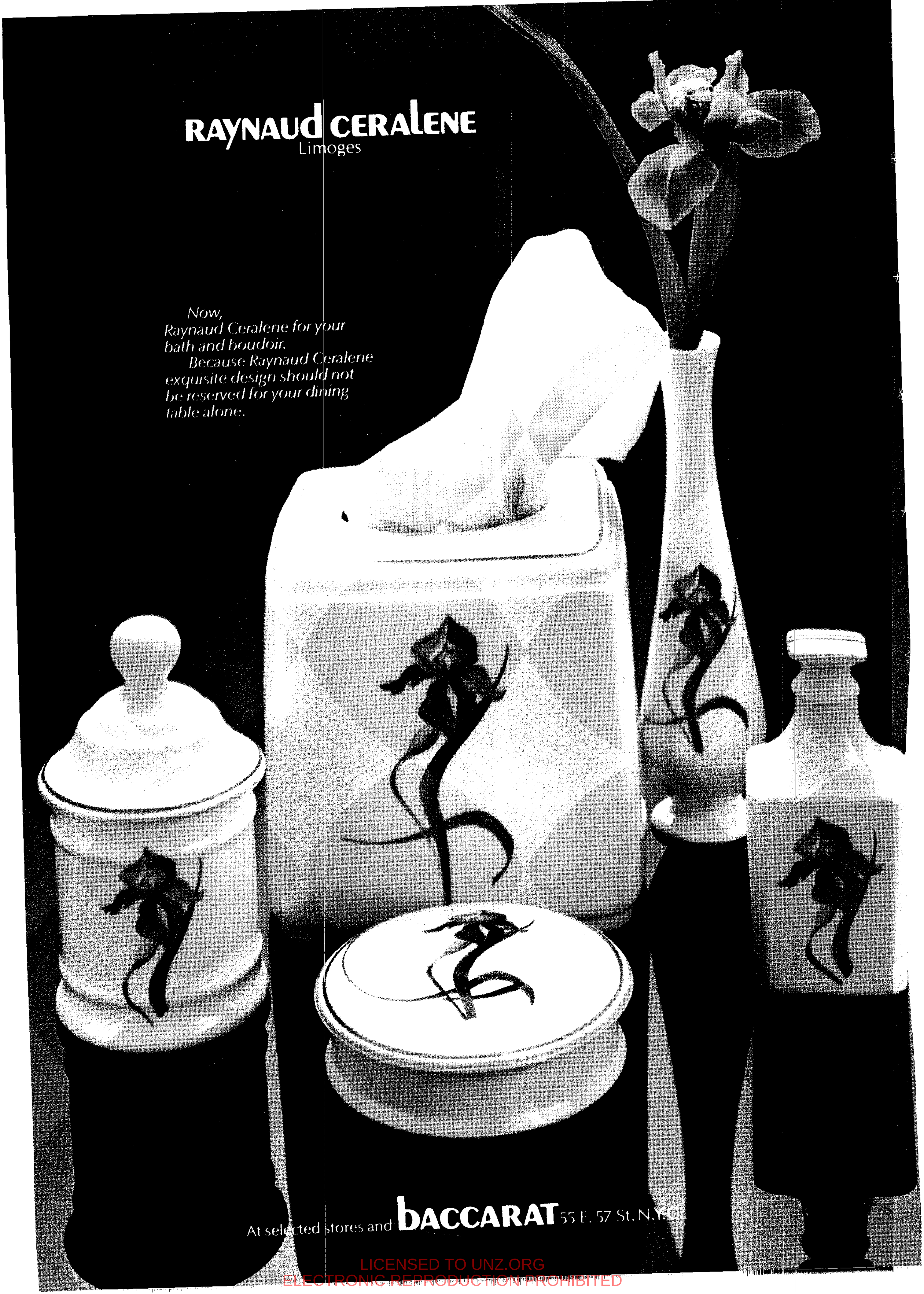

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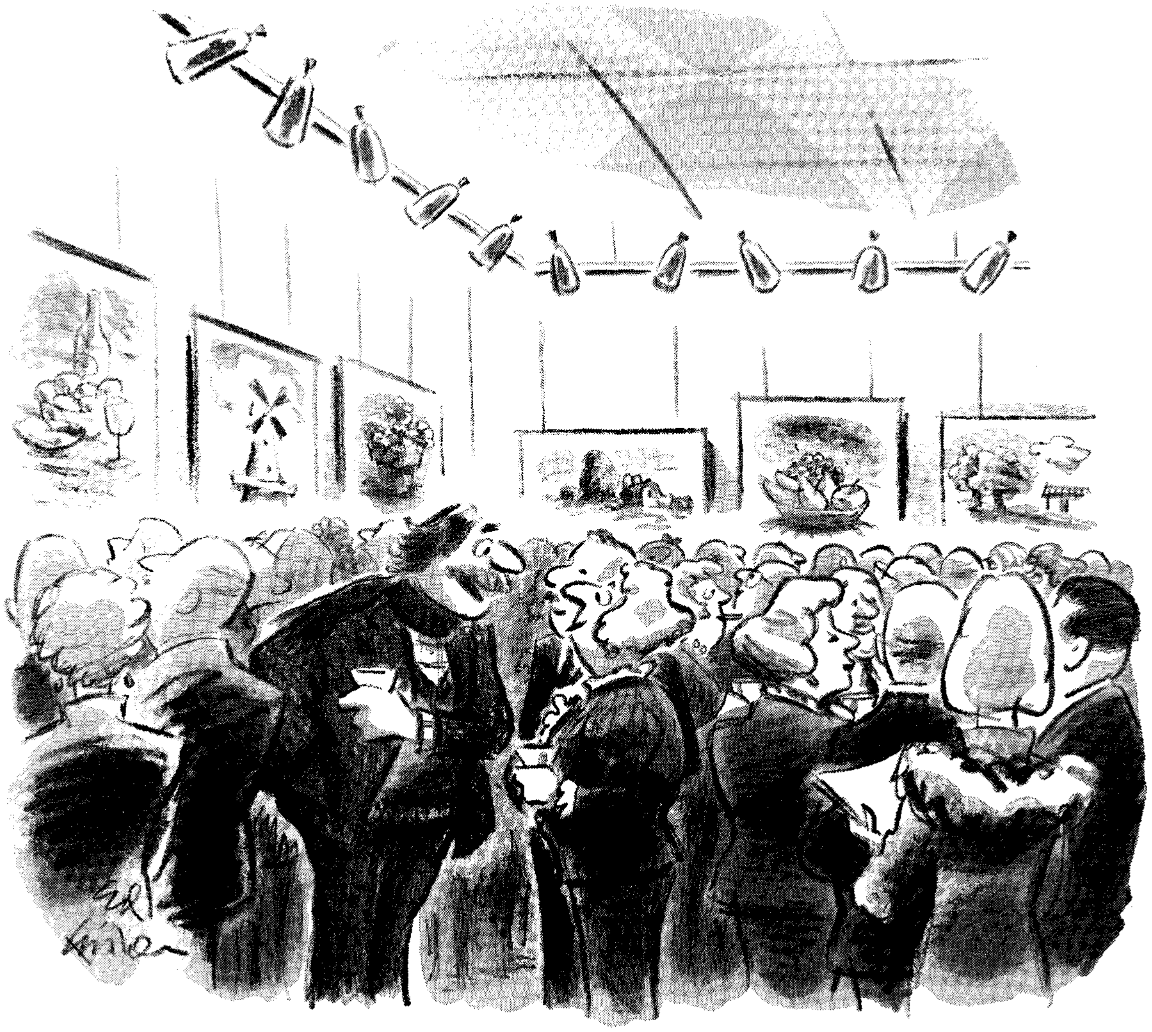


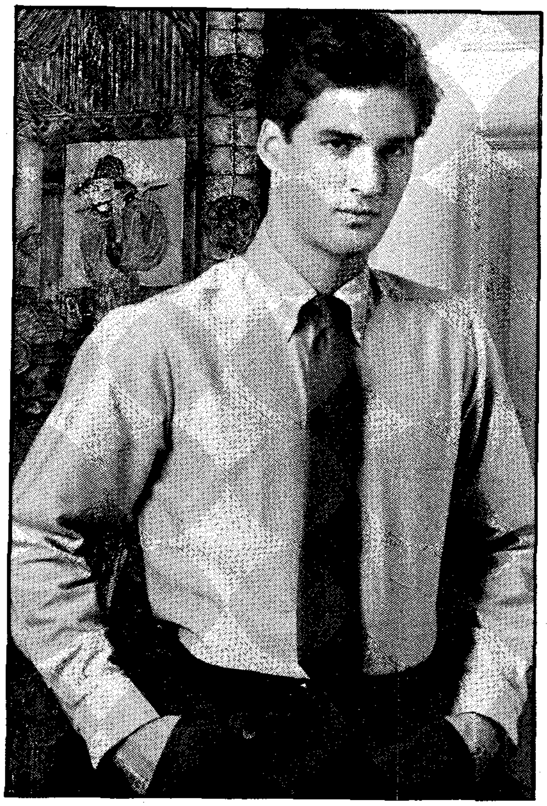
"Frankly, in the beginning I had to struggle against a tendency in my work toward the banal. Then one day I simply decided to celebrate the banal."

• •

ous careers and raise serious German children—move quickly to the West, but that everything interesting that happens in and for Germany happens here. They say that they have a hot, subversive culture—a counterculture—and they try to ignore the fact that about a third of the population of West Berlin is old-age pensioners and bureaucrats. They brag, but then they have few options besides bravura. They often refer to themselves as *freischwebende Intellektuelle*—free-floating intellectuals. They miss an acknowledged kinship with their counterparts in East Berlin, but a lot of them still associate a sense of *Volk* and common culture with Nazism and its perversions of identity. Artists and intellectuals who leave East Germany—they are about the only people besides pensioners who *can* leave, the feeling in the German Democratic Republic being that good minds and independent imaginations constitute a public nuisance—often prefer to stop and settle in West Berlin, "in the shadow of the wall," as they sometimes put it. A lot of them are reluctant to leave a city of so many contradictions and ambiguities and fertile tensions for the pervasive *Bürgermentalität* of the Federal Republic. "I think Berlin is the world," the young writer Thomas Brasch said after he had moved from East to West Berlin at the suggestion of his Minister of Culture, who gave him two days to stop publishing or start packing. "I try not to be *more* than what I write. I want to write deep, not wide. And here, where I live, I find the world. Fascism and Communism. East and West. Jews and Christians."

West Berlin literally rose from its rubble. Modest estimates in 1945 put the destruction of prewar industrial Berlin at between seventy-five and eighty per cent—some of it bombed away by the Americans and the British and the rest stripped by the Russians, who were under orders to send home anything useful or inventive that was left. The new Berlin was built on politics, and on American money. The Kurfürstendamm, running like a village high street from the ruins of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church to the ponds and meadows of the Grunewald, replaced the Friedrichstrasse, in the Russian Sector, as the place to shop and eat and stroll. People who before the war had watched the world go by from smart cafés at the corner of Friedrichstrasse and Unter den Linden took up their tables at Savignyplatz instead. The restoration of East Berlin was a subdued affair; its new public buildings had the sort of severe banality that Communist governments tend to associate with proletarian authenticity, and in some ways the most interesting change in the city in thirty years was the recent restoration of Frederick the Great and his horse to their pedestal on Unter den Linden. (The East German government has now officially recognized the existence of Frederick, in keeping with a new policy of what it calls "developed Socialism.") East Berlin today is shoddy and dull, but then West Berlin is shoddy and garish. West Berlin is as provisional, in a way, as it seems to feel. There is an almost colonial look to a lot of the buildings off the Kurfürstendamm, as if they had been built for settlers with somewhere else to go in the end and would need only a little bougainvillea in front to fit nicely in Rabat or Tunis. As for the new "public" Berlin, the enormous exposition hall that opened in 1979 to lure trade shows and conventions to the city turned out to look like an aluminum lunchbox. The Berlin Philharmonie, designed by an architect from the port city of Bremen, looks like a beached boat. There are parts of Dahlem given over to Army barracks and bungalows, split-levels and supermarkets, which could be any base anywhere in America. In Dahlem, it is hard to imagine that neighborhoods like Kreuzberg and Schöneberg and Wedding—old neighborhoods, near the wall—are still so derelict. *Gastarbeiter* live there, and so do squatters, just minutes away from the lovely parks and woodlands (a third of West Berlin is still kept clear by zoning laws) intended to disabuse Berliners of their longing for old, forbidden countrysides beyond the wall. There is a famous strip joint in a porno district of Berlin which caters mainly to soldiers and foreign workers and to Third World diplomats, who have special checkpoint privileges and can easily cross over from the East at night for some Western vice. In it, every customer sits alone in a little room and peers through a keyhole at the same girl taking off her clothes. Berlin, in a way, is like that girl shivering in the center of a circle of keyholes: it belongs to no one and to everyone. Its geography, its old place in the Prussian landscape, has been replaced by a kind of psychic space. It is as maddeningly open-ended as a night prowl begun at a keyhole by a lonely diplomatic clerk from Bulgaria or Angola.

WEST BERLIN is, to begin with, a legal fiction, constantly under negotiation and revision by Occupation officials and Bonn ministers and local politicians. It runs itself, in a way, according to the needs and conveniences of the moment. Thirty-six years after the war, Occupation law is still officially the law of West Berlin, and judicial rhetoric has to do with sectors, not borders. But the West Germans claim Berlin as a *Land*, or German state, under their constitution, and add, by way of a footnote, that federal jurisdiction has been "temporarily suspended" by the Allies, thus keeping their claim active. In the same way, they keep their claim to a united Germany active, too. Officially, Bonn is still their "provisional" capital. Officially, East Germany does not exist for them as a foreign state; they call their embassy in East Berlin a *ständige Vertretung* (a permanent mission) and their ambassador a *Missionschef*. It has been the common assumption that no compassionate community of Germans can exist as long as there are two Germanys, and so it is



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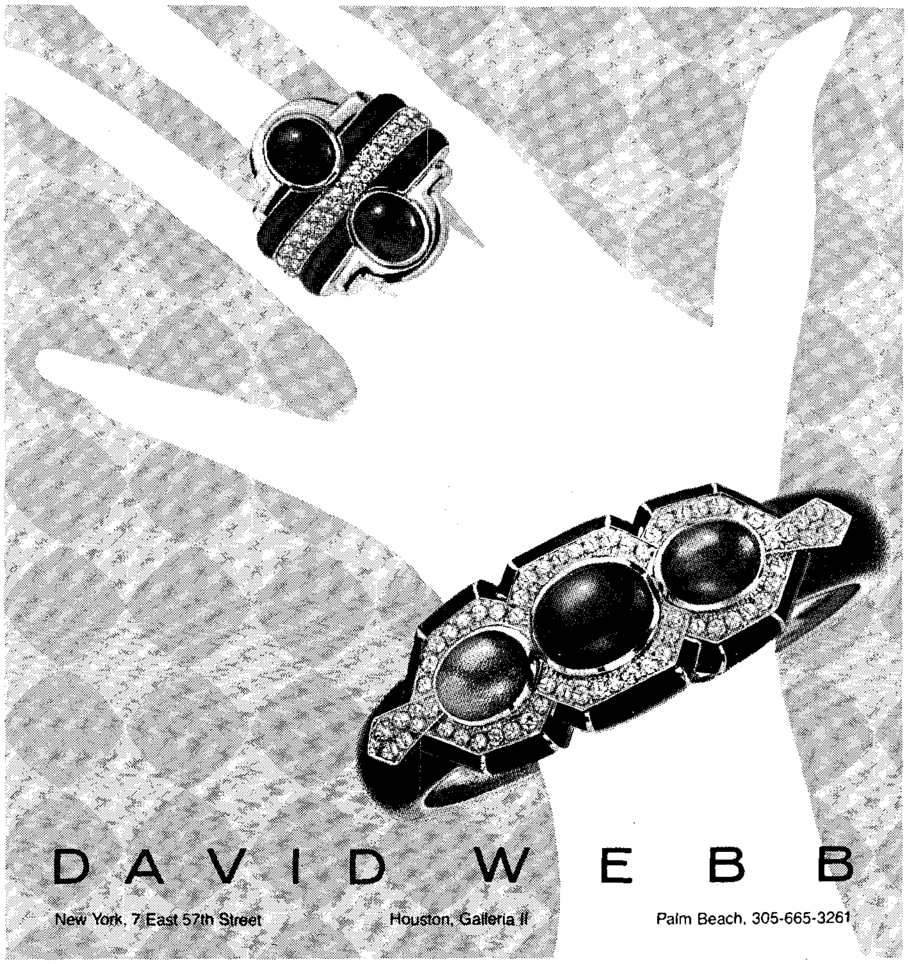

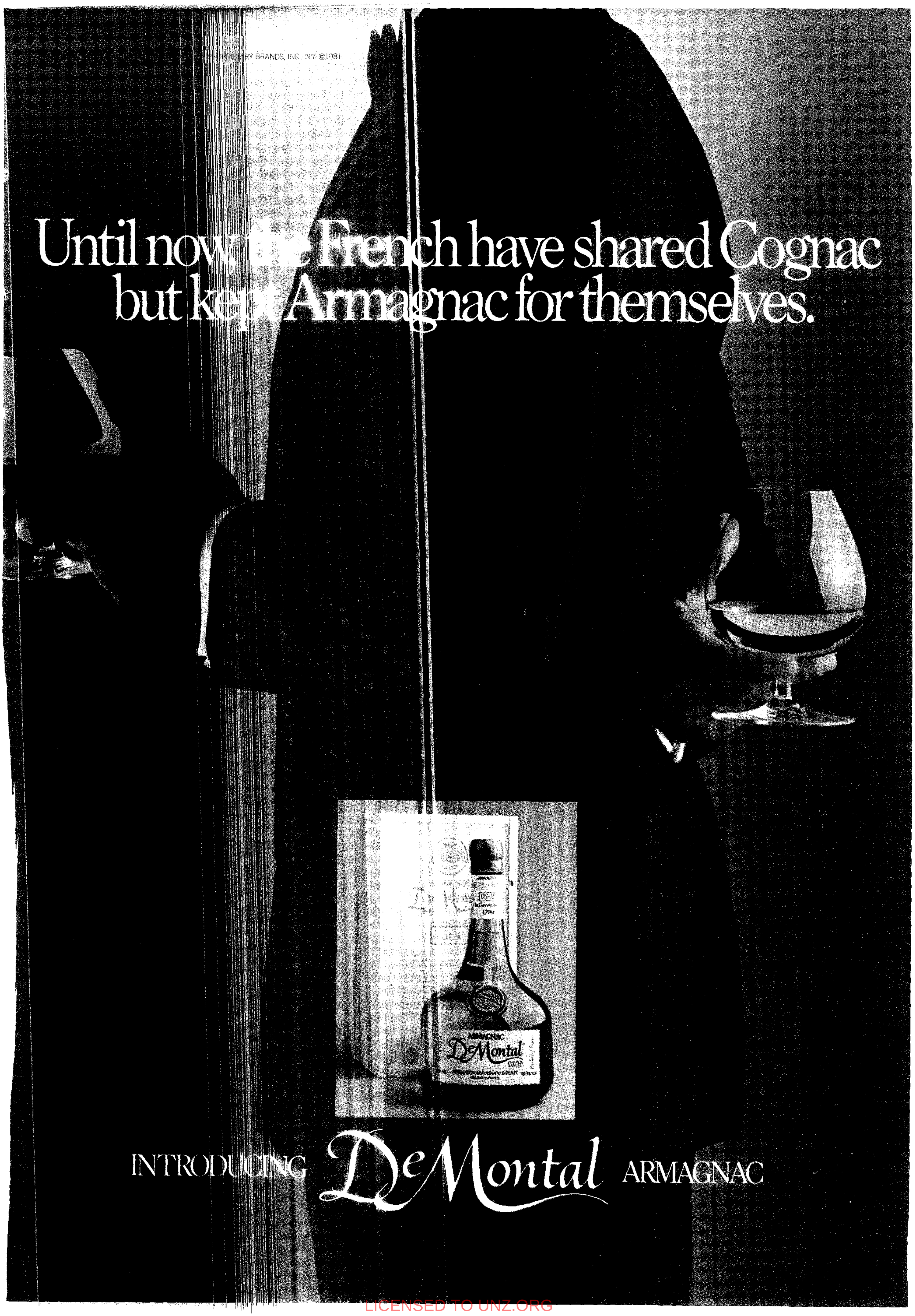
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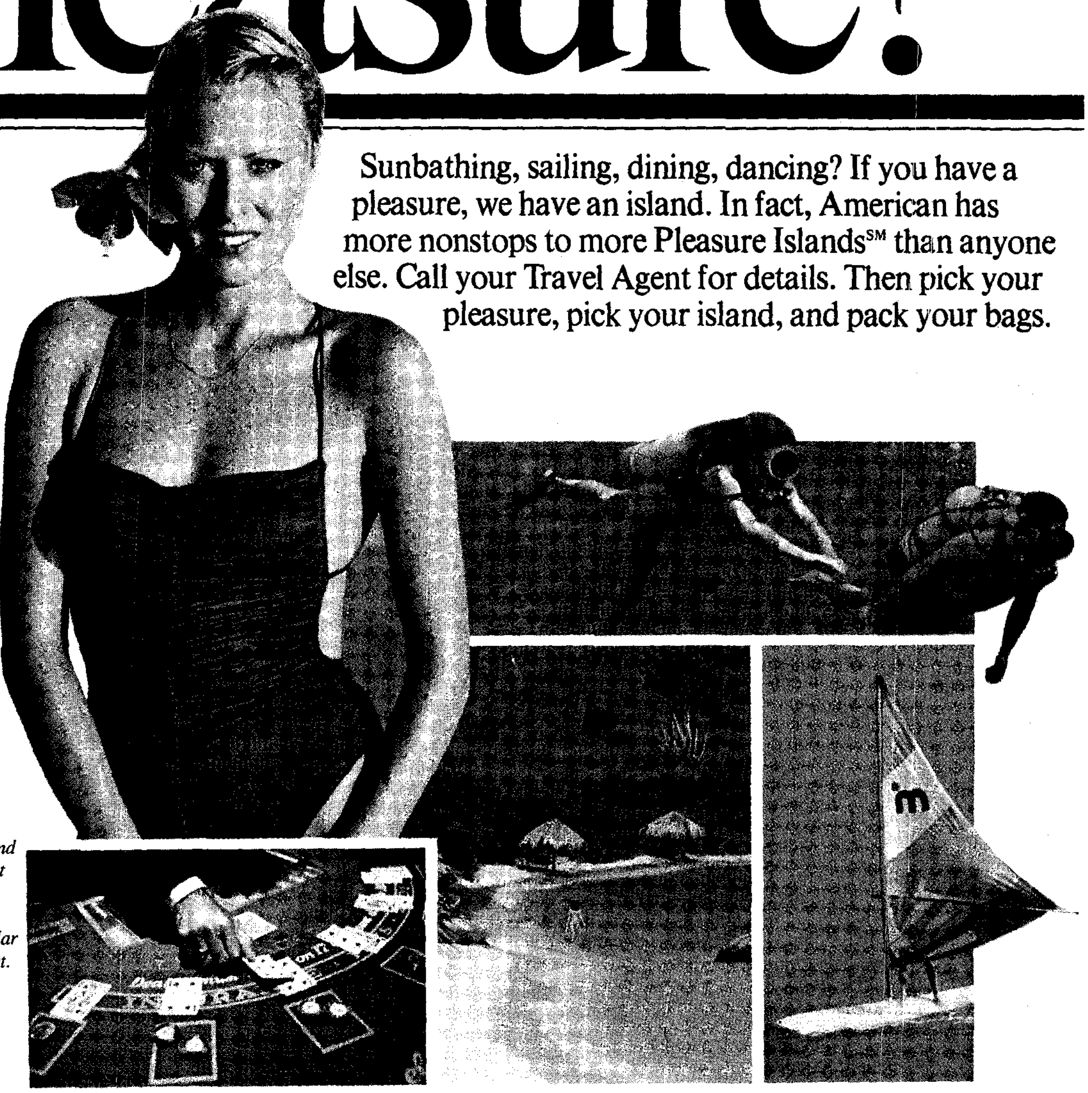

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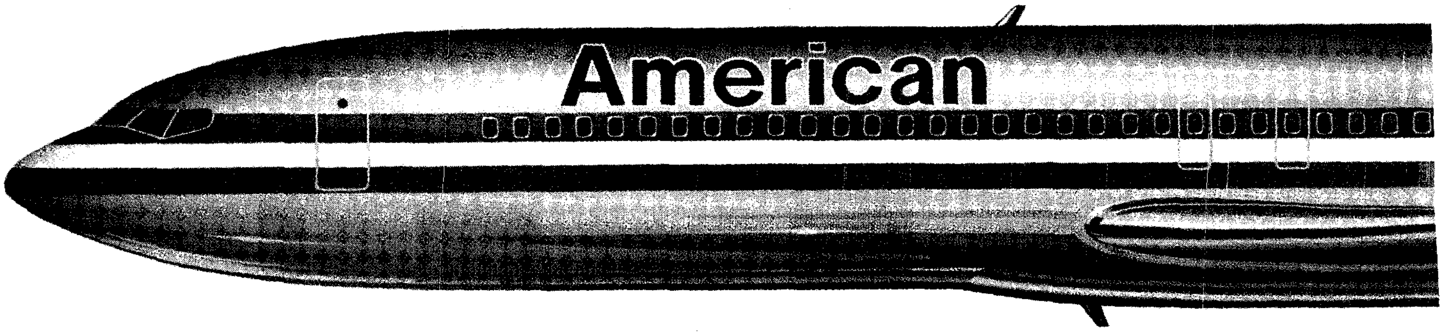
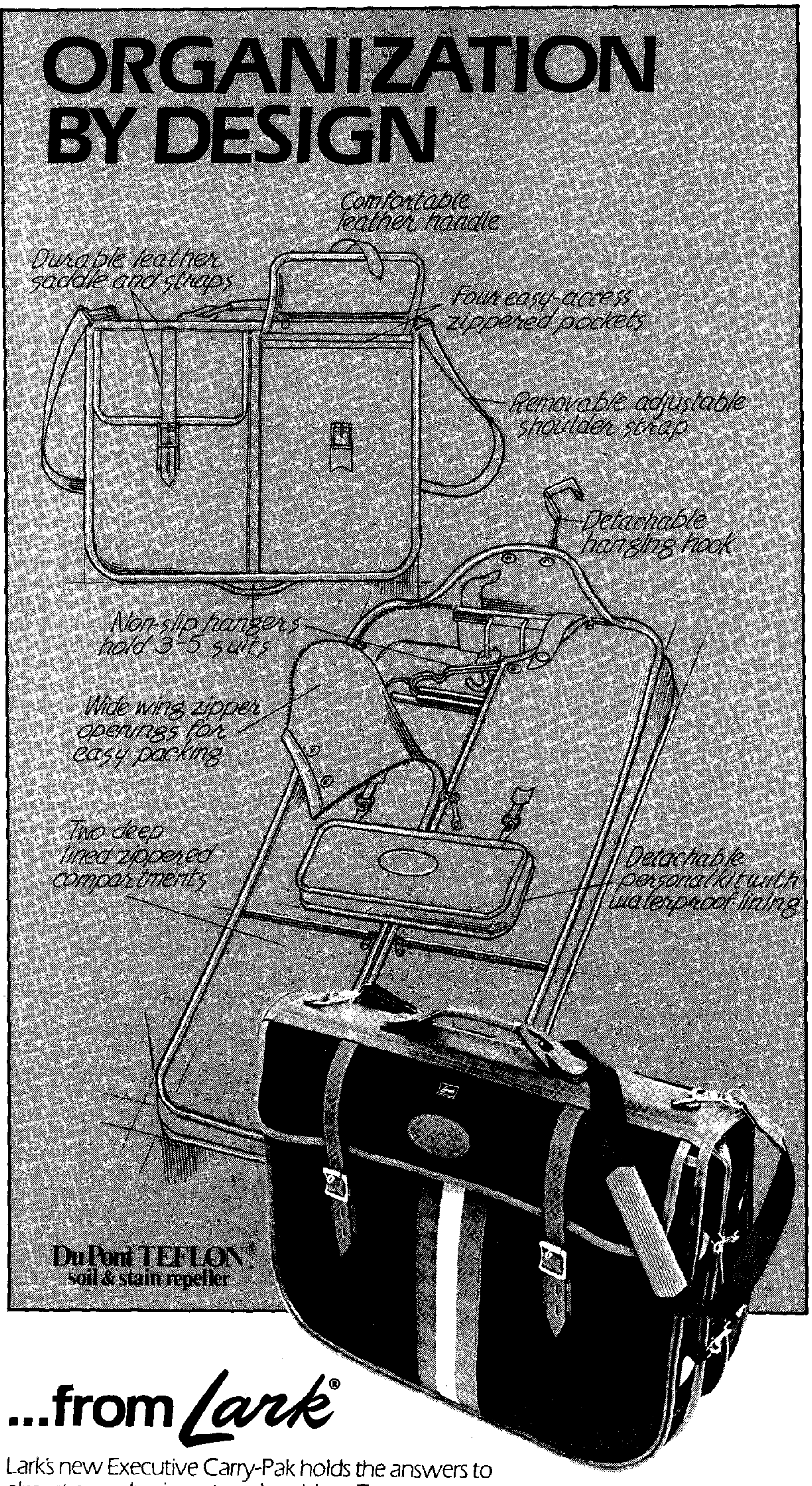


still heretical to suggest that the real German recovery can occur only when it is openly accepted that there are now two German states, and that in all likelihood there will continue to be two German states in our lifetime. Günter Gaus, who opened the first West German mission in East Berlin in 1974 and stayed for nearly seven years, suggested as much in an interview in *Die Zeit*, but Gaus, of course, was Willy Brandt's man in East Berlin and shared Brandt's passionate concern for a humane policy toward East Germany. Helmut Schmidt replaced Gaus late last year with his own man, Klaus Bölling, and Bölling is a loyal party man, unlikely ever to embarrass his Chancellor in one of the country's most important newspapers.

East Berlin, for its part, considers itself the capital of the German Democratic Republic, and *its* particular fiction is that someday, somehow, all of Berlin will fall under its jurisdiction. The Occupation powers, in turn, are careful to preserve *their* Berlin fiction, which holds that East Berlin is still the Russian Sector of an unresolved war zone, and not anybody's capital. America, for instance, still calls its embassy in East Berlin an embassy *to*, not *in*, the German Democratic Republic. And in the end what all the euphemisms and odd prepositions add up to is a convenient cover for a lot of human anguish and a diplomatic conundrum.

The Occupation armies, small as they are, keep very much in evidence in West Berlin. The British wax their cars, and the French dress up in their fanciest uniforms whenever they have messages to deliver or calls to pay. The Russians, on the other hand—in keeping with their contention that East Berlin is no longer under Occupation authority but belongs entirely to the G.D.R.—have long since pulled back most of their troops to the edge of town, where they tend to get lost in the Prussian forests. The soldiers one sees in East Berlin patrolling the wall are German soldiers. Karlshorst, in East Berlin, is still the site of the major Soviet command headquarters in East Germany, but most of the four hundred thousand Russian soldiers in the G.D.R. are off in the countryside. The Russians, in a sense, have made the wall their proxy in Berlin. Only a hundred and seventy thousand East Germans have managed to escape since 1961, and they have made their way to the West mainly through other Eastern European countries. Not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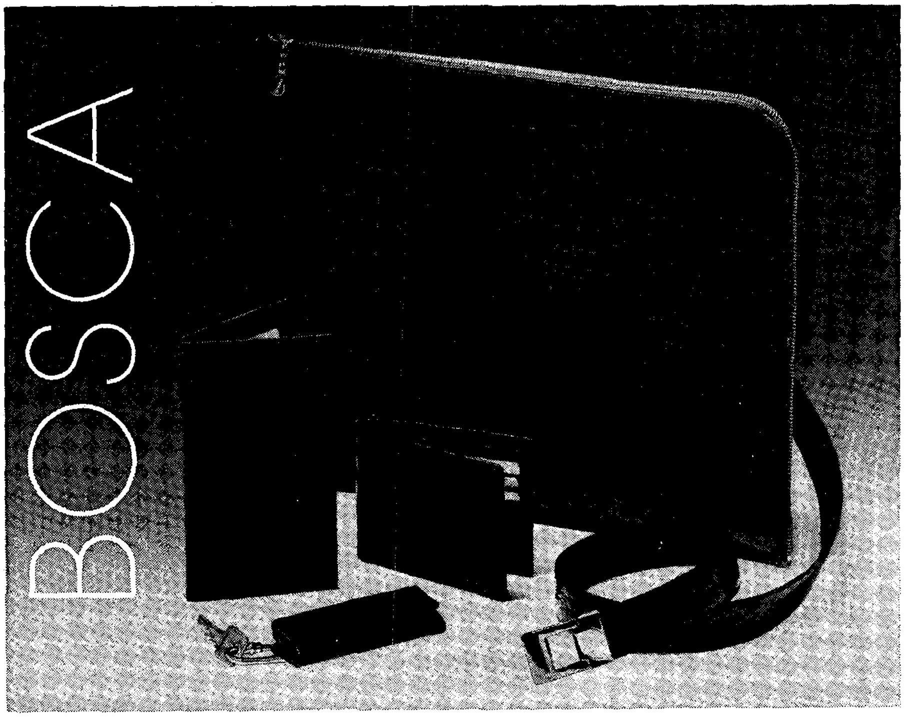

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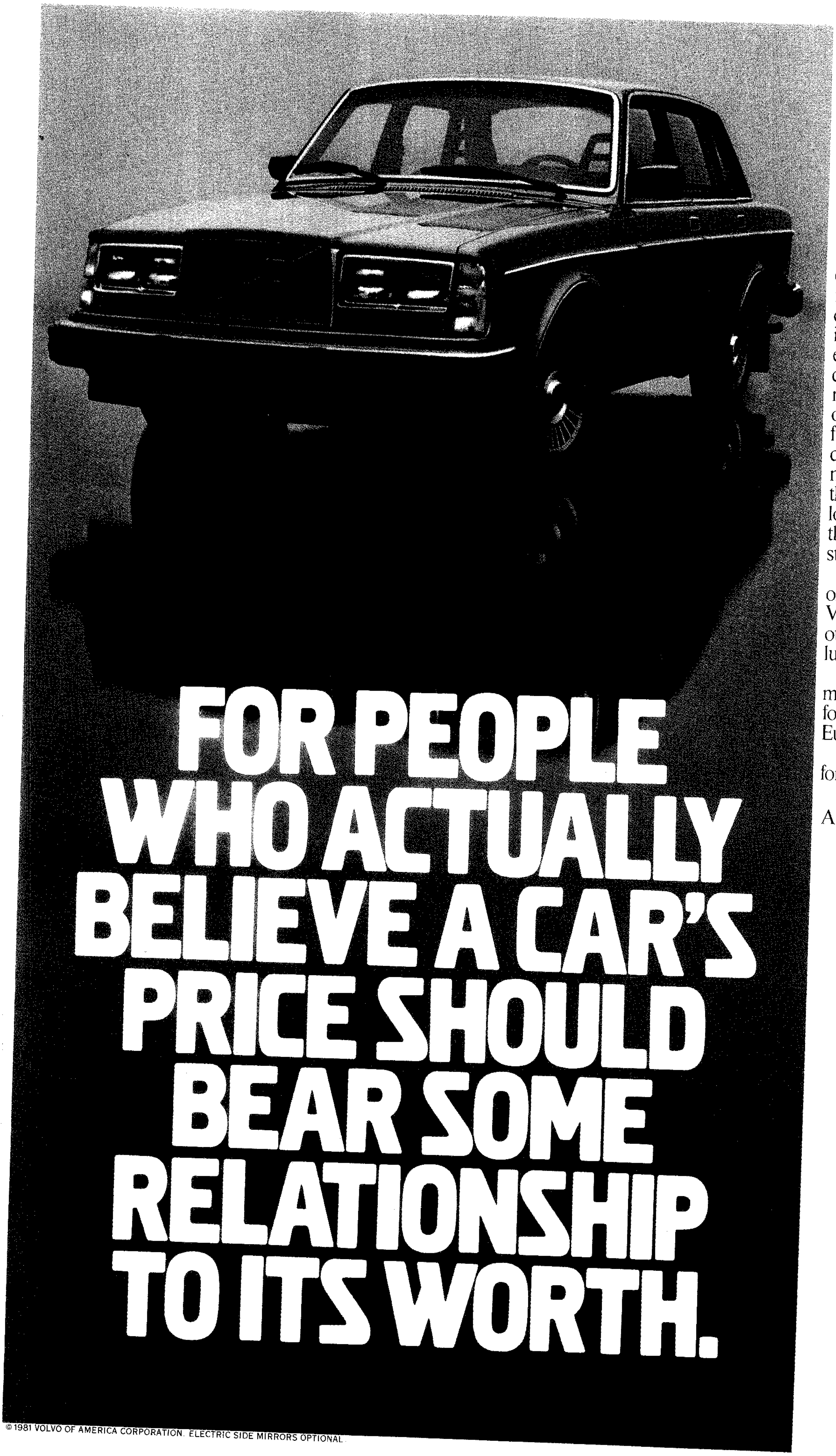
many people are willing to attempt the wall itself anymore—there are twelve thousand East German soldiers on patrol, and six hundred East German attack dogs. Seventy-two people have died trying over the past twenty years, and the price of success these days runs to roughly twenty thousand dollars for "arrangements." Germans on both sides of the wall call this lucrative trade in lives "the refugee business;" in fact, it is many businesses, the biggest of them run by a Berlin entrepreneur who has long since taken himself, and his bank account, to Switzerland.

West Berlin has thus settled into a state of permanent instability. The Allied military keeps its old extraordinary privileges. Questions of military housing and services and education still fall under Occupation law. The Berlin Document Center, which contains the Nazi archives, is still in Dahlem, run by the American mission. Mainly, though, the military leaves West Berlin to its own problems. Berlin has a parliamentary system of government, complicated by the fact that in an emergency Bonn can intervene —as it did last January, when the Social Democratic mayor lost a vote of confidence in the city's parliament and had to resign: Helmut Schmidt stepped in with a new mayor to run the city until new elections could be held. The city follows West Germany's constitution and the Federal Republic's legal code—the difference here being that laws passed by the Bundestag in Bonn are also put to the West Berlin parliament and to the Allies, who have a formal veto power. Negotiations of authority that do go on usually involve the courts and questions of judicial jurisdiction. Two years ago, for example, a woman who lived in a nicely wooded suburb in the American Sector petitioned a visiting judge from New Jersey—a Federal District Court judge named Herbert Stern, who had just convened the United States Court for Berlin, for the first time in its history, to hear a hijacking case—to enjoin the United States Army from completing a new housing project in her suburb. The case Judge Stern was hearing involved an East German who had stolen a Polish plane and flown it to Tempelhof, the airfield in the American Sector of Berlin, which is, by Occupation law, under American administration. No one knew for sure whose case it was or whether extradition was in order. (One of the problems was that West Germany had nowhere, legally, to send the hijacker,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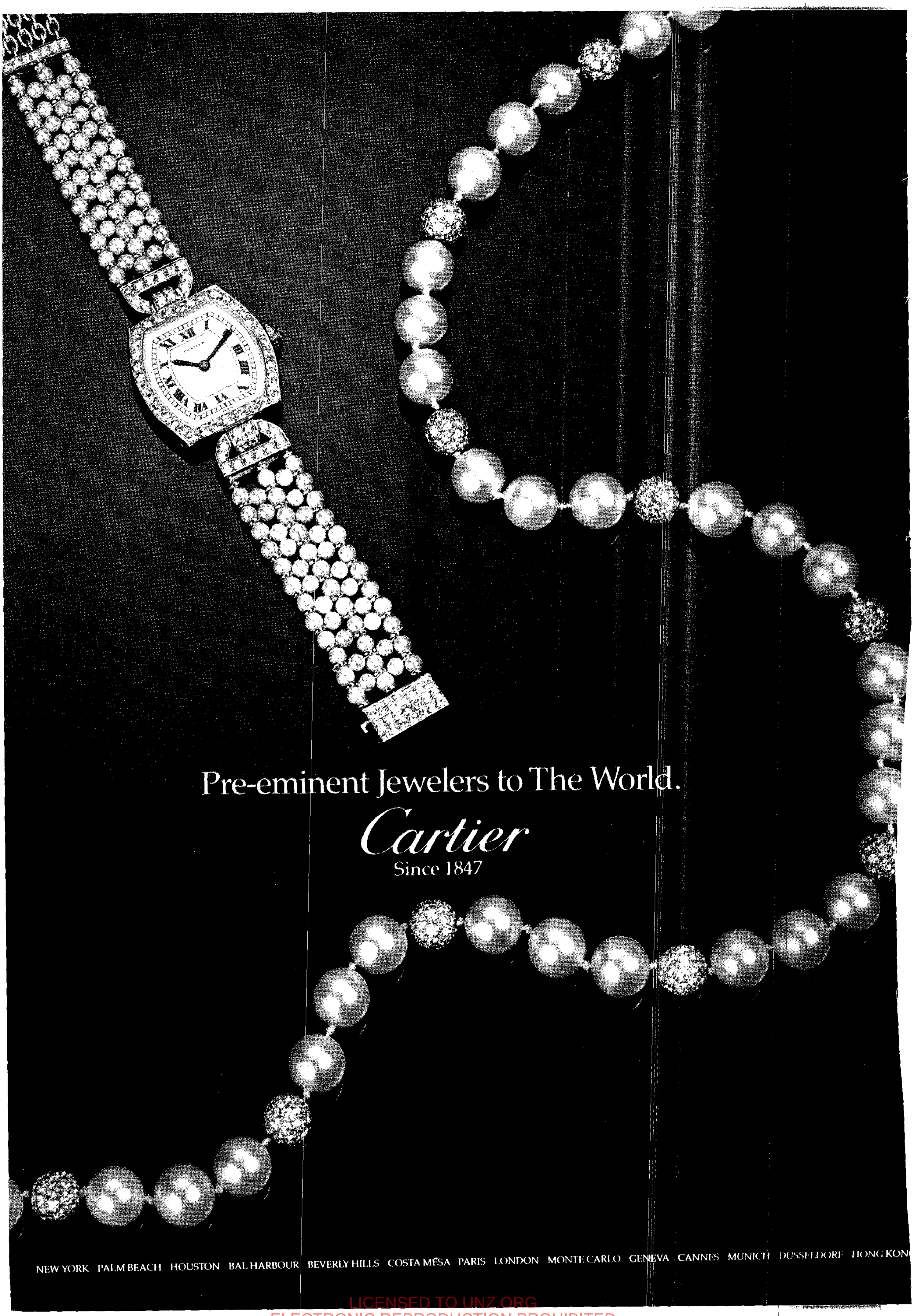
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since it does not recognize East Germany; besides, its constitution forbids the extradition of any German national to a "foreign" country.) Several federal judges from America had already begged out of going to Berlin before Judge Stern was drafted, and Stern, to the distress of his drafters, turned out to be rather strenuously radical as a jurist. He convened a jury of Berliners and at the same time guaranteed the hijacker due process under American law—and then the Americans put him on a plane and flew him home before he could get to any more cases, including the case of the woman defending her suburban woods. The woman, on the other hand, warmed to this new idea of due process for Berliners under the laws of the United States. Her lawyer—a young partner of Otto Schily, who had guided the defense during the first of the Baader-Meinhof trials and is considered Germany's preëminent civil-rights lawyer—took the case of the housing project through the American District Court system, right up to the Court of Appeals in Washington, where the woman finally lost.

It is obvious that the West Berlin government was well out of a case involving hijacking and extradition claims and hostages—what with three hundred and twenty West Germans in East German prisons and the East Germans already furious because West Germany had refused to extradite a girl from the G.D.R. charged with killing her father. It is obvious, too, that people here are going to want some say about any exploitation of the city's "wilderness," especially since it is the only wilderness they are ever likely to have. And it is obvious that most people will adapt eventually to confusions of authority—will come to accept the political uses of confusion and, when they can, make good use of it themselves. (When Stefan Aust, a young news producer at North German Television, was refused access to information about the shooting of a suspected terrorist in West Berlin in the late sixties, he called an American lawyer, who demanded the records he wanted under the American Freedom of Information Act.) The trouble is that a lot of Berliners have adapted too well. They have been spared the inconvenience of discipline in their lives and of competence in their jobs, and by now no one seems to expect these things of them. About a quarter of all the salaries in West Berlin are paid directly by the government, and a lot

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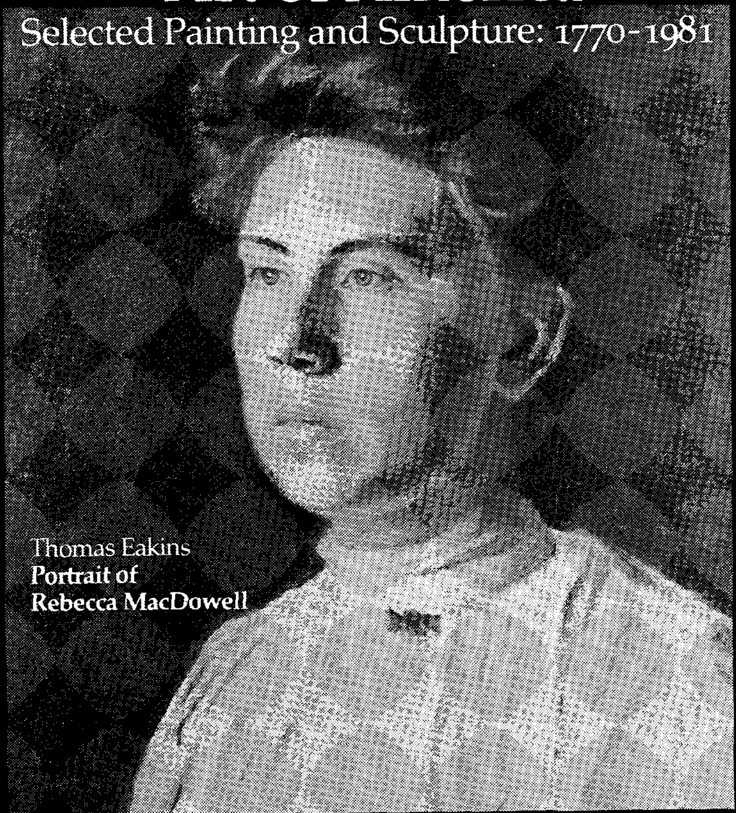
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more are either subsidized by the government or are guaranteed by the government. West Berlin sends deputies to Bonn, and those deputies keep busy behind the scenes in party politics—being ineligible, under Occupation law, to vote on any of the legislation put to the Bundestag—but mainly Berlin is a kind of farm team for West German politics. People are sent to Berlin to try out, as it were, for the Federal Republic, and if they acquit themselves well here—which is not so hard to do, with a little work, in a city that is practically bonded against inadequacy—and show their loyalty to the party that sent them by not complaining, they are awarded with a ticket home and power somewhere else.

THE trip through any of the Berlin checkpoints can take a few minutes or an afternoon, depending on what the guards at the eastern end of the checkpoint had for lunch or on the situation in Poland, but either way it is a psychologically wearing trip. Millions of people from the West—West Berlin *and* West Germany—have crossed into the G.D.R. over the past ten years. The traffic was running at about seven million crossings a year until October, 1980, when the East Germans, worried by social revolution in Poland and wanting to discourage visits from the West—and the news and talk that usually come with them—doubled (and, in the case of West Berliners, tripled) their currency-exchange fee. Then the number of visits started falling. Usually, West Germans get into East Berlin with much less fuss than West Berliners—who, oddly, have an easier time than other Germans getting into the rest of the G.D.R. West Berliners complain about checkpoint frisks and long delays, but what they complain about most is the strain of maintaining ties in East Berlin, knowing that they will be the ones to do the crossing—that the burden of friendship rests with them—since it is almost impossible for an East Berliner to cross over on a visit. East Berlin has its élite, and obviously that élite has its privileges. The Berliner Ensemble wants to play New York and will probably get there with no more trouble than it has getting to Budapest or Prague. But it is not likely to play West Berlin. Writers like Wolfgang Kohlhaase and Christa Wolf are more likely to turn up in residence at the University of Iowa or apartment-sitting on Central Park

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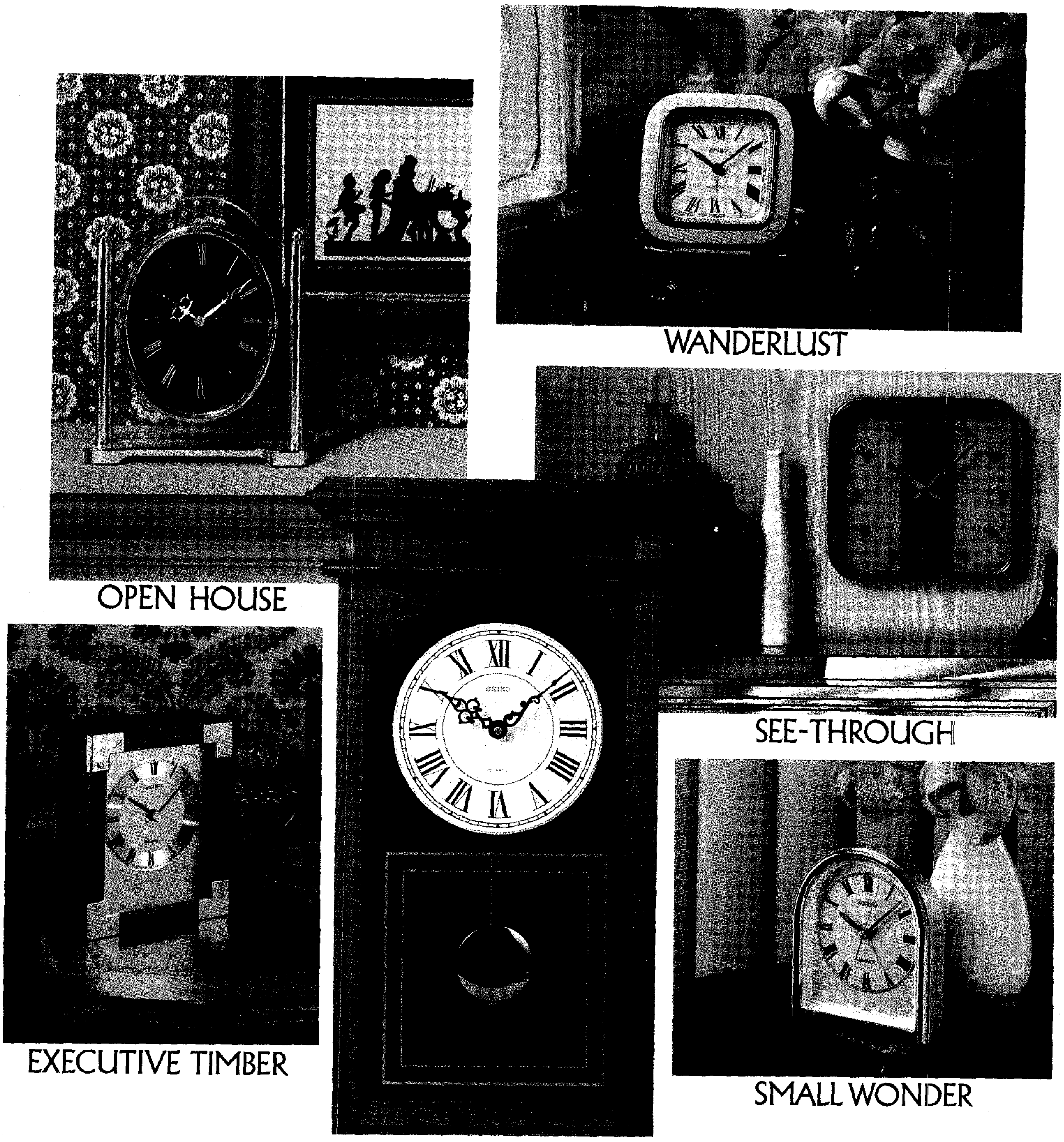

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West than at the Café Paris, off the Kurfürstendamm, where a lot of West Berlin's writers come to drink and talk. Actually, it is easier, and takes less time, for an intellectual in East Berlin to fly to London than to get permission to see his friends twenty minutes away in Charlottenburg. The problem for an East Berlin intellectual is that his government suspects that, like most other East Berliners, he is going to measure success not by the standards of colleagues in Prague or Moscow but by the standards of colleagues across the wall in chic neighborhoods like Charlottenburg. His government, in fact, would rather that he leave for good than import the kind of longing that is bound to show in his work and color his influence.

Thomas Brasch says that if people in East Berlin began to talk about the wall, the government would have to tear it down—which is another way of saying that the problem of longing is simple: longing spreads. Still, it has been twenty years since East Germany bothered to jam the radio and television transmissions from West Berlin. The lure of the West—its fine freedoms and its shallow luxuries—is part of the daily life of every East Berliner with a radio or a television set. East Berliners keep a sort of body count of friends and neighbors who have been arrested trying to flee to the West and sent to prison. And yet at night they sit down to West German television news and programs and commercials. The State Opera buys fabric for its costumes at the Ka De We—the Kaufhaus des Westens, West Berlin's best department store—and the people who go to the opera follow the sales and the styles at the Ka De We and are up on the night life along the Kurfürstendamm. Nights in East Berlin are quiet. The streets are dimly, economically lit. There is a soft, almost nineteenth-century glow to the suburbs, as if some painter a hundred years ago had caught the city in a haze of gaslight and fog. Visitors find this "old" Berlin quaint and calming. They ask their friends to show them "Brecht's Berlin"—the proletarian Berlin. They look for the ancient quarter where the city's workers once lived—dense, squalid, full of a life that in the visitors' minds is always set to Kurt Weill music. But that Berlin is gone, bombed in the war. No worker in East Berlin today thinks of himself as a prole anyway. He likes the Western euphemism—*Arbeitnehmer*, or

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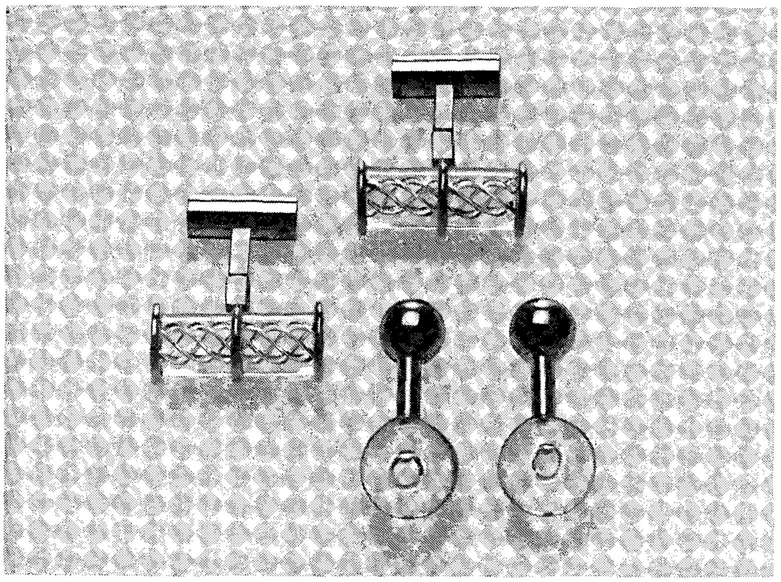

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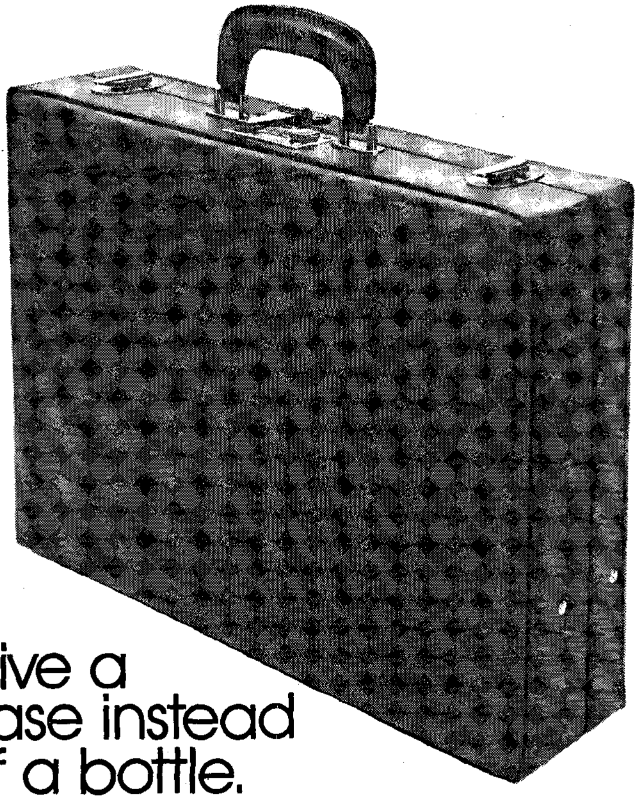

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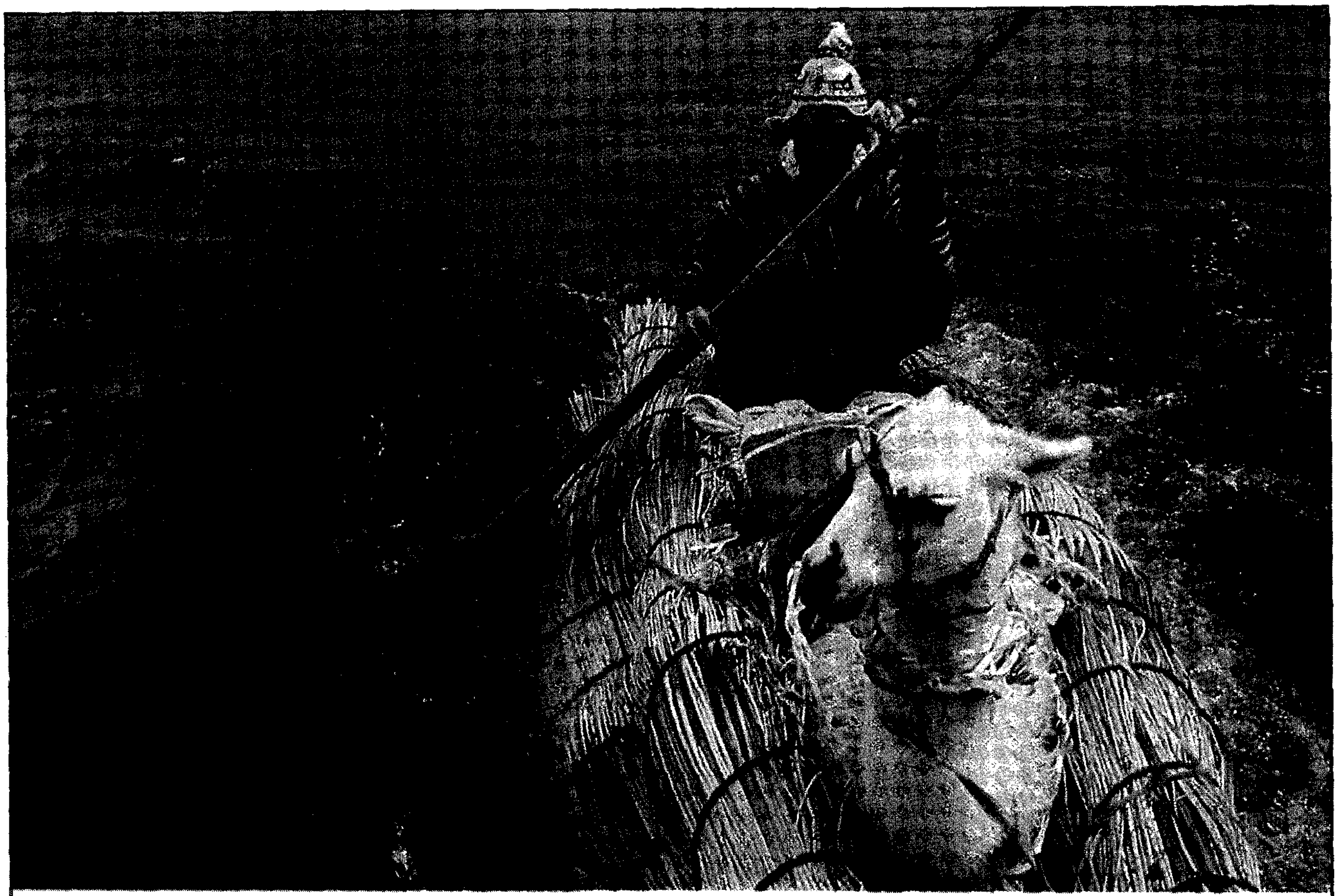
"work-taker"—which makes of work a kind of gracious, voluntary gesture. He saves his money for a big veneered wall unit that will look like the wall units that appear to him in such a dazzling variety of shapes and sizes on West Berlin television. His children arrive at the theatre or the museum on their school trips dressed to the last child in imported bluejeans. Those children face a planned and packaged future—East Germany, like Russia, wants to choose careers for its children, educate them accordingly, and then send them off to wherever the state needs them—but some of them escape by forming rock bands. A lot of them, in fact: East Germany today is said to have more rock musicians under the age of twenty-five than it has young Communists.

Intellectuals here say that despite the harshness of official East Berlin—the "Communism with a Prussian face" of Western cartoonists—there is often a more humane quality to daily life across the wall, a respect for common people and common pleasures: the intimacy and the feeling of solidarity that men and women who live under oppressive or illegitimate regimes sometimes seem to have. It is a feeling that defecting East Berlin intellectuals miss. Whatever they despise in the official East German state, they know that the material passion of West Germany has pushed back a necessary consciousness of the Nazi past. They know that a generation of West Germans has drugged itself with prosperity, and that—however cynically, however politically—East Germany remembers the war, and sees to it that its children know that Erich Honecker, the East German Communist Party secretary, was a resistance hero who suffered ten years in Nazi prisons while Helmut Schmidt was growing up in the Hitler Youth and then in the Wehrmacht. Some of the older men and women in the Party in East Berlin are Jewish. Their ties to the Party and its orthodoxies have to do with the nineteen-thirties and with an anti-Nazi movement that found a home and a raison d'être in the Communist underground. They do not know what to make of youngsters like Thomas Brasch, who broke publicly with his Communist father in 1968 and landed in jail for his part in East Berlin's version of the 1968 *événements*, or like Wolf Biermann, the poet and folksinger whose concerts on the Alexanderplatz were East Berlin's version of Bob Dylan's Berkeley concerts dur-



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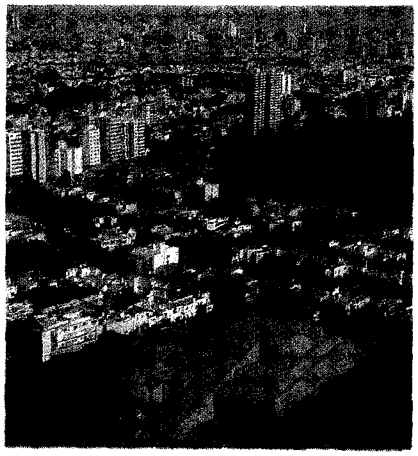

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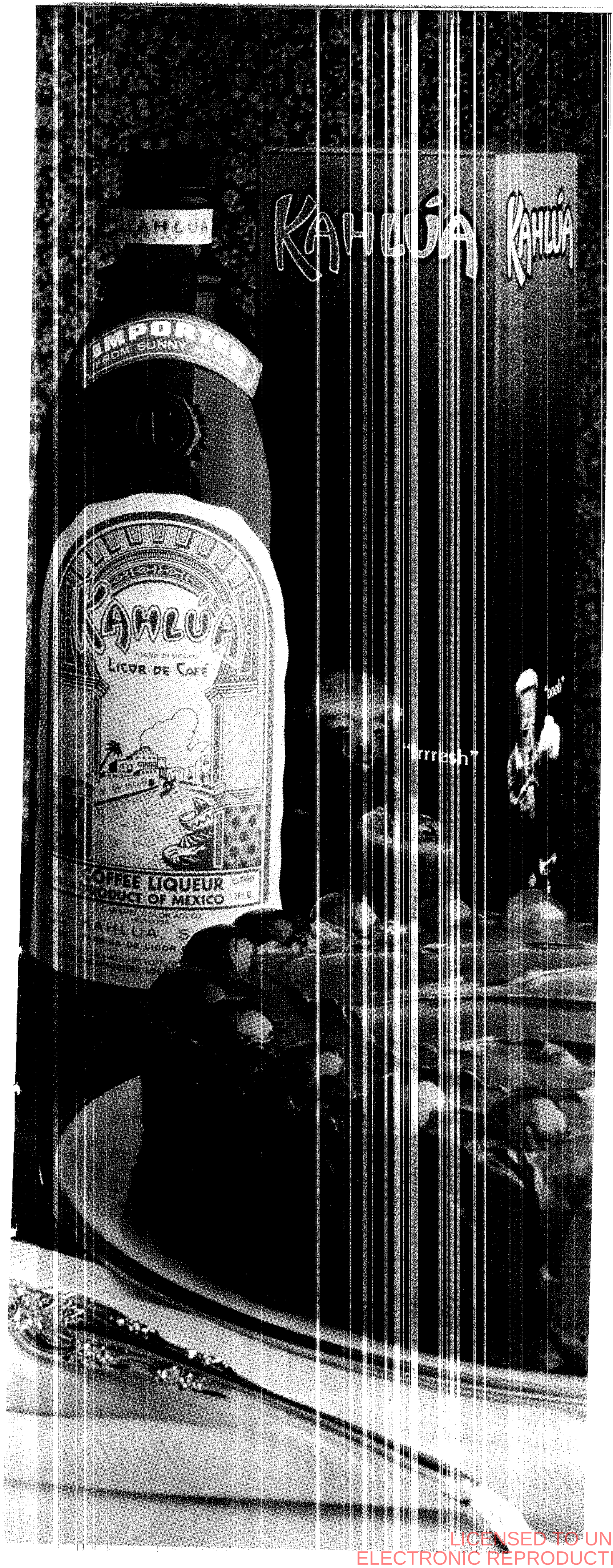

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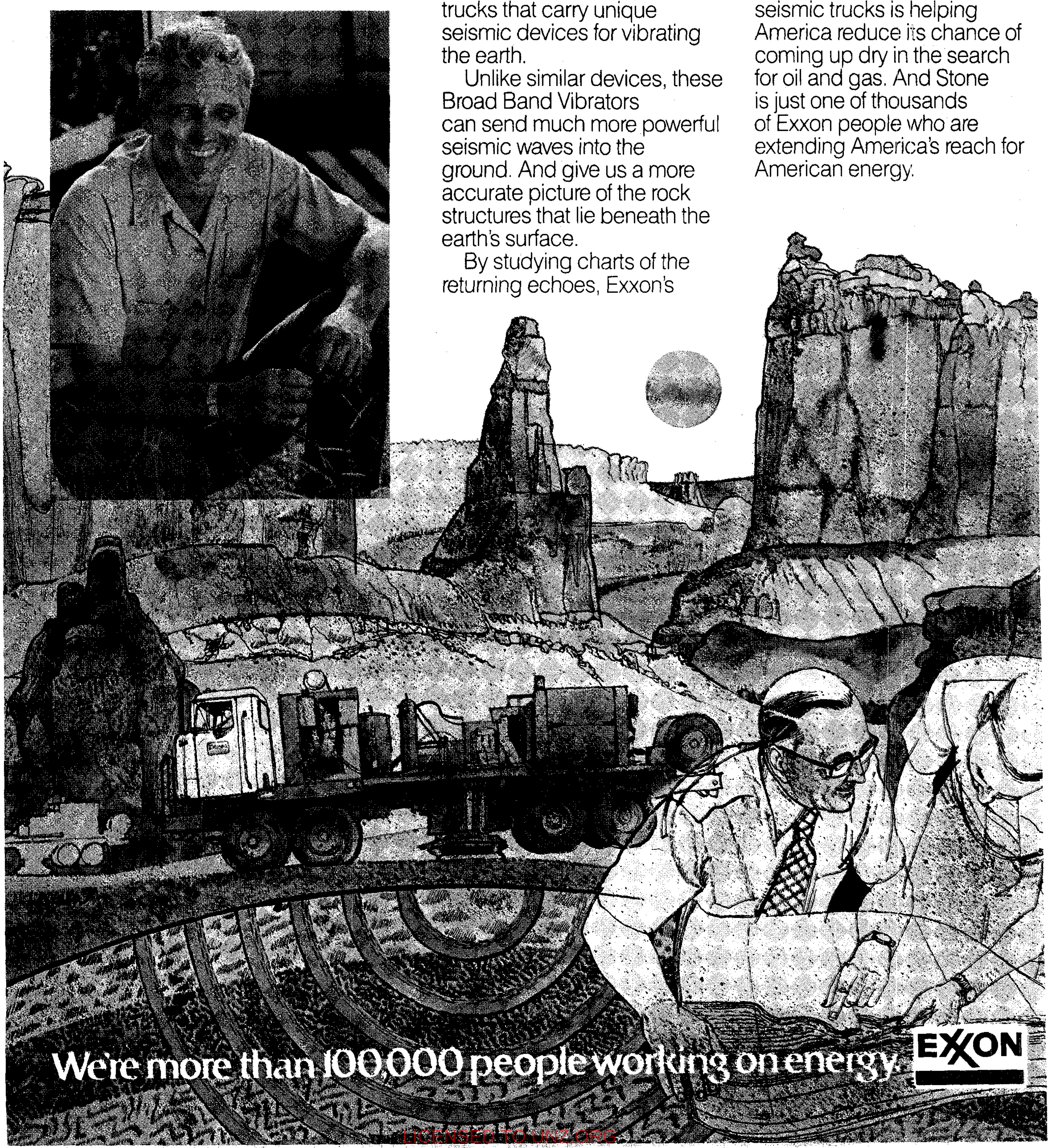
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ing the Vietnam War—or, for that matter, like anyone who says that there must be alternatives in life to fighting devotedly for the Communist state and fighting devotedly against it.

Wolf Biermann lives in Hamburg now, singing sad songs and writing sad poems about the corruptions of exile. Here in West Berlin, people rarely talk about corruption. They talk about *Filz.* Whenever something shady or merely stupid happens here, people shake their heads: "*Der Filz.*" Nothing gets done properly in West Berlin because of *Filz.* The more something costs, Berliners say, the less adequate it is bound to be—and this is because of *Filz. Filz* means "felt," the cloth, but in Germany the word is mainly used to describe a social fabric in which the threads of authority and personality and profit have been pressed together so tightly that they are now inseparable. *Filz* is not exactly corruption. *Filz* is a kind of greedy and ingenuous collusion among people whose ideas about conflict of interest are, as it were, structurally undeveloped. Hamburg, for example, has a little over a hundred thousand bureaucrats on the public payroll; West Berlin, not much larger, has nearly twice as many, and these bureaucrats have settled in for life, primarily to make jobs for one another outside the bureaucracy. After a while, no one can fire them from the government. It is their reward for staying here, not for service—a way of making sure that they have no reason to go back to West Germany, where most of them came from. Bonn pays them an extra eight per cent on their salaries as a kind of hardship allowance (actually, everybody in West Berlin gets this allowance), and if the bureaucrats court the right people and get to be ministers in the government—and if they last as ministers for a while—they can draw a lifetime ministerial pension and never really have to work again. Then, too, as ministers and deputy ministers and commissioners they sit on the boards of utility companies and banks and construction firms that the city either owns outright, like the Berliner Bank, or controls, like the electric company. It is considered reasonable here for an under-secretary in the Ministry of Housing and Construction, say, to sit on the board of a construction firm in which the city has an interest and to send that firm Ministry jobs and contracts. *Filz* is every-

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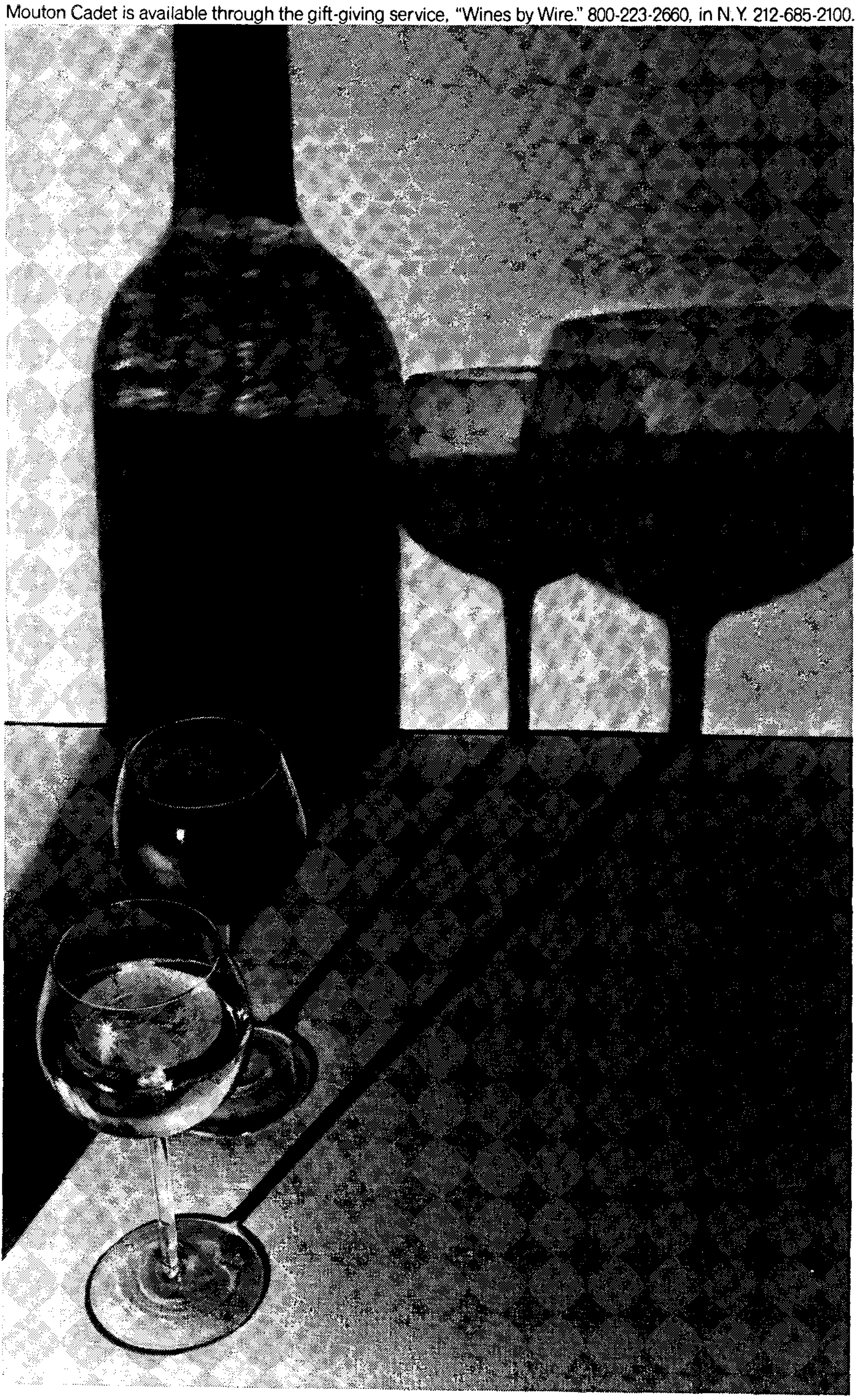

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To the left side of your brain, Saab turbocharging is a technological feat that retains good gas mileage while also increasing performance.

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The left side sees the safety in high performance. (Passing on a two-lane highway. Entering a freeway in the midst of high-speed traffic.)

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The left side considers that *Road & Track* magazine just named Saab "The Sports Sedan for the Eighties." By unanimous choice of its editors.

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The left side scans this chart.

Wheelbase	*99.1 inches*
Length	*187.6 inches*
Width	*66.5 inches*
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Fuel-tank capacity	*16.6 gallons*
EPA City	*19 mpg**
EPA Highway	*31 mpg**

The right side looks at the picture on the opposite page.

The left side compares a Saab's comfort with that of a Mercedes. Its performance with that of a BMW. Its braking with that of an Audi.

The right side looks at the picture.

The left side looks ahead to the winter when a Saab's front-wheel drive will keep a Saab in front of traffic.

The right side looks at the picture.

The left side also considers the other seasons of the year when a Saab's front-wheel drive gives it the cornering ability of a sports car.

The right side looks again at the picture.

Getting what you need vs. getting what you want.

Needs are boring; desires are what make life worth living.

The left side of your brain is your mother telling you that a Saab is good for you. "Eat your vegetables." (In today's world, you need a car engineered like a Saab.) "Put on your raincoat." (The Saab is economical. Look at the price-value relationship.) "Do your homework." (The passive safety of the construction. The active safety of the handling.)

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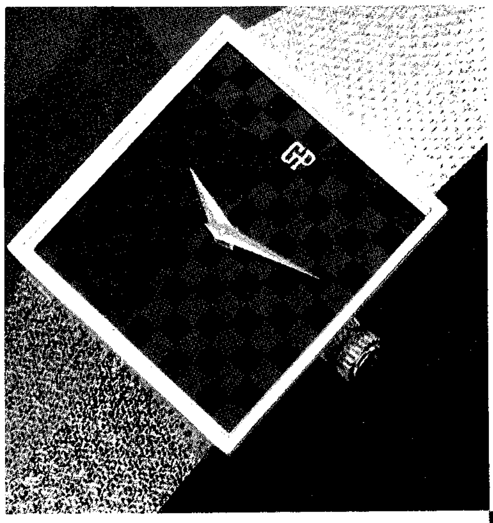

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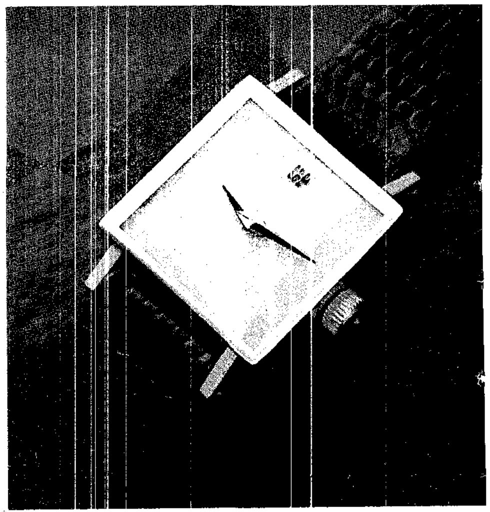

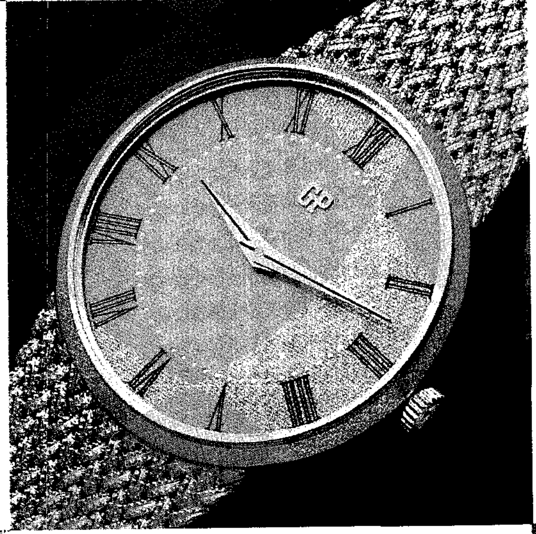

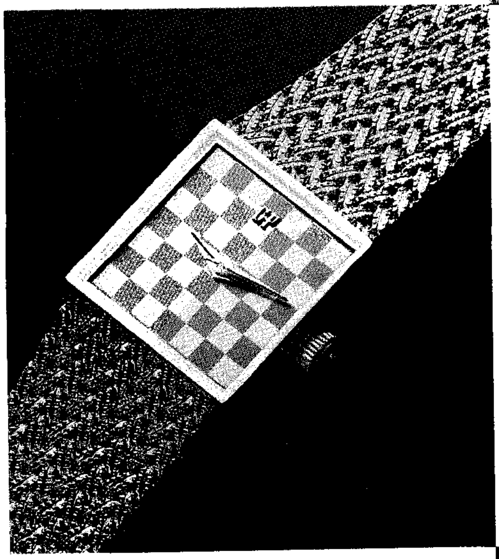

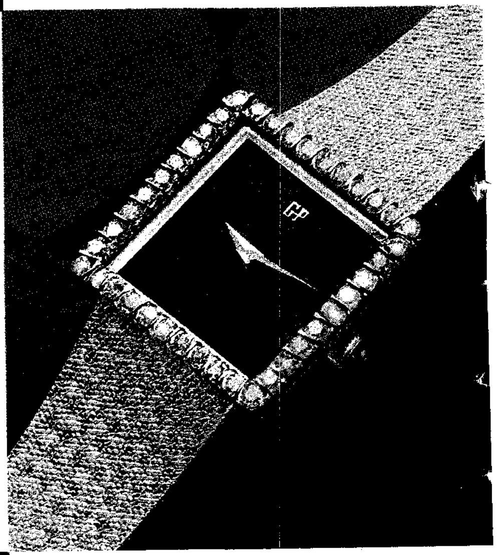

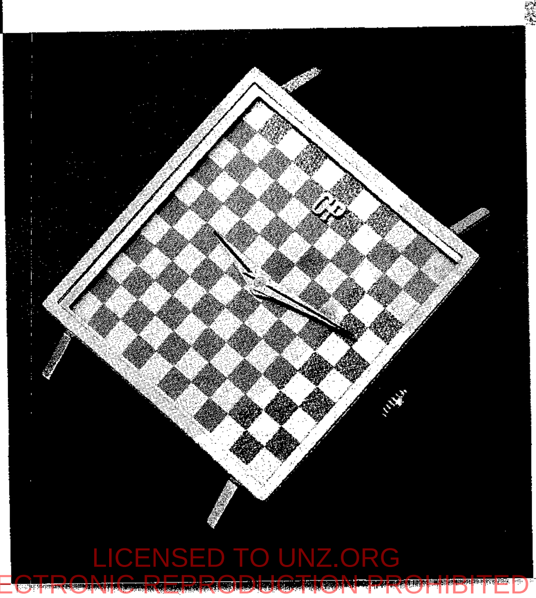

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where in West Berlin, binding the city like a social contract. There is theoretically room here for four million people. In actuality, only two million live here. Some eight hundred buildings—nearly all of them belonging to the government—are boarded up and unoccupied, yet the construction business in West Berlin is the liveliest business in town, being more conducive to *Filz* than any other. Not so long ago, one of the construction companies here was given a city contract to develop some choice land on a little Berlin lake and sell it, in plots, to people whom the government was trying to woo away from the Federal Republic. To nobody's surprise, it was soon discovered that a government under-secretary from the housing ministry had picked up a plot for himself at a hundred and thirty marks a square metre, which was about thirty marks a square metre below the market price. What did surprise Berliners was the fact that the under-secretary made the becoming and unique gesture of asking to be demoted. They assumed that the land must have been worth more to him, in the end, than the remaining possibilities of his position. Like the under-secretary, everybody in West Berlin seems to have made some sort of provision for himself. The unions have made their arrangements with the government and its banks to keep their membership inflated far beyond the needs of the city. The intelligentsia keeps *its* membership inflated, too —the State Theatre alone has four hundred "civil servants" on its payroll. And it is hard to find a politician in Berlin who does not collect something in cash or status or influence. Peter Lorenz, who was chairman of the Christian Democratic Union in West Berlin in the seventies (he was kidnapped in 1975 and held for six days against the release of some jailed terrorists), is considered a kind of prototype of the Berlin politician. He was paid an honorarium as the local Party chairman, and a salary as a deputy in Berlin's parliament, and at the same time he was retained as a lawyer by one of West Berlin's two state radio stations. But *Filz* creates the sort of network that easily crosses party lines, and when the local coalition of Social Democrats and Free Democrats fell apart last January it turned out that Lorenz was also making money as a lawyer for Dietrich Garski, the Free Democratic architect and real-estate developer whose wheeling and dealing had caused the trouble. Garski had

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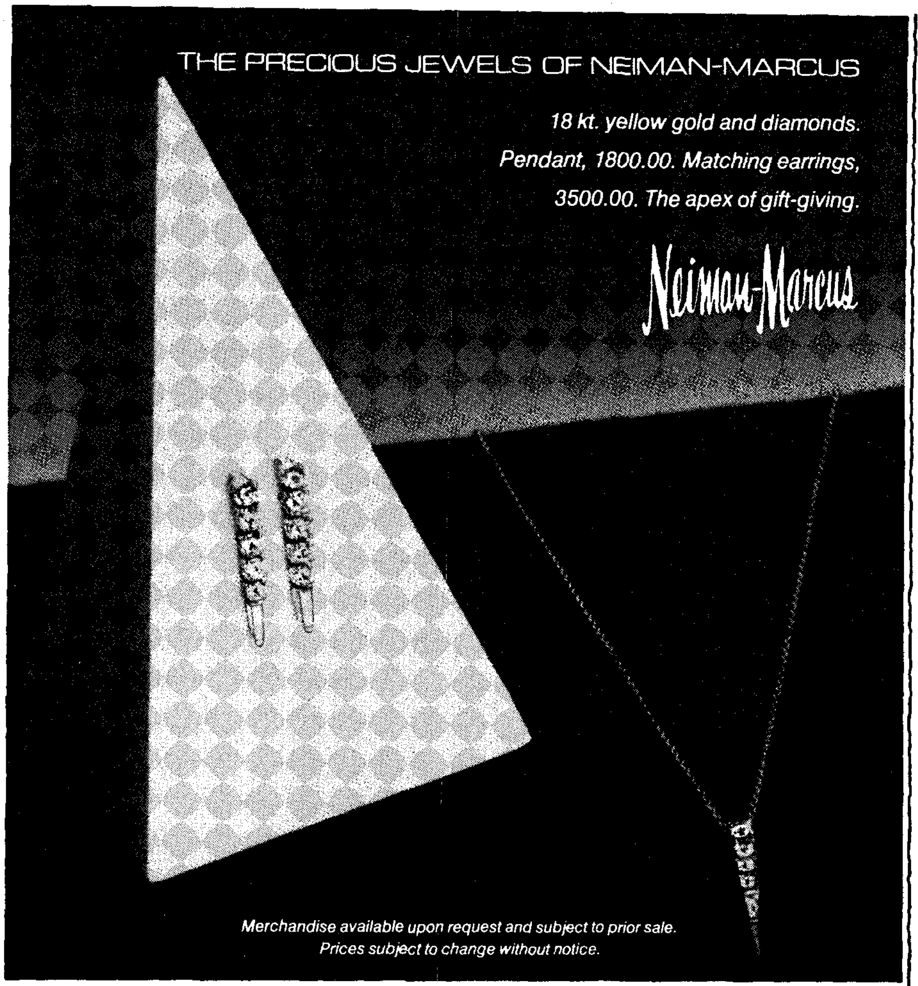
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borrowed a hundred and fifteen million marks from the city of West Berlin. He said that he was going to finance the construction of a couple of military academies for the Saudi Arabians—some of whom took ten million of those marks in commissions for the "contract" that Garski had to produce at home. Nobody seems to have asked Garski, who has disappeared in the meantime, what he was doing in the Arabian-military-academy business, or why, or how he planned to pay back the hundred and fifteen million marks. The mayor of Berlin, Dietrich Stobbe—who had taken over in 1977 after *his* predecessor resigned because of a construction scandal—had approved the loan. The deputy mayor had also approved it, and so had the Finance Minister for West Berlin, who is now making a hundred and seventy thousand marks a year as director of one of the city's banks. Stobbe fired his Finance Minister once the scandal broke—and immediately moved to make him leader of the Social Democratic faction of the city parliament. (It was a job that lasted about a week and ended when the government ended.) Stobbe himself resigned and was put away into a safe Party job. And Hans-Jochen Vogel, the Federal Justice Minister in Bonn, was ordered to Berlin by Helmut Schmidt to save the city for the Social Democrats.

WILLY BRANDT, of course, was the great mayor of West Berlin. People still associate Brandt with the heroism of the city under siege, and there is not much heroism left here to associate with anyone anymore—only what Berliners call border politics. No ambitious politician these days *chooses* Berlin, but no ambitious politician can refuse to go there. Helmut Schmidt's new Party secretary, Peter Glotz, put in his time in West Berlin as a Science and Research Minister while he was making his way to Bonn and Federal politics. Schmidt used him again here during the Garski scandal as a combination trouble-shooter and *informateur;* it was evidently Glotz who decided that, whatever Vogel might think of the idea, no one but Vogel would do to replace Stobbe as mayor and redeem the Social Democrats in West Berlin. (This is a piece of Party gossip that Berliners learned when someone with access to the spy equipment the Allies use for listening in on East Berliners bugged a telephone conversation between the Chancellor and Glotz and sold a transcript of it to a local tabloid

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that was owned at the time by a Persian rug dealer.) Vogel had a reputation for honesty and for an almost excessive diligence. He was not exactly radiant as a personality, but he had done so well as a Social Democratic mayor of conservative Munich in the early sixties (Brandt once called him the last Prussian from Bavaria) that he got almost eighty per cent of the vote when he ran for a second term. Glotz apparently persuaded Schmidt that Vogel could keep Berlin in the Party, and this was especially important to Schmidt, because Berlin has always been a fairly reliable gauge of the strengths and weaknesses and flexibility of the coalition of Free Democrats and Social Democrats that now lets Schmidt run the country. That coalition, which had looked so good after the Federal elections late last year, was already in trouble by January of this year, when the West Berlin government collapsed. Schmidt was losing favor. He was paying the price of old successes he could never match. He had seen Germany through the worst years of the oil crisis. He had covered each increase in the cost of fuel with an increase in industrial production that fairly accurately matched the expanding appetite of the OPEC states for German goods. By 1978, West Germany was the only country in Western Europe with no debt to those states—in fact, with a surplus of eighteen billion marks. Germans had come to believe that this sort of accommodation to the cost of fuel could go on forever—which meant that they blamed the government when OPEC increases of the past few years finally left Germany with a corresponding deficit. Today, that deficit—thirty billion marks—is close to the highest in Western Europe, but even so it is less than the increase in the country's oil bill, and this means that Schmidt has managed rather well. There was certainly no way he could meet the expectations of his welfare state *and* pay for his oil *and* please both the Free Democrats in his coalition, who were arguing for industrial incentives during inflationary hard times, and a growing left wing in his own Social Democratic Party, which did not approve of the sophisticated strategies of those Free Democratic welfare-state capitalists and wanted a "socialist" solution having vaguely to do with disarmament and neutrality and various ecological enthusiasms. Schmidt had not really been well for a year when he was operated on in October and got a pace-

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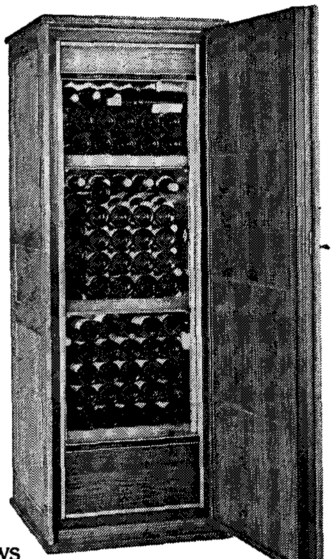

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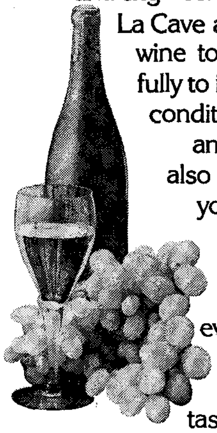

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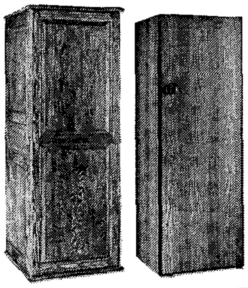

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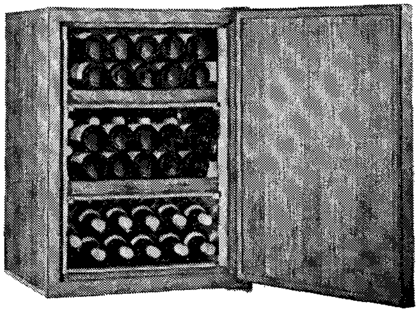

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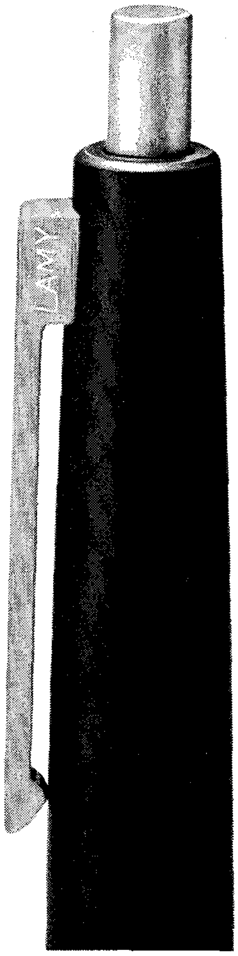

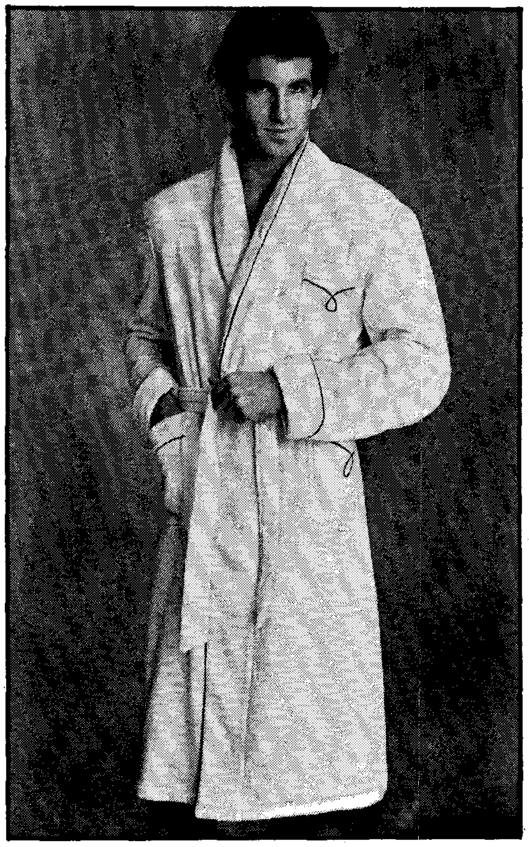

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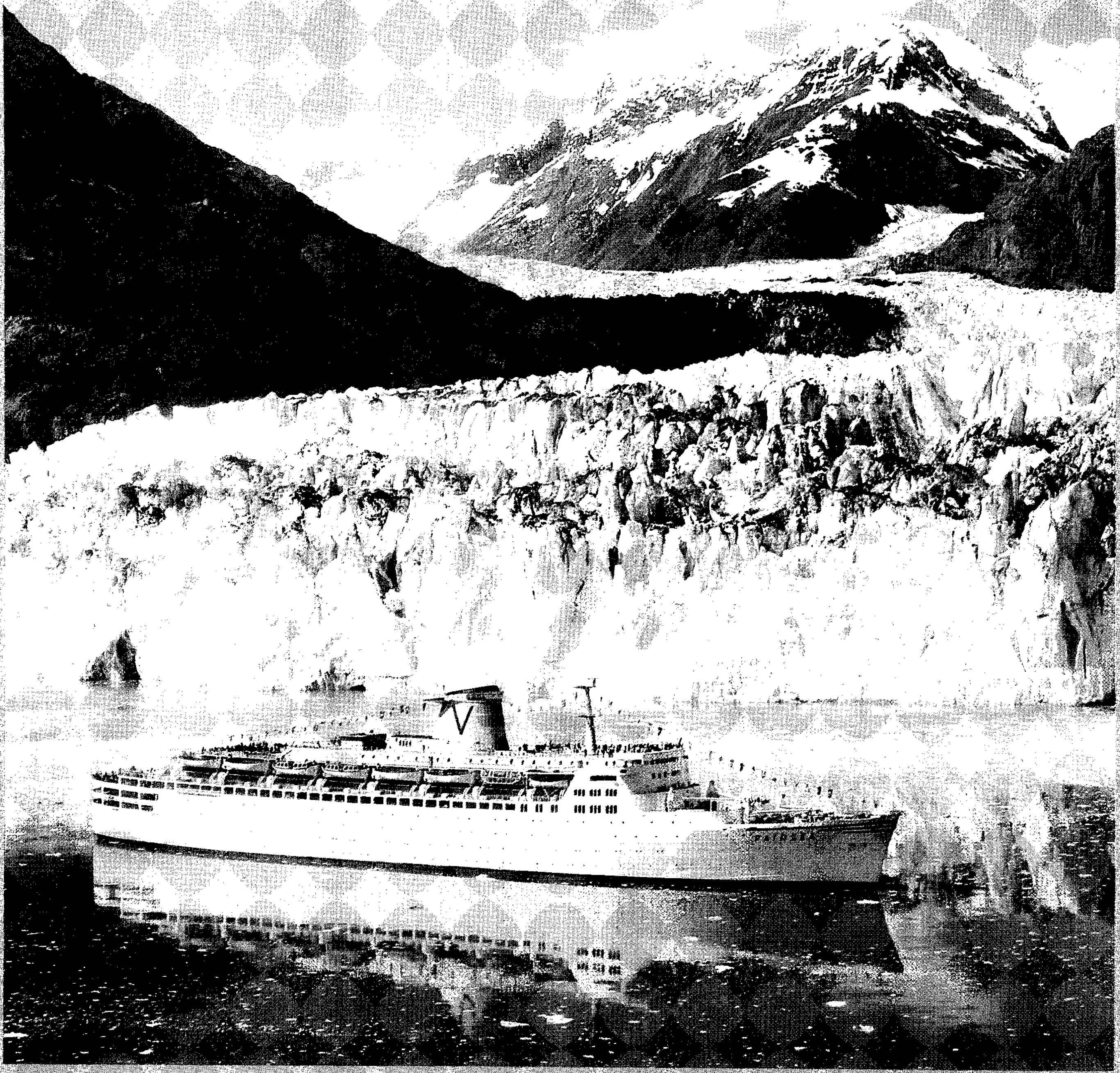
maker. There was the old problem with his heart muscles, and after the Federal elections his doctor had ordered him off cigarettes, which made him grumpy, and he had gained weight, which made him grumpier, and then he had lost some twenty pounds by dieting, which, according to his friends, made him impossible. Schmidt is part of a generation of Germans whose rejection of the past involves a kind of passionate pragmatism, a contempt for ideology of any sort. He is comfortable with businessmen and bankers from Cologne and Düsseldorf who have a cost-plus definition of human progress and no illusions about the social contract. He is comfortable with union bosses at the Gewerkschaftsbund in Frankfurt who trade political compliance for the protection of cost-of-living guarantees and health benefits. But he has no patience for the heady, romantic strain of the German left that for him evokes the old Berlin of Marxist intellectuals like Walter Benjamin and, years later, the Berlin of Willy Brandt. Brandt's own failings—his penchant for lost causes and his fuzzy judgment, and his difficulty, sometimes, in distinguishing between friends and courtiers—have been taken up as virtues by a lot of people in the Social Democratic Party, and not only its young radicals and its old Marxists. There is a liberal and gently urbane bourgeoisie among the Social Democrats that grew up with Brandt and made its money with Schmidt. It is middle-aged now, and i used to that money. The people in i feel particularly deprived by the inflation at home and by the fluctuations of the mark as it affects their standing at the beach in Quogue or in the art galleries of Tokyo, but as Willy Brandt's children they tend to associate their malaise not so much with oil economics as with a kind of moral retribution for Helmut Schmidt's impatient character. The more things cost, the more they blame Schmidt's pragmatism, his bad temper, his fondness over the years for martinets like Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and Cold War conservatives like Ronald Reagan. And Brandt, at sixty-seven—with his attractive new confidante and his new Third World economics and his peace missions to Moscow and his equivocation about NATO armaments in Germany—has suddenly come in from the cold of political eclipse as his party's conscience.

Schmidt, for all his hard-edge and hard-line politics, has had trouble



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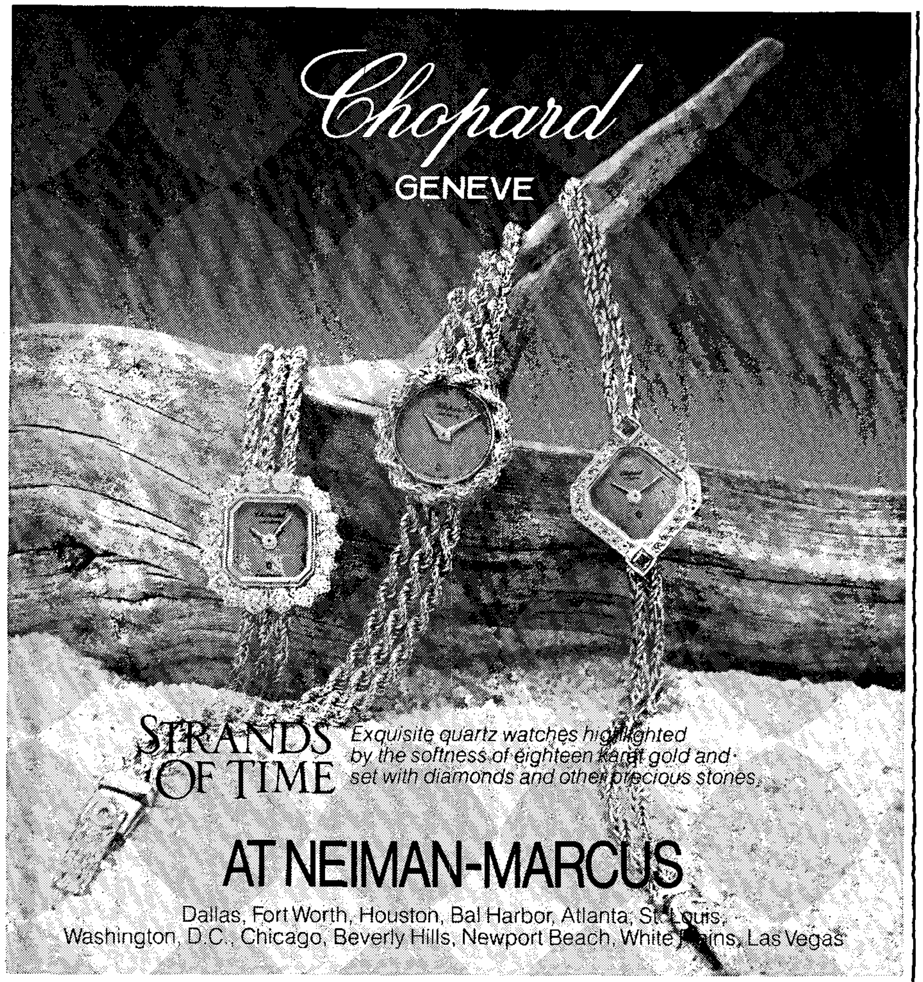
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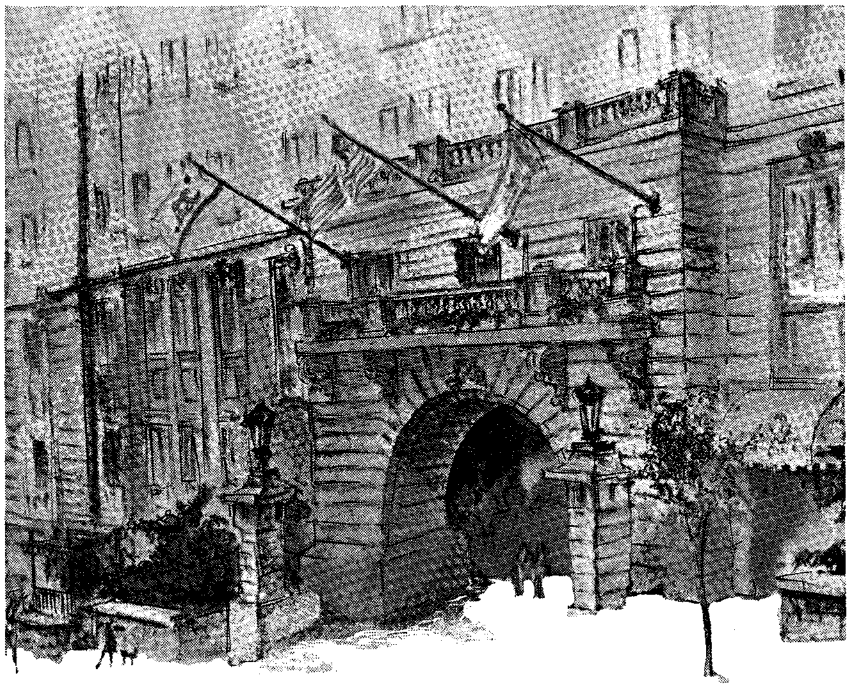
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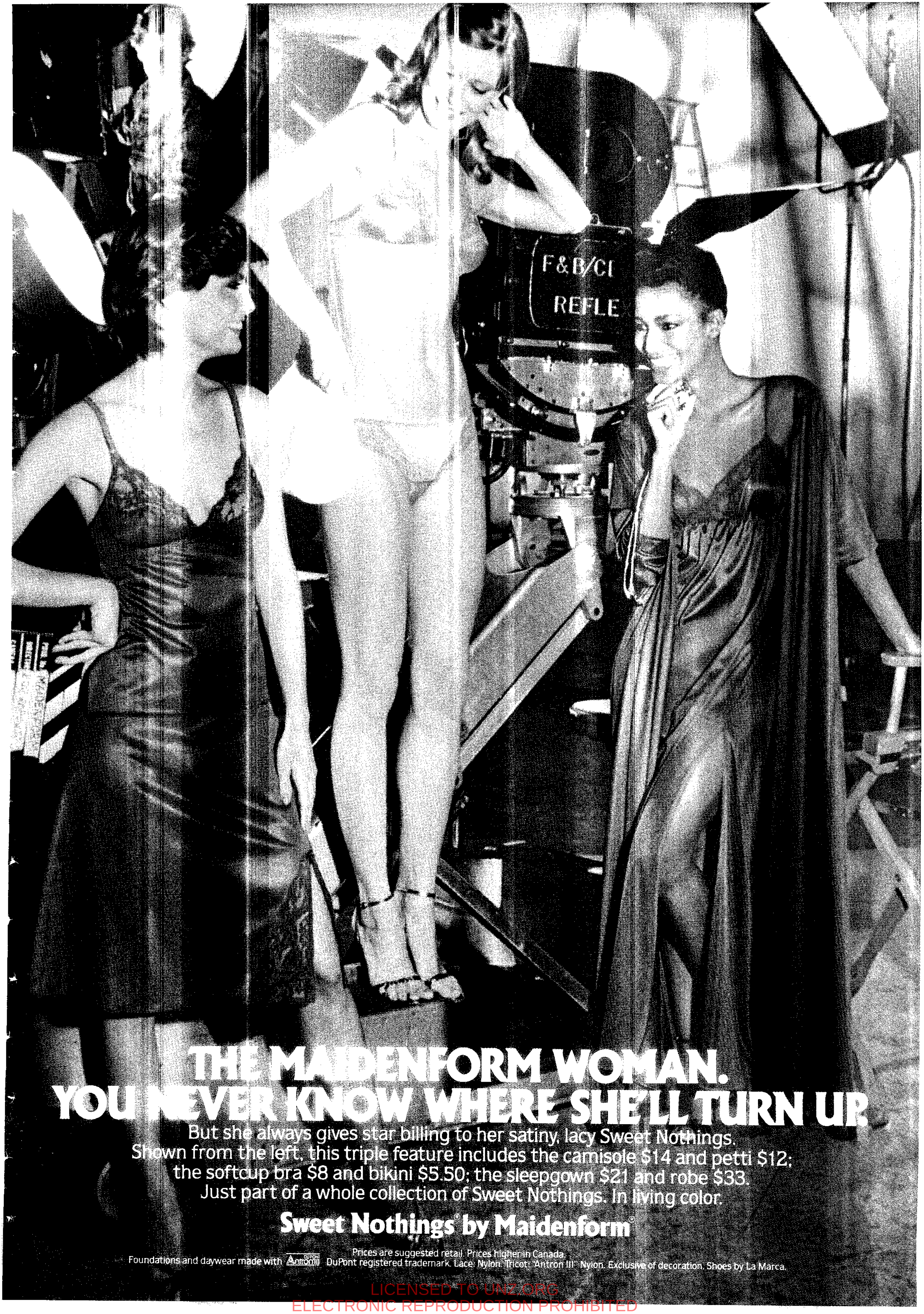
policemen sent to evict them refused to go anyway.) He saved rent control—Berlin is the last big German city with effective rent control, and there is still a shortage of cheap housing here, despite, or possibly because of, the eight hundred empty buildings and the "new towns" like Märkisches Viertel, near the wall, which have got so expensive that few working-class families can afford them. He cancelled plans for a peripheric highway just inside the wall, which would have had no exits and nowhere to go but back into the city.

All told, Vogel was caretaker mayor for four months of earnest hatchet work. He ditched half his coalition's candidates for reëlection and fired all but three of the ministers in the cabinet he had inherited from Stobbe, but in the end—with the son of the chief of police squatting in Kreuzberg and Willy Brandt's son Peter writing the foreign-policy platform for the Alternativler—it was clear that, after thirty-five years of almost constant power, the Social Democrats had lost all their authority. Now there is a new, Christian Democratic mayor named Richard von Weizsäcker. He took over in June, a month after the Christian Democrats won the election—or, more accurately, after they won more seats in the parliament than the coalition of Free Democrats and Social Democrats—and finally managed to put together a minority government. People like von Weizsäcker, though he comes from Baden-Württemberg, and not Berlin. He is pleasant and correct. A "civilized centrist," someone in the opposition called him—though admittedly that was before von Weizsäcker decided to evict eight squatter households this fall and a teen-age boy was crushed to death by a bus in the course of street fighting between the squatters and a contingent of two thousand riot policemen. Berliners in his own predominantly Catholic party like von Weizsäcker because he is a church-going Lutheran—a past president of the West German Evangelischer Kirchentag—and Berlin, unlike the rest of West Germany, which is half Catholic, is a Lutheran town. But mainly they seem to like him because he is already much more of a "Berliner" than Vogel, having been sent here before, in 1979, to run for mayor, and having lost.

ON paper, Berlin is the first industrial city in Germany—which means only that more Berliners work



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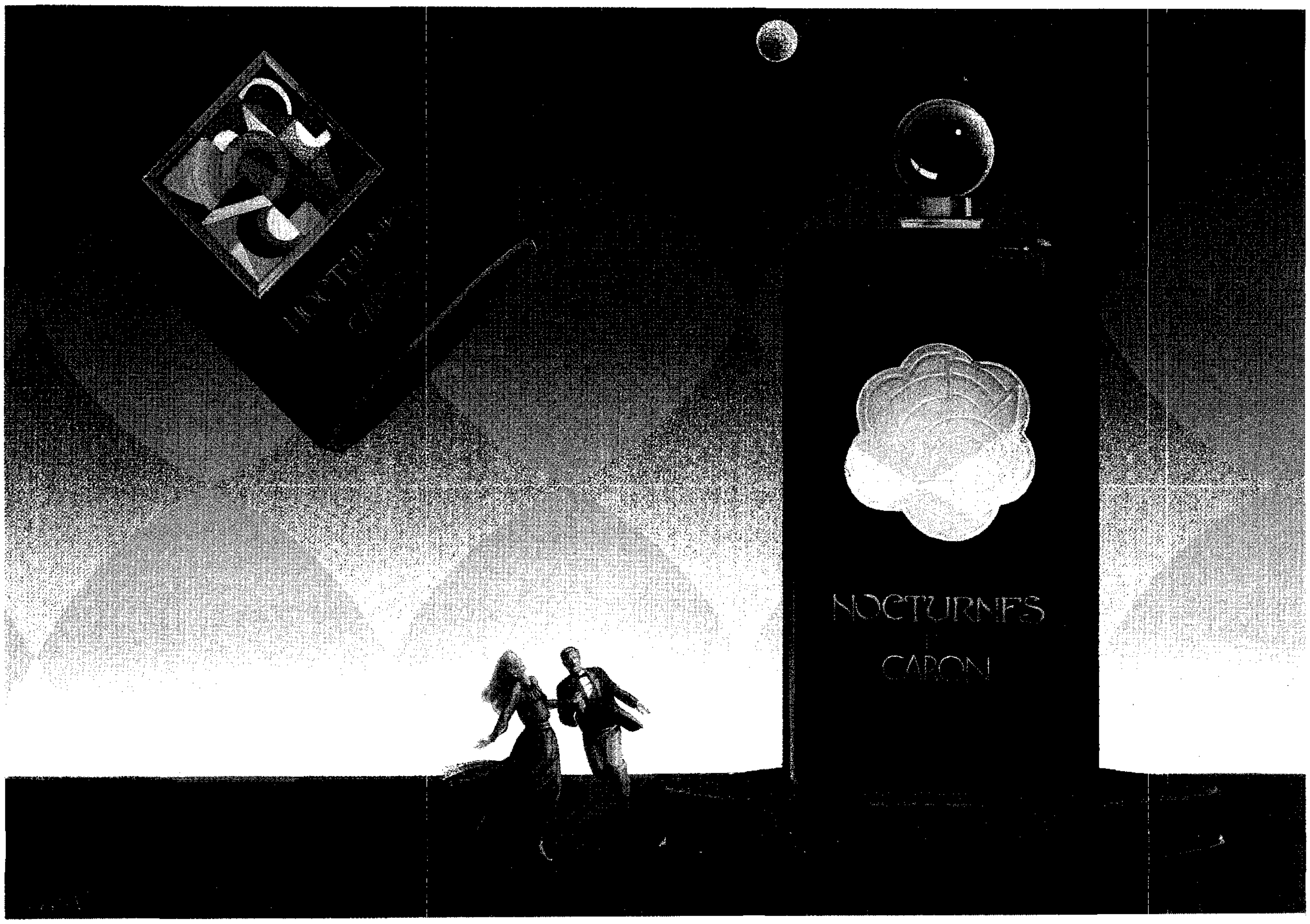

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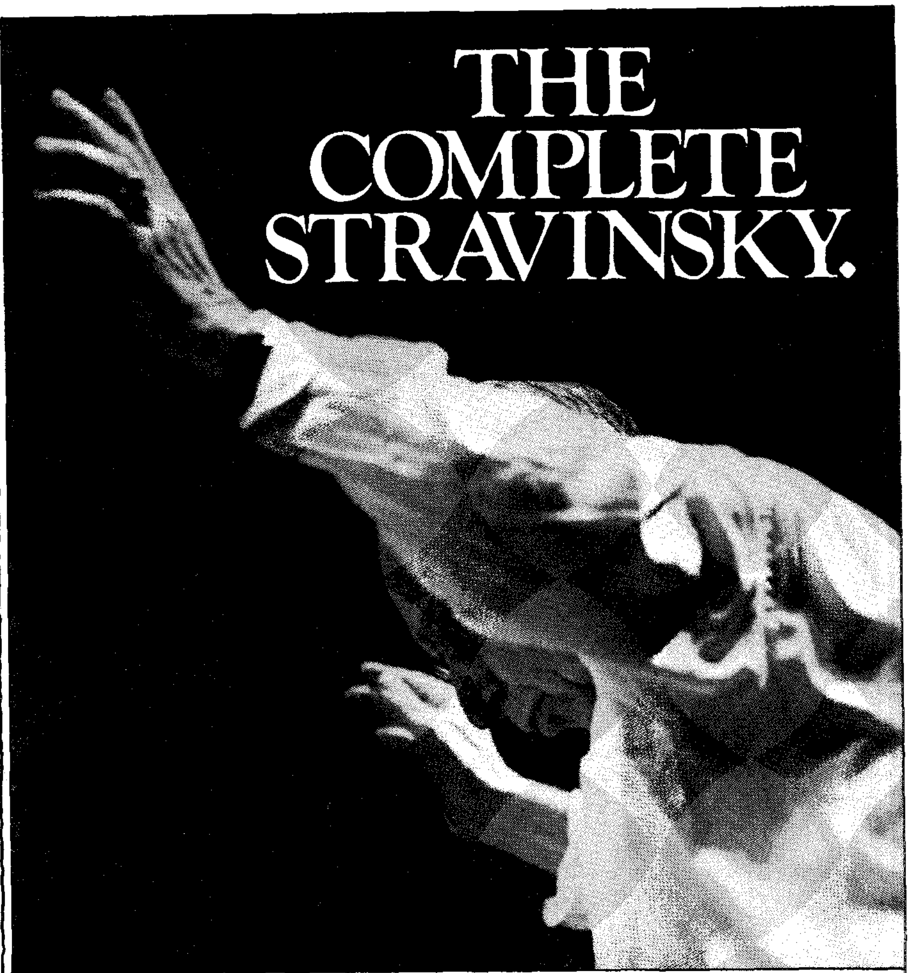
in factories than people in other towns do, and that more of the income here comes from that work. Actually, Hamburg, with its oil refineries, has a bigger industrial turnover than Berlin, and the small cities of the Ruhr form an almost unbroken industrial chain that is much larger than West Berlin's hundred and twenty thousand acres. Berlin industry is a statistic, affected by the depression in the city's other sectors and by the fact that everything within the wall is "West Berlin," whereas the industrial complex in a city like Hamburg takes in areas that have become townships of their own. Eighty per cent of West Berlin's "exports" go directly to the Federal Republic, but they make up only about three per cent of the national product. Some hundred thousand of the three hundred thousand West German workers who came here after the wall was built have gone home. And the kind of industry those skilled workers served has been leaving, too, at a pace that quickened after 1972, when Berlin was "normalized"—no longer on West Germany's conscience, and not really important anymore for its public relations. Before the Quadripartite Agreement, smart businessmen wanted their headquarters in Berlin. Berlin was the symbol of free enterprise surviving in the middle of Communist Europe, and was as valuable an association for a West German company as a television association with Shakespeare's plays or with Pavarotti's tenor is for I.B.M. or Exxon. In a way, détente made West Berlin an unnecessary overhead for German businessmen. With their best workers streaming back to the Federal Republic and being replaced by *Gastarbeiter* out of peasant villages in Anatolia, they started to phase out precision industry here, leaving the city and the *Gastarbeiter* to the mass production of cheap machinery and to the sort of piecework that would multiply the cycling of goods and equipment through Berlin in order to take advantage of the city's special tax allowances and subsidies. When a shirt made in West Germany is shipped to Berlin, as some shirts are, for its buttons to be sewn on, people here can be fairly sure that the government has made the trip worthwhile for the shirtmaker—and that the shirtmaker has long since moved his parent plant to the comfort and convenience and security of the Federal Republic. There is no business élite in West Berlin; there are only middle managers. The élite here is



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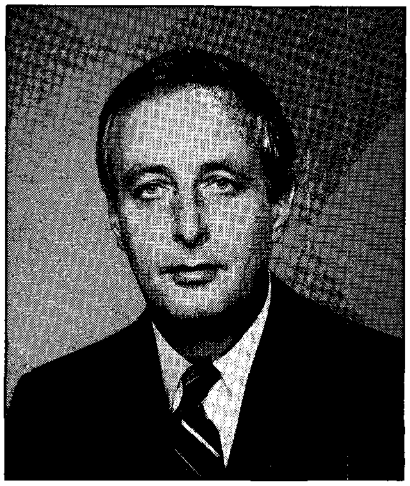

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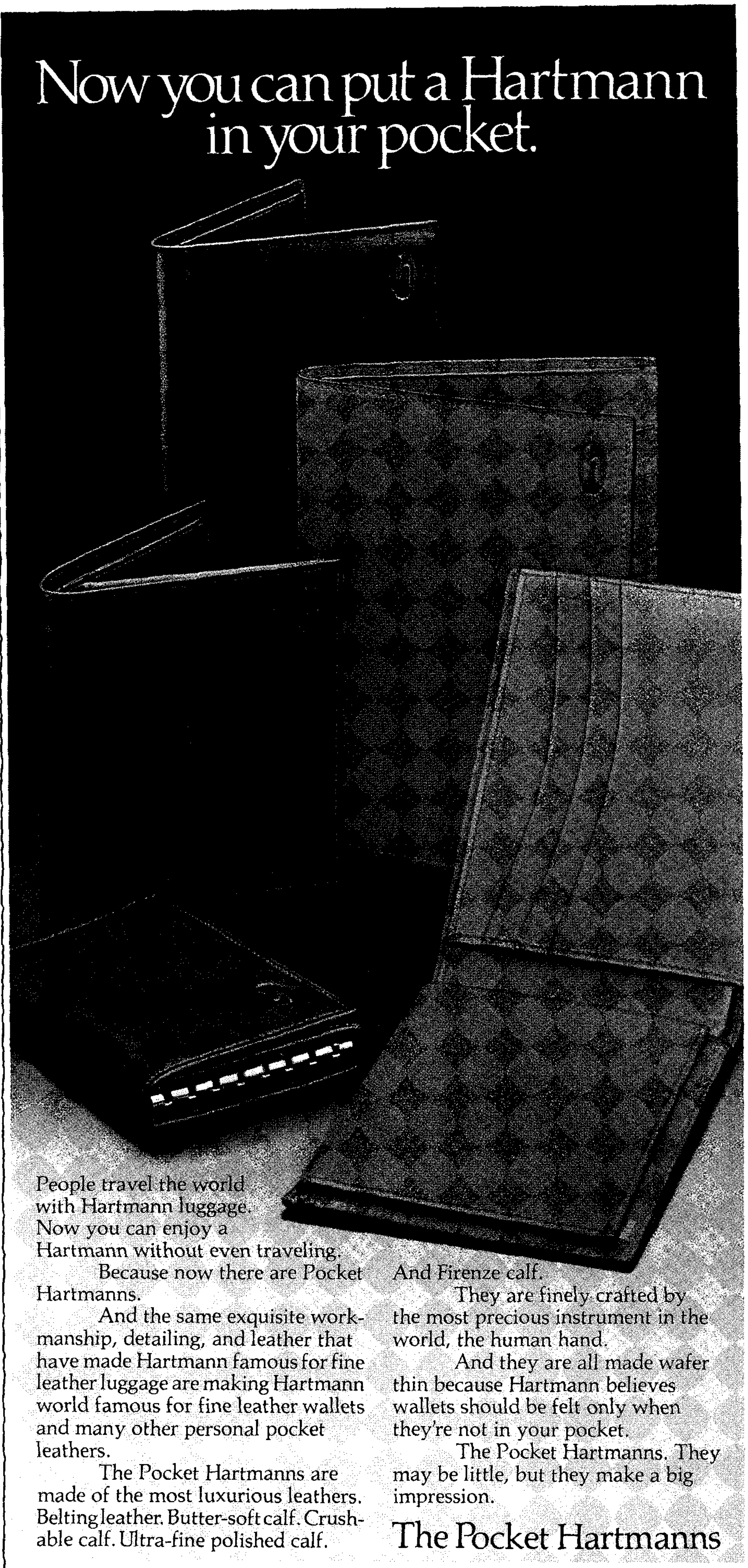
intellectual, and while it makes for an interesting scene at Kempinski's Grill Room or Fofi's Estiatorio, it has nothing to do with the limousine-and-bodyguard society of Düsseldorf and Cologne, or with the splash of nouveau-riche Munich, or with the chilly hierarchies of merchant-banking Hamburg. The people with power in Berlin are a political middle class—pompous and mediocre. This accounts in part for a kind of local "freak chic," which holds that it's gauche to feel important. The ideal Berlin freak is a new-wave and leather-jeans drifter with a high I.Q. and an anarchic disposition, who changes places from one week to the next with the bartender who waits on him or with the cabbie he hails, stoned, at three in the morning. Half the businessmen in Berlin could trade jobs with that cabbie, too, and no one would know the difference—except, maybe, the pedestrians. The entrepreneurs of the "new" Berlin are gone—the men who were speculating on its future as the West's most active trade link with Eastern Europe. Less than two per cent of the city's products go to East Germany now. The merchant houses that were going to manage volume trade between the two Germanys and the two Europes manage, in fact, only about twenty per cent of German trade with the East, despite the temptations for East Bloc businessmen to come here: closeness to home; permission to exchange their soft currency for marks or dollars; permission to stay in the West—with its porno movies and nude bars and weirder varieties of prostitution than a Bulgarian commissar is likely to have even heard of—without a visa for thirty-one days; the simple pleasure of roaming around a big, brassy town with no curfew and no closing hours. The trouble is that most Eastern businessmen seem to find West Berlin as beside the point as their Western counterparts do.

Still, Bonn keeps the incentives for investment high, and picks up new incentives when investment falls off. By now, investing in industry here is a little like investing in industry in Puerto Rico or Northern Ireland or the Mezzogiorno—more profitable than productive. A company setting up a branch in West Berlin gets about twenty thousand marks outright from the government for every hundred thousand it invests. There is accelerated depreciation. Credit is easy and cheap, a lot of it still tied to postwar recovery programs like the Marshall

Plan. Industry here can usually expect to make back its investment after three or four years, and there are said to be businesses, in fact, that set up complicated and expensive plants in West Berlin, take their credits and tax breaks and subsidies, and then literally dismantle the plants and ship them in pieces to new headquarters in Darmstadt or Munich—and end up spending half of what it would have cost them to build in Darmstadt or Munich to begin with. Then, there are the businesses that come to Berlin, establish the cheapest operation possible, and use their profits to finance expansion at a classy parent company in the south. Berliners talk about one company that is known around the world for the precision drills and bores it manufactures at its headquarters near Stuttgart; in Berlin, the same company mass-produces crude tools in ten-thousand-piece lots for quick profit in the Third World, and this is especially galling to people here, because Berlin used to be the German city famous for precision machines and tools. Foreign companies like I.B.M. have subsidiaries that make typewriters, say, in Berlin, but they make their computers somewhere else. The big companies keep pulling their headquarters out. There are no research-and-development centers here anymore, no marketing departments. The Schering pharmaceutical firm is the only important company with headquarters in Berlin. And of all the companies with plants here, only Daimler-Benz makes any of its key components in West Berlin—and Daimler-Benz has a rather eerie nostalgia for the city's *Hauptstadt* days, as is clear to anyone who sees the giant Mercedes star revolving over Berlin on its tower, like an electric harbinger of the Second Coming.

Economists here make this equation: no headquarters equals no top personnel equals no real energy or imagination equals no "rationalization" of industry in the interests of a competitive, self-sustaining society. The workers who argue about coöperatives and codetermination and risk are in places like Darmstadt and the Ruhr; Berlin workers want security. They do not much care about things like inventiveness or expansion. They are not overly distressed when a company suddenly moves out, bag and baggage, leaving an empty factory as the only proof that it was ever there at all. The trains to Berlin are full of *Gastarbeiter* each September, and thousands of sealed



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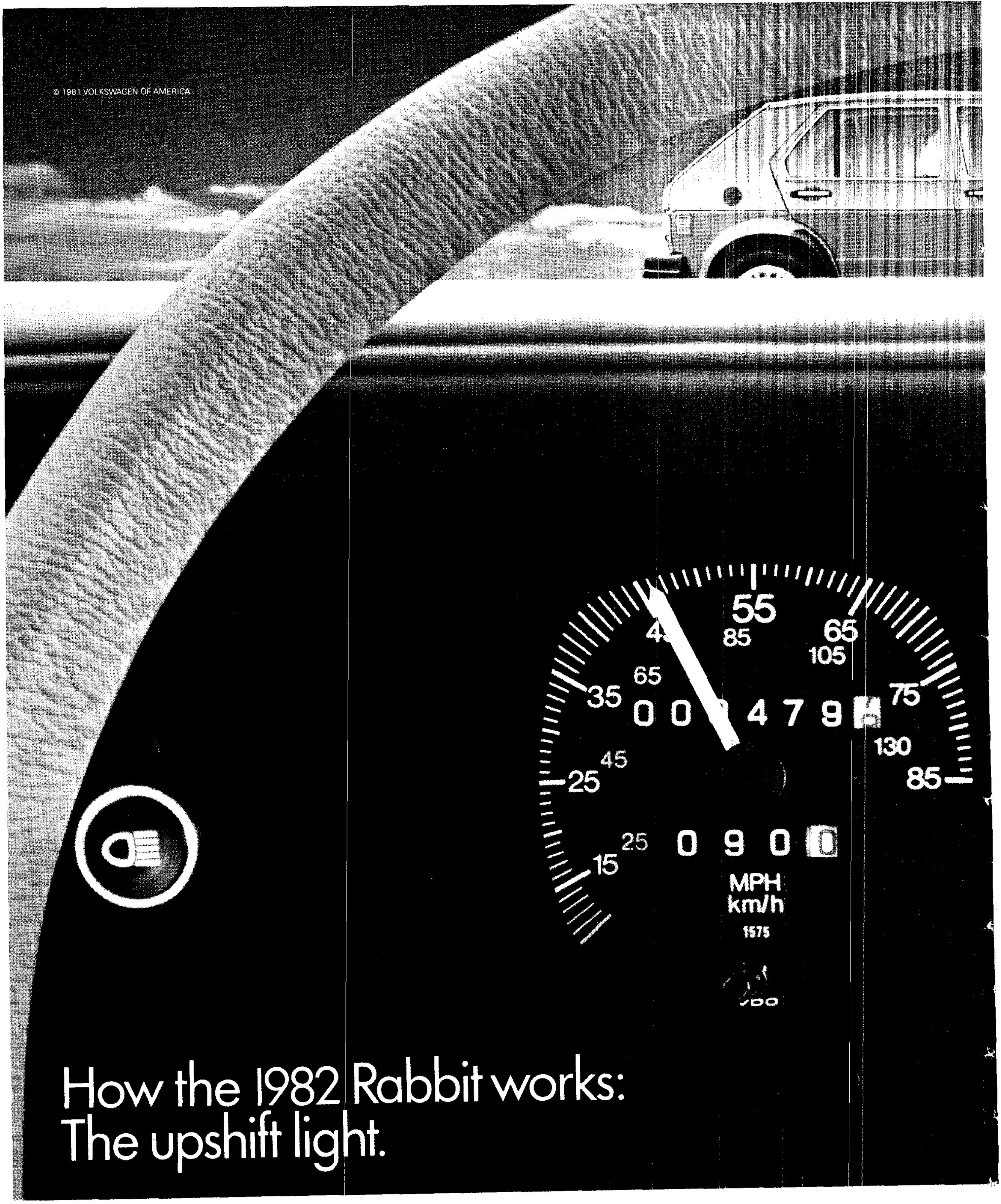

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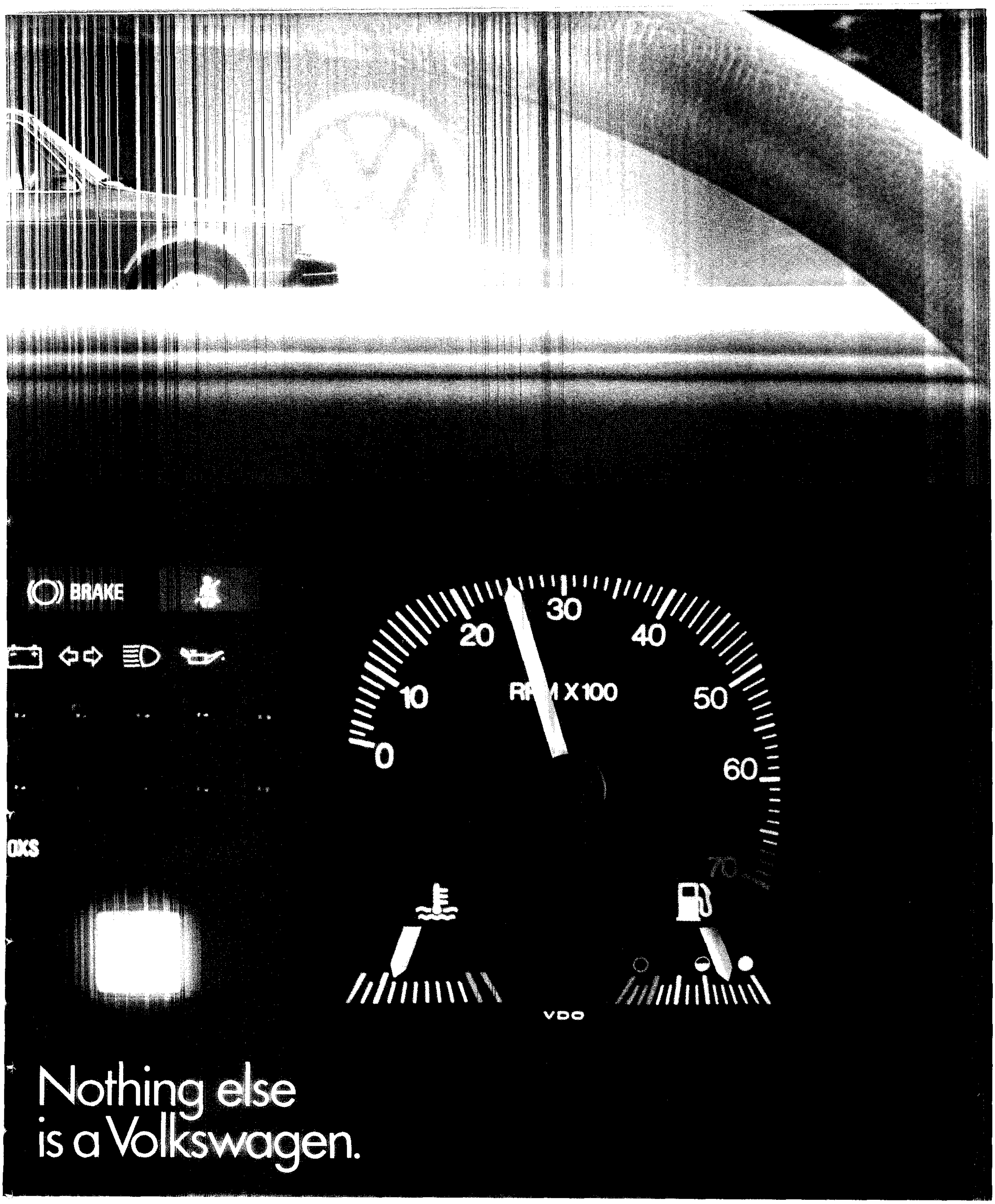

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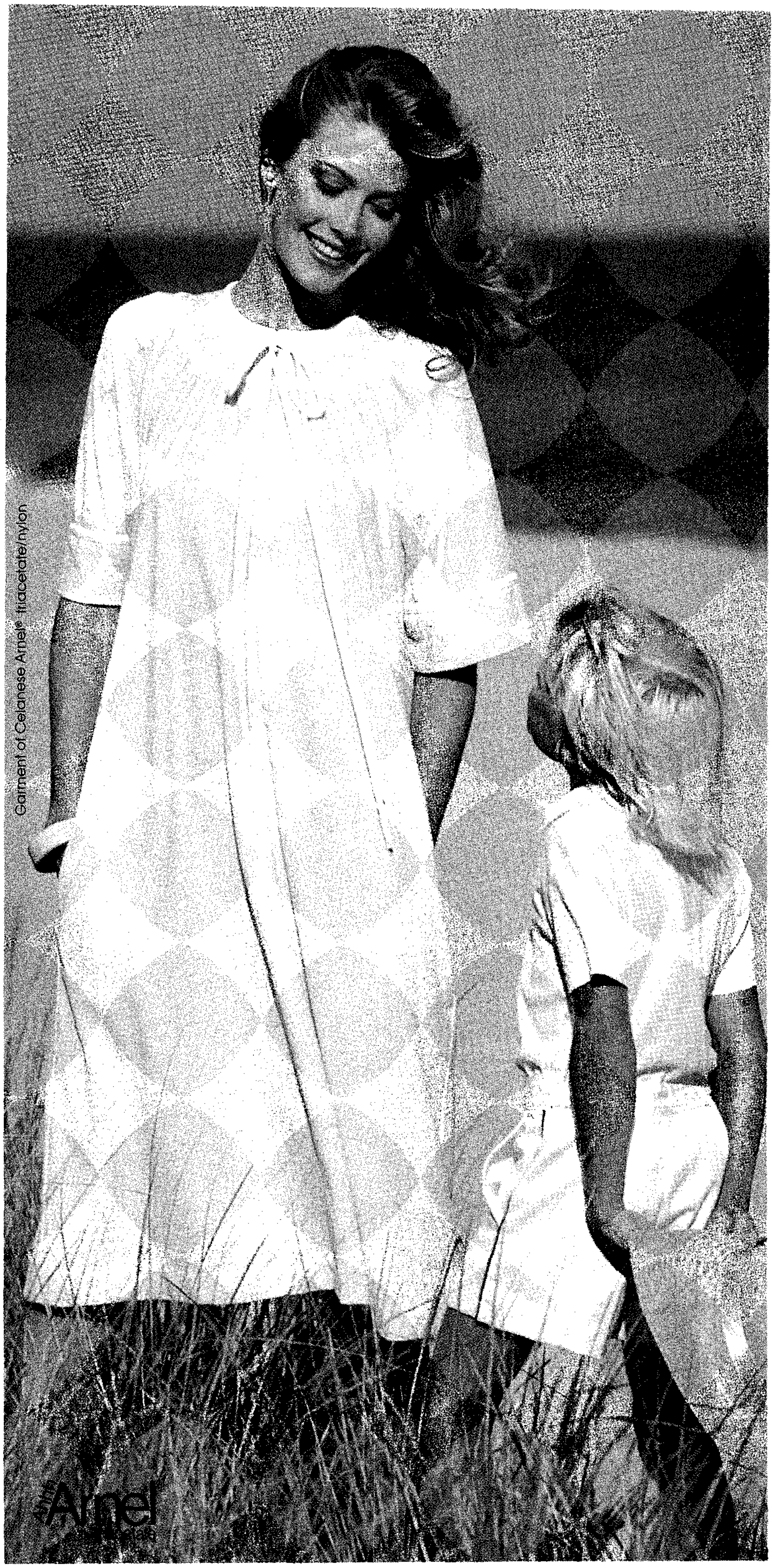
trucks carrying West Berlin products still make their sedate run through the G.D.R., but nothing alters the fact that there were two hundred and eighty thousand industrial workers in West Berlin in 1974 and today there are a hundred and eighty thousand. Workers in West Berlin right now make cigarettes—something the Anatolian Turks can do with simple machines and no secret circuits or components—and they process packaged food and manufacture low-quality electronic gadgets. The real business of West Berlin (the only growth industry) seems to be in brains—the business of education and culture and, of course, counterculture. There are local economists who maintain that the way for the city to revive—to break the vicious and debilitating circle that runs from subsidy to *Filz* to failure to more subsidy—is with its one proved and successful product: its scholars and scientists and artists. They want the city to specialize in the manufacture, so to speak, of highly sophisticated mental labor for the West German market—and to divert the vast amounts of money spent on industrial promotion to giving Berliners a better life. There are already two enormous universities in Berlin—the Free University and the Technical University, which includes a teachers' training college and an art institute—with seventy-five thousand students between them, and staffs of nearly thirty thousand. There are a hundred and eighty-five research institutes of one sort or another, like the Max Planck and the Wissenschaftszentrum, with nearly five thousand full-time fellows. And there is what Berliners call "official culture"—a three-hundred-and-fifteen-million-marks-a-year culture budget that seems to cover everything going on in town, from the Deutsche Oper to the rock concerts to the tents for the latest "alternative" circus to a mysterious happening called Festival of Fools.

Obviously, conventional industry has nowhere to expand here. The wall stops it. Even as it is, people complain about industrial pollution. They suffer from an endemic claustrophobia that leaves them terribly concerned about the little space, the little air they have. Bonn has tried to relieve some of this claustrophobia over the years with subsidized plane fares—two hundred and twenty marks (ninety-eight dollars) round trip to Hannover, three hundred and fifty to Frankfurt—and with delicately negotiated access high-



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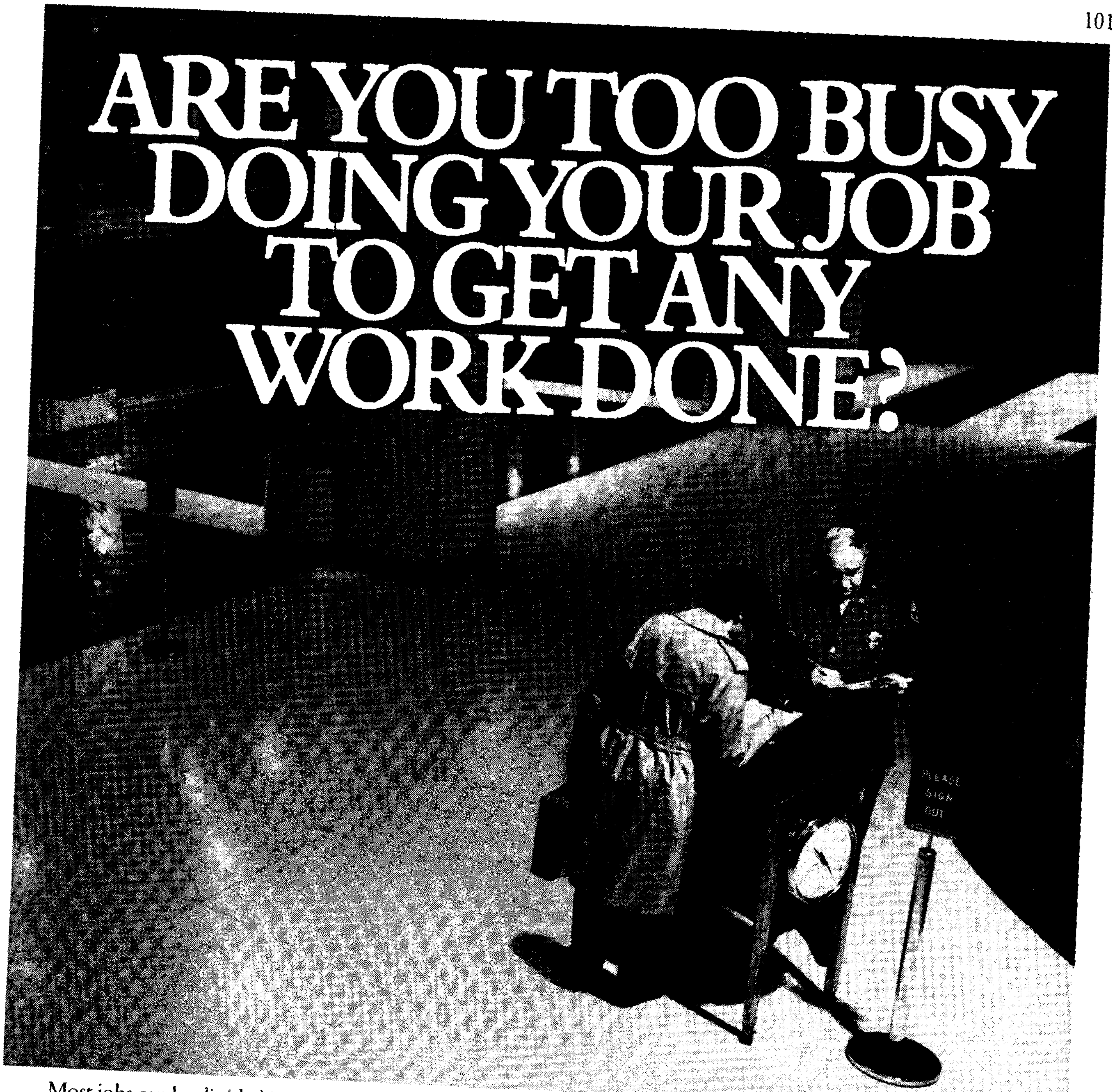
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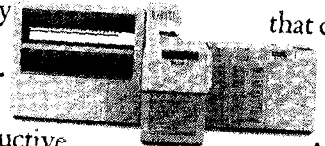

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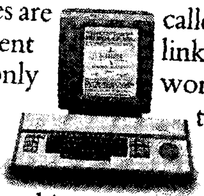

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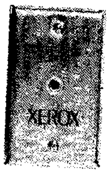

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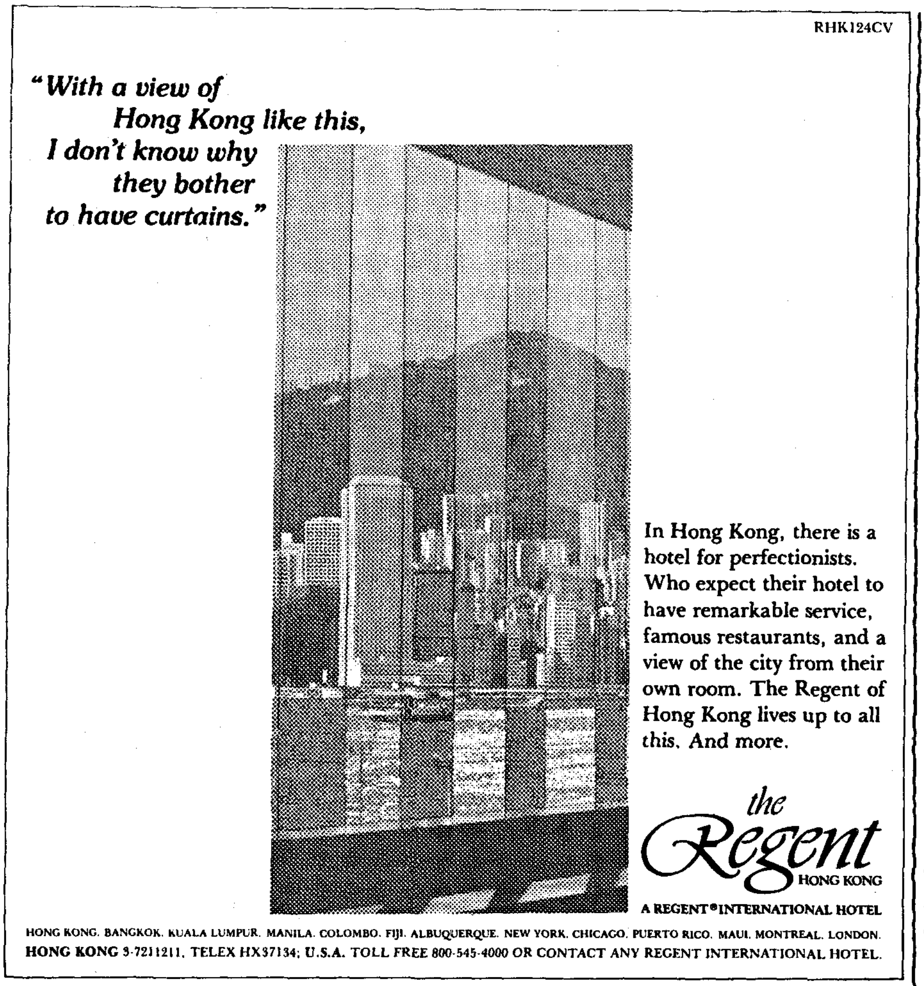
RIGHT now, nothing else about Berlin is quite as real as the wall. Not the economy. Not the politics. Not the American Army and its bungalow suburbs, where teen-age wives from the Ozarks live out their tour of duty on a diet of alcohol and doughnuts—and, it is said, sometimes do go crazy looking at the wall and beat their babies. It is not just the drugs or the famous "scene," or even the draft exemption enjoyed by every resident of the city, that draws so many young West Germans to Berlin—it is this unreality, this sense of psychic as well as physical distance from the real German world, where a crude prosperity seems to count for so much more than reflection and balance. A lot of these young Berliners sound completely vacant when they talk about themselves or about what they want here, but then they lack a kind of citizenship—they lack that sense of nationality that has not simply, aggressively ignored the past but has confronted and come through it. Berlin, in a way, corroborates their confusion. Within its wall, it is the freest city in the world. For the young, life here is a life lived against official culture and official politics—a way of leaving home and still collecting one's allowance. They sense, accurately, that everyone here is in his own way just as cynical, just as subversive as they are—the tenured bureaucrat, the coddled German worker, the farmed-out corporate manager, the dissident intellectual. West Berlin's protest-by-instinct population supports a daily underground newspaper—*Tageszeitung*, which everyone calls *Tats*—along with two thousand "alternative" businesses, in-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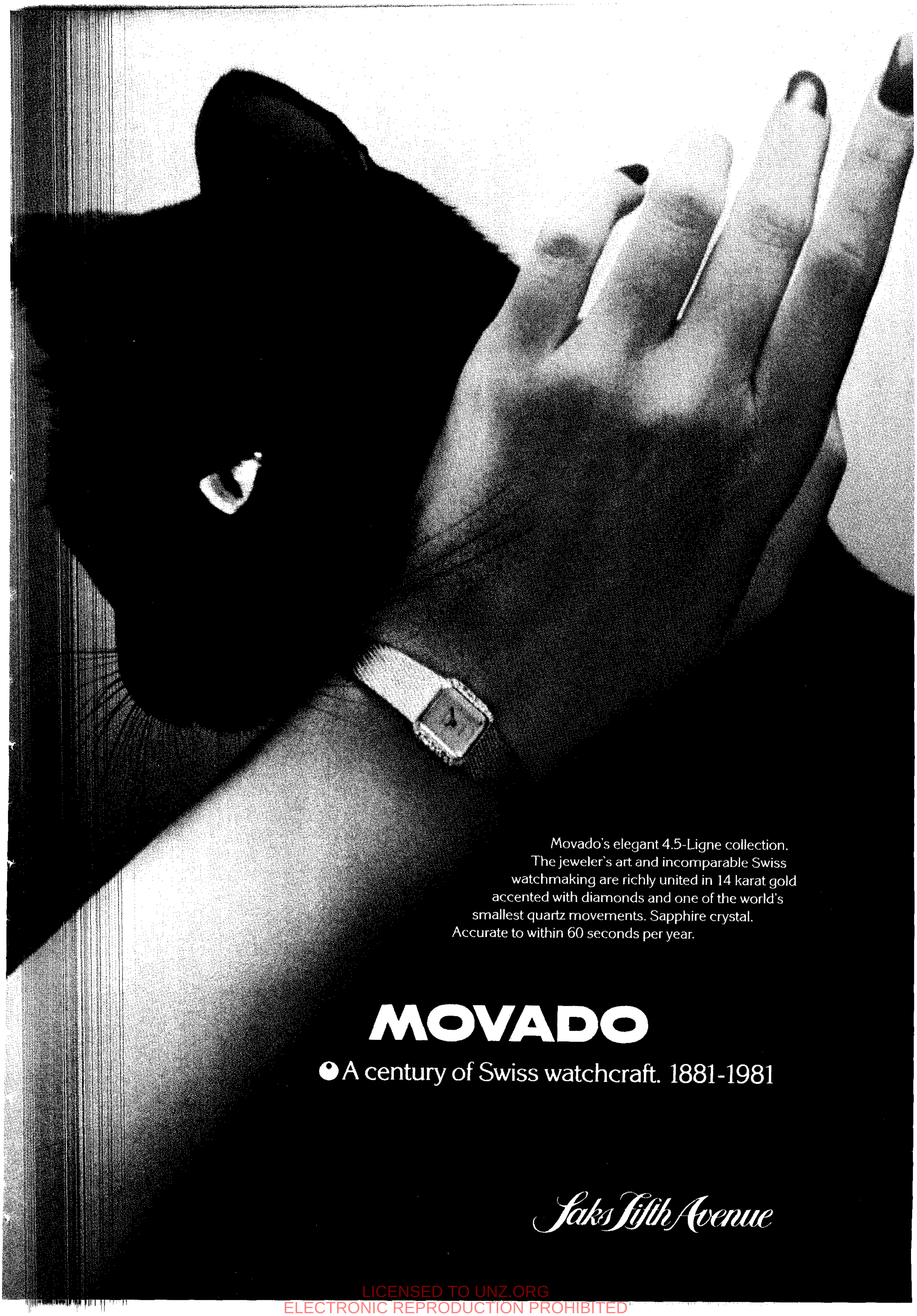

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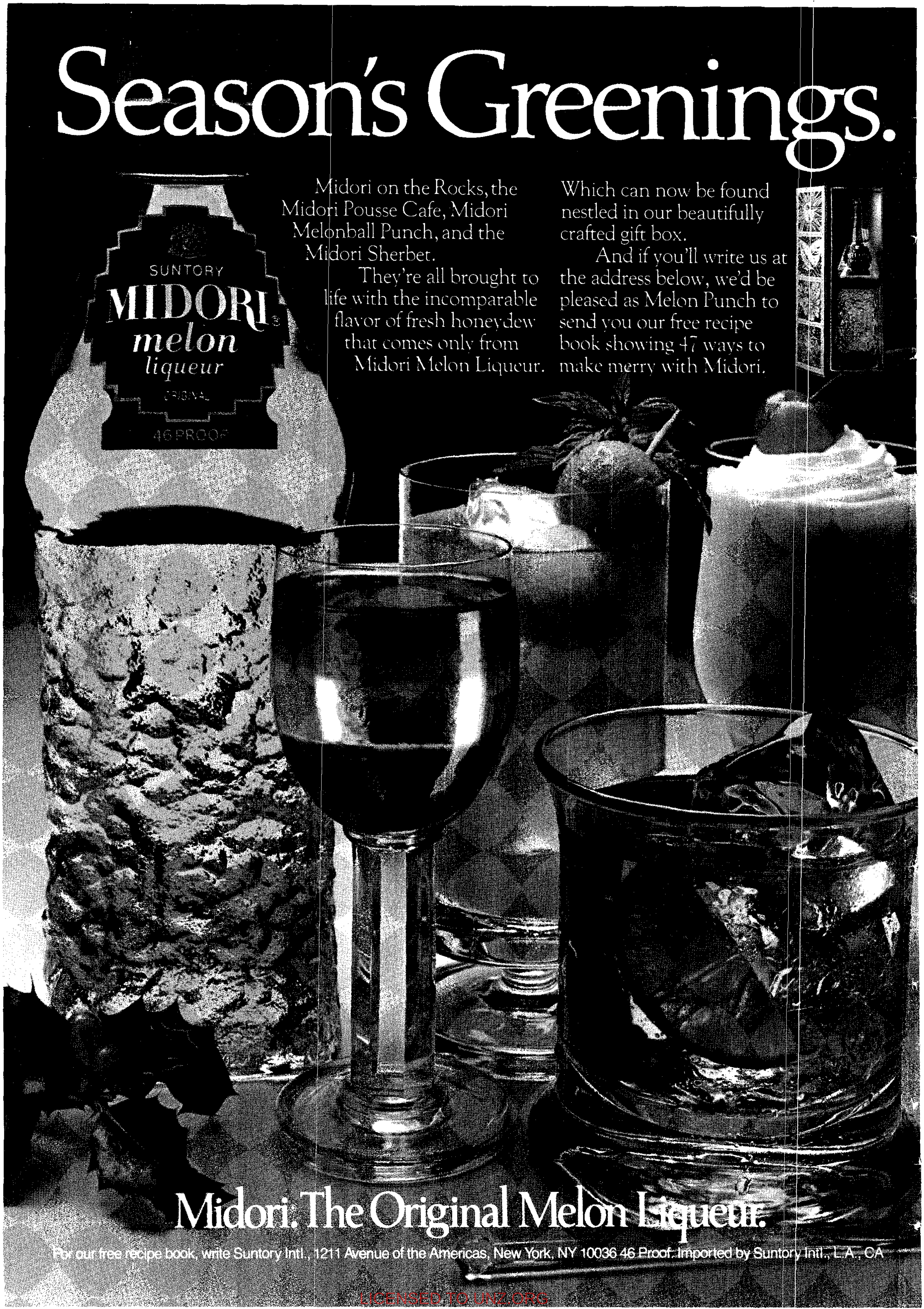

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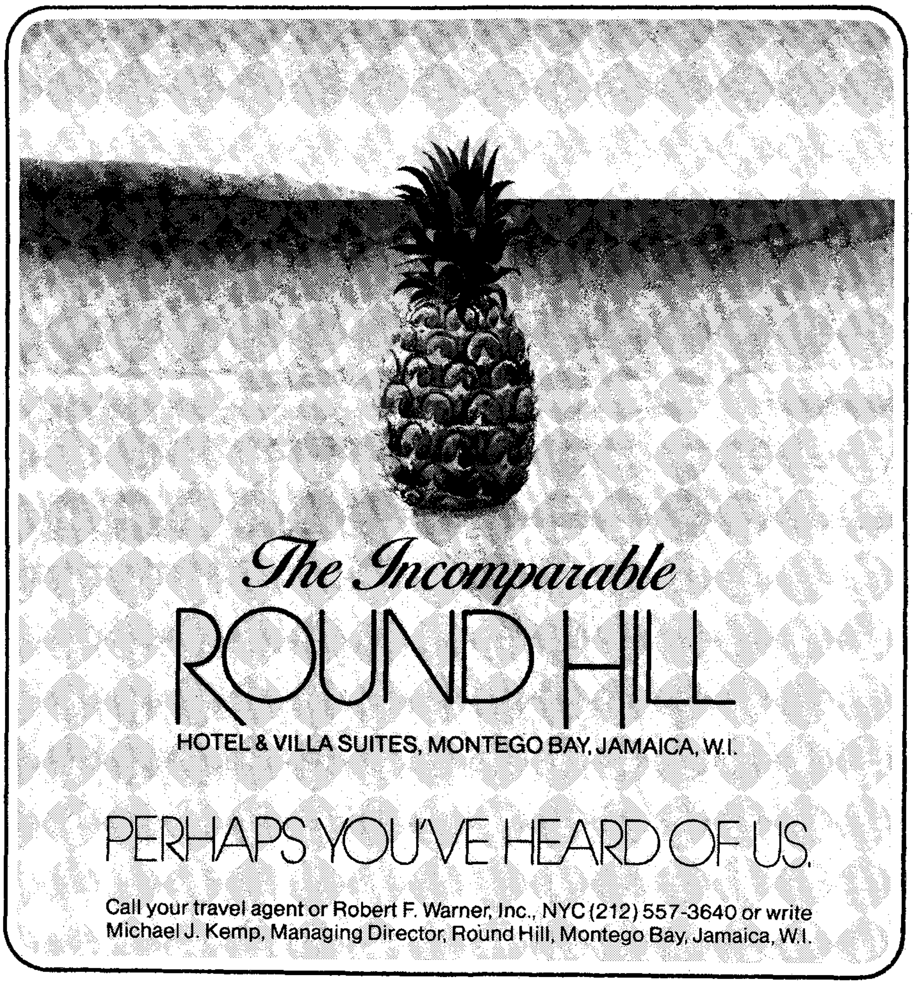

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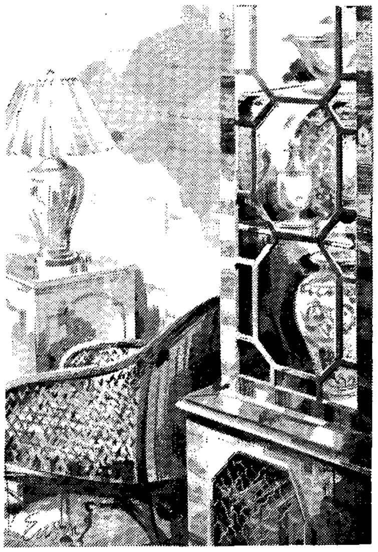

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tions" and got, according to today's students, so little for it. Gaus himself worries about a kind of cult of irrationalism among students now. They remind him of young Germans at the beginning of the century, who were idealistic and peaceful and loved nature and, on principle, despised technology—and were so intensely, arrogantly unpolitical that *it took only* thirty years to turn their Wandervögel into the Hitler Youth. The young in other German cities are still "recoverable," as the politicians say, for party politics. They are the anti-nuke people and the anti-NATOs and the pacifist left of the Social Democratic Party and the young parents protesting the expansion of the Frankfurt airport. But in Berlin that group went over to West Germany when Willy Brandt did. The young in Berlin today look at the politicians who run the country, and conclude that the line between pragmatism and opportunism has long ago been crossed. They drop out. They squat. They pass the hat for Solidarity when they are demonstrating against American cruise missiles or Alexander Haig. They confuse their causes. Students here used to spend forty or fifty hours a week sitting on committees they invented in the name of popular democracy. Now, according to one of the teachers at the Free University, they are very sensitive, they can't bear tension, they sulk like children when anything is demanded of them.

Students come to Berlin—more than half the students at the Free University are from West Germany—looking for a scene, because West Germany is in many ways a country without a scene. They find that Berlin is a scene without a country. The best of West Berlin is a transplant, brought over with the subsidies and the tax breaks and the sealed trucks full of Common Market pears and oranges to complete the illusion of a rich and normal life. Many of the good artists and writers and musicians here are paid to be here. They are imported—and with imagination—but apart from Peter Stein's Schaubühne, which is one of the great theatre companies of Europe, and the monument of Herbert von Karajan's Berlin Philharmonic, the city buys much more "Berlin culture" than it produces. It may be, as people who leave Berlin for Hamburg or Munich claim, that culture in Berlin is as stale as the government—that Berlin has to import its artists and performers the way the political parties

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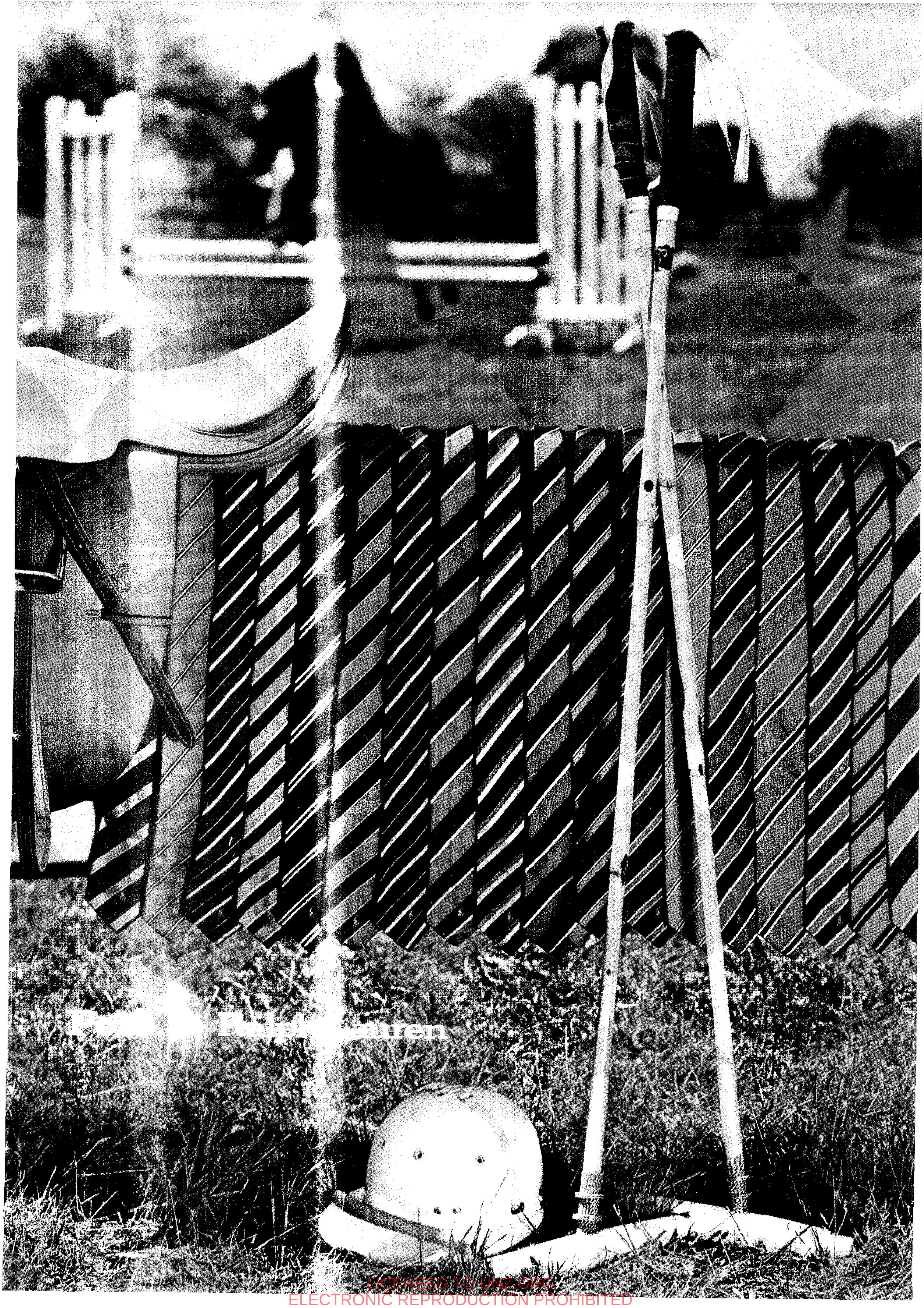
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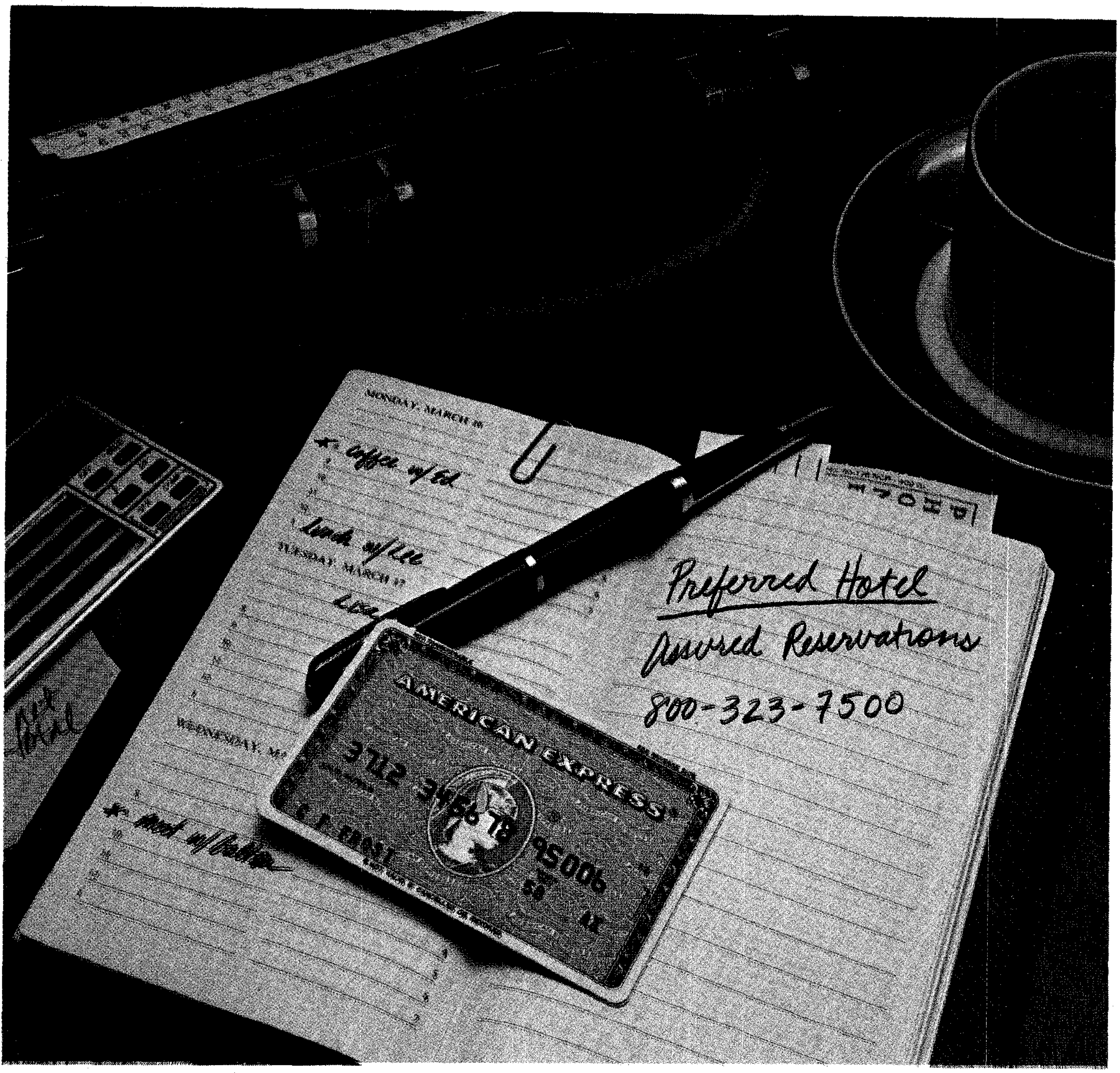
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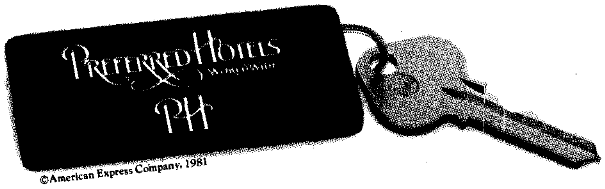
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have to import their politicians. Or it may be that by now the city has a chronic case of *Mauerkrankheit*, which leaves it nervous and insecure and in need of large doses of entertainment as well as attention from the outside.

Berliners are neurotic, guilty people—like New Yorkers. It is one of the things that a busy West Germany cannot forgive them for. In West Germany this fall, people were talking about Schmidt's new budget, with its twenty-billion-mark cuts in social services and pensions and corporate credits, and complaining about the ten billion marks that will still be going to support Berlin, where the tax on salaries is thirty per cent less than the tax *they* pay, and the tax on corporate profits almost twenty-five per cent less, and where one con man can not only bring down the government but disappear with money that West Germany probably supplied. But in West Berlin this fall people were talking about the implications of an exhibition here concerned with Prussian history and culture, and about whether an art gallery on Meinekestrasse was right or wrong in mounting a retrospective of Arno Breker, who flourished under Adolf Hitler. A few hundred of them bought space in the local papers and signed a protest against the gallery, and then the gallery tried to sue for libel, claiming that the words "Nazi exhibit" in the protest damaged its reputation, not to mention its honor, and then the West German Sculptors' Association got involved. In some ways, this is still the capital.

—Jane Kramer

•

The little game of "madverbs" got some attention here recently. Probably that was what inspired Mrs. Josie Wellborn of Pasadena to try her hand at a somewhat similar exercise, with:

"Good morning Mr. HOLLAND, I see EUROPE early today. Did you walk over? No, IRAN. I suppose you're HUNGARY, so if you'll RUSSIA to the table I'll FIJI. Well, gimme a CUBA sugar to SWEDEN my coffee. I'll take FRENCH toast, CANADIAN bacon, SWISS cheese omelet and ENGLISH muffins.

"Nice place you have here. I do admire the CHINA. The coffee was fine; I'll have SAMOA. And would you please fix me a lunch for the RHODES? I'll take a BOLOGNA sandwich, BREST of TURKEY, a little CHILE—but no GREECE, please. And I'll want a slice of POLISH ham (but leave off the RHINE).

"Can you let me have some change? I'll need to call SYDNEY and FLORENCE before I go. ASIA can see, folks, I HAITI RUSSIA off, but I'm a little LEYTE. ABYSSINIA!"—*Houston Chronicle*.

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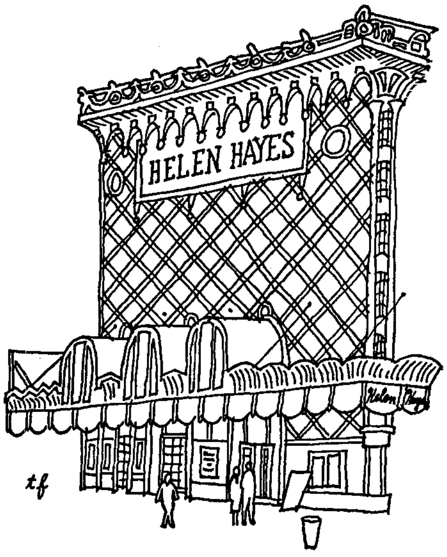
"The First," at the Martin Beck, is an exceptionally ambitious musical. It has an important theme (the injustice practiced by white Americans against black Americans), subject matter that satisfactorily embodies that theme (the musical is a partial biography of Jackie Robinson, the first black baseball player to be admitted to the major leagues), and an entertaining plot (the winning of a National League pennant by the Brooklyn Dodgers, thanks in large part to Robinson). Besides Robinson, whose courage and intelligence would entitle him to serve as the natural hero of any folk tale, several vivid characters have been plucked from real life, among them Branch Rickey, president of the Dodgers, who was called The Mahatma and who dared to break the unwritten law that excluded black athletes from major-league play; Leo Durocher, manager of the Dodgers, who bore (and with reason) the unlovely nickname of The Lip; Rachel Robinson, Jackie's steadfast wife; Clyde Sukeforth, a Dodger coach; and Pee Wee Reese, the Dodger shortstop. The musical covers the period between 1945 and 1947, and ends with a literally dazzling evocation of a night ballgame at Ebbets Field, in the shabby Elysium of Flatbush; for this feat alone, the designer of the scenery, David Chapman, and the designer of the lighting, Marc B. Weiss, should win whatever pennants are available to them in their respective lines of work.

It is one thing to be ambitious and another thing to succeed in one's ambitions, and I fear that "The First" is too didactic for its own good. It tells an attractive story in a relentlessly primerlike fashion. We are shown again and again the racist bigotry that surrounded Robinson, and then we are told about it, not only in the book (by Joel Siegel and Martin Charnin) but in the songs as well (music by Bob Brush, lyrics by Mr. Charnin). What ought to have been conveyed by deft indirection reaches us as a series of monotonously heavy hammer blows. Nevertheless, I was often moved by the show—how can the triumph of virtue over evil not move us, perhaps even to unexpected tears?—and the strength of the acting does much to conceal the weakness of the work. David Alan Grier is well-nigh perfect as the implacably patient but never priggish Robinson, and David Huddleston as the fat, rumpled, hortatory Rickey makes an admirable foil for him. No less admirable in smaller roles are Trey Wilson as Leo Durocher, Court Miller as the invented character Casey Higgins, and Lonette McKee as Rachel Robinson. The costumes have been designed by Carrie Robbins, the musical numbers have been choreographed by Alan Johnson, and the production as a whole has been directed by Mr. Charnin with a piety not unlike that manifested by Parson Weems in his account of the early years of the Father of Our Country.

"Merrily We Roll Along," which closed after sixteen performances at the Alvin, was a blunder, all the more mysterious because it was carried out by some of the least blunder-prone people on Broadway—Hal Prince, who produced and directed it; Stephen Sondheim, who wrote the music and lyrics; and George Furth, who wrote the book. What on earth could have drawn them to this old play by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart? It is a work remarkable only for the fact that its plot unfolds by starting in the present and going back and back through time—a device that reached classic expression in the pursuit of Rosebud in "Citizen Kane." In the new version of "Merrily," we learned astonishingly little about how the hero, Franklin Shepard, and his friends and colleagues were shaped by the events of yesteryear. Shepard is a highly successful songwriter, and we were invited to assume that success, especially in show biz, leads to corruption—a conventional and rubbishy inversion of Parson Weems' sentimental assumptions. Mr. Furth breathed little life into a book bristling with clichés of attitude and language, and for once Mr. Sondheim was unable to turn into memorable song those feelings of alienation and abortive affection he has so often given melodious utterance to. The cast consisted of a large number of young actors and actresses notable chiefly for their eagerness to make good. Jim Walton played Shepard, and Shepard's sidekick, Charley Kringas, was played by Lonny Price as a shamelessly obvious spinoff of Woody Allen; sidekicks should *never* be spinoffs. Among the actresses were Ann Morrison, Sally Klein, and Terry Finn—hard workers all. The set was designed by Eugene Lee, the costumes were designed by Judith Dolan, and the lighting was designed by David Hersey. The negligible choreography was by Larry Fuller. The mercy of memory is its selectivity; this "Merrily" has already joined its predecessor in those dim recesses of my mind that I reserve for the failed efforts of people I admire.

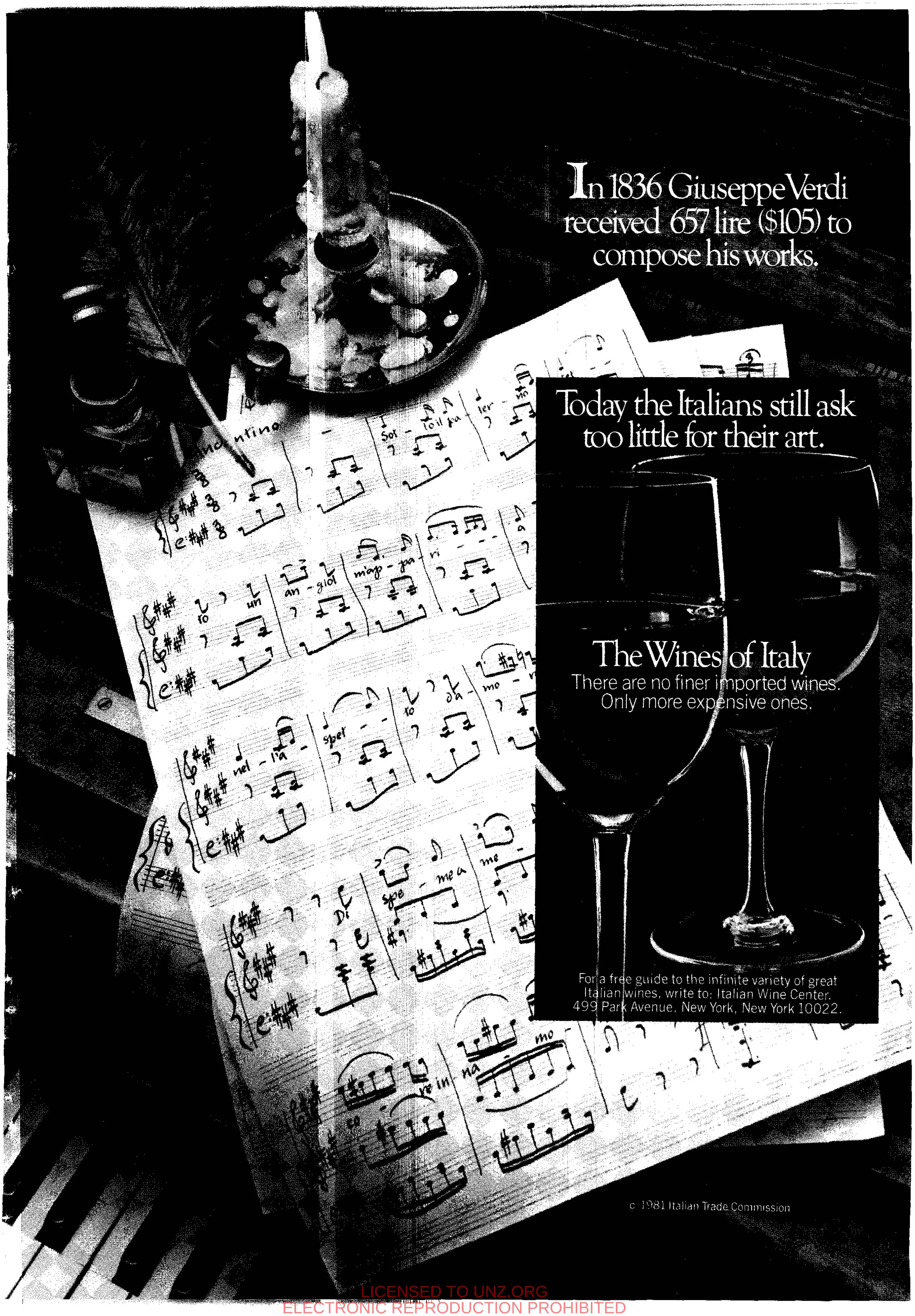
—Brendan Gill



OFF BROADWAY

A Sergeant's Death

Charles Fuller's "A Soldier's Play," which is the Negro Ensemble Company's strong opening production this season, at Theatre Four, is set in Fort Neal, Louisiana, in 1944, and its characters are soldiers, all but four of them members of a black platoon. At the very beginning, in semi-darkness, a black sergeant is shot dead in some sort of brawl. A Captain Davenport, a black lawyer in the Military Police, is sent down to the camp from somewhere up North to investigate the killing. The first resistance he meets is from the white officer in command of the platoon, who is all but certain that the sergeant was shot by a white man in the town—probably a member of the Ku Klux Klan—and is absolutely certain that a black lawyer will never get a conviction. The Negro lawyer is adamant; he has been sent to do a job, and he intends to do it. The play is very cleverly constructed. As Davenport interrogates the men one by one—immediately putting a stop to their delighted informality at seeing one of their own in charge—the events they describe are played in flashback scenes. Each scene, of course, is an encounter with the



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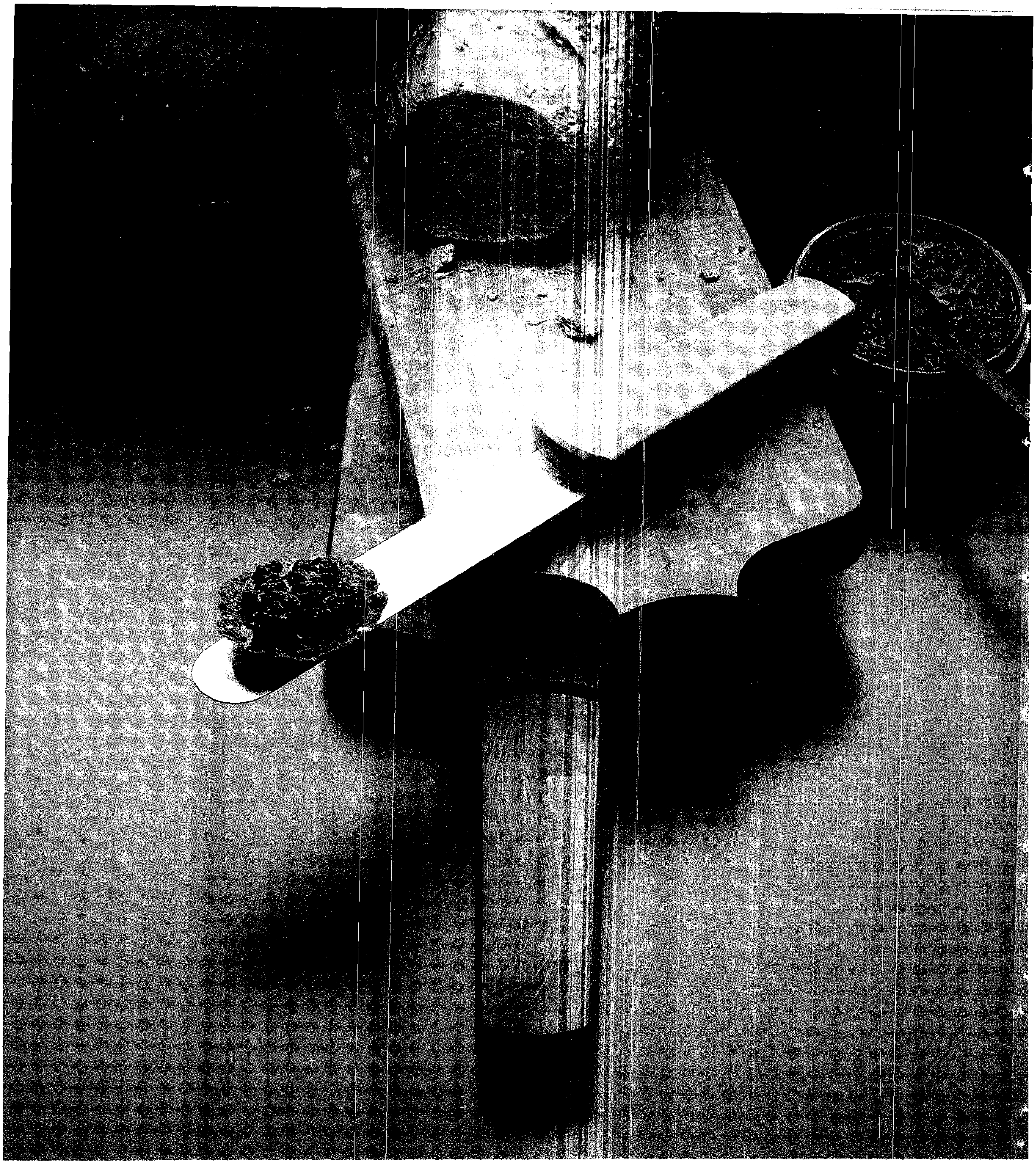

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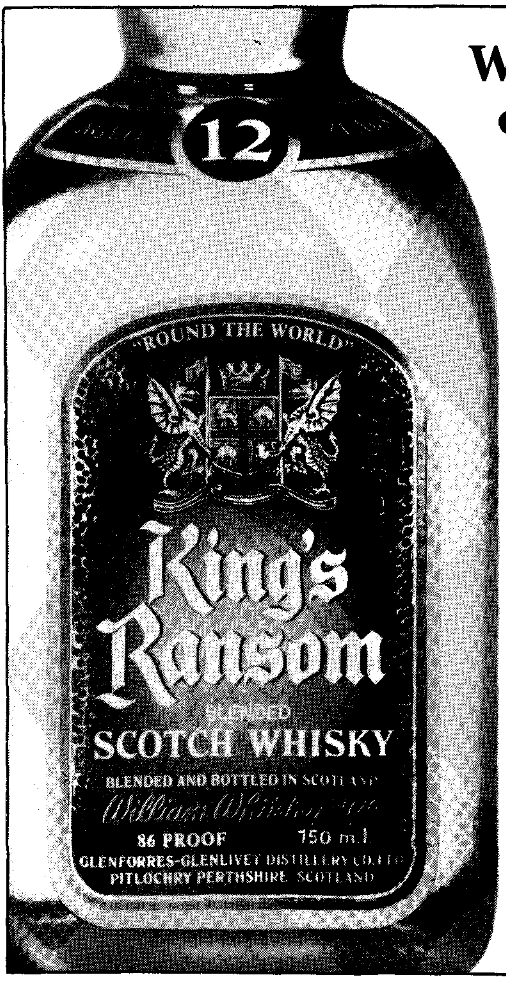
dead sergeant; it is he who is the soldier of the title. A professional Army man, he is a martinet, intolerant of any breach of discipline, and intolerant almost to the point of mania of what he considers "nigger" behavior among his men. He is determined that they are to become soldiers and a credit to the Army, and his particular target is an amiable fellow who smiles a lot and sings and plays the guitar. This sergeant is an extremely complex man. Proud and self-disciplined, though never able to quite conceal his own emotional scar tissue after a career in a white man's Army, he suffers as much as he inflicts suffering. Since "A Soldier's Play" is at least in part a murder mystery, talk about the plot must stop right here. Much more important anyway are the characters, the life they lead, and their reactions to one another.

Under the masterly direction of Douglas Turner Ward, the artistic director of the N.E.C., these characters have clarity and depth, and they are very well played. Adolph Caesar, a company stalwart, gives the performance of his life as the sergeant, which may well be the role of his life. Charles Brown is Captain Davenport —impassioned, controlled and in control. The easygoing, put-upon private, with his guitar and his funny talk, is Larry Riley, who is a good singer as well as a good actor. Also impressive, among the soldiers, are Denzel Washington, Brent Jennings, and Steven Jones. Peter Friedman is the white officer. Scenery by Felix Cochren, costumes by Judy Dearing, sound (unobtrusive) by Regge Life. Last year, the N.E.C. gave us a fine production of "Zooman and the Sign," another fine play by Mr. Fuller, and before that of his stirring "The Brownsville Raid;" he moves from strength to strength.

THE Phoenix's second offering this season, at the Marymount, is a thin-lipped play called "After the Prize," by the English novelist and feminist Fay Weldon. The prize is the Nobel, and the plot—as free and lively as a blueprint—concerns the marriage of two scientists, which comes unstuck after the wife is awarded the prize for her work in particle physics. The husband is so unsettled that he becomes impotent (for five days), and she becomes increasingly vindictive. The two other characters are the wife's rather messy twin sister (the ladies are called Wasp and Bee), whom she hires to help with her fan mail and then to get into bed with the husband as a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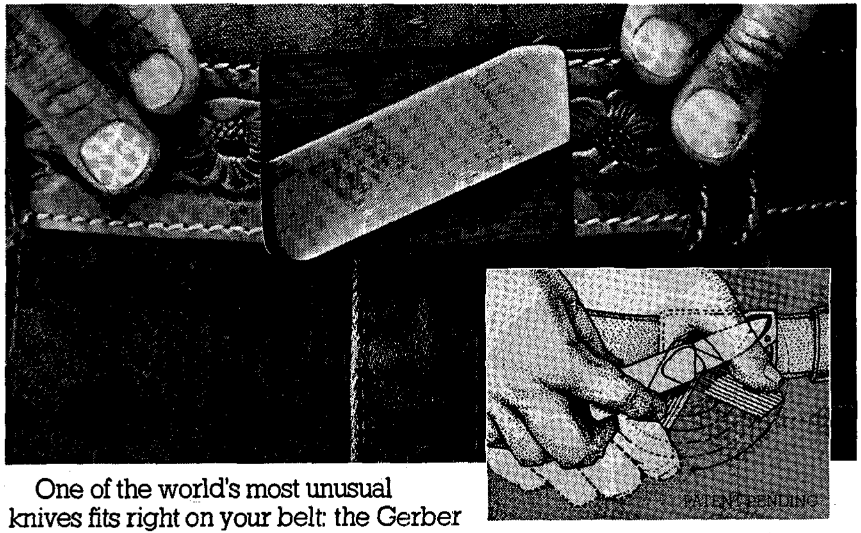

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quick home remedy, and a travelling salesman, who was her lover eighteen years before and deserted her after she became pregnant.

The lines are staccato, which may lead the audience to expect high comedy, but "After the Prize" is not a comedy—there is no wit or humor. Nor is it much of anything else. Miss Weldon's characters are so shallow that they verge on the unplayable, but the Phoenix has assembled four excellent actors who do all that is possible to make them convincing. Veronica Castang, on loan from "Cloud 9"—only for a week or so, happily—is the wife, John Horton is the husband, Lois Markle is the twin, and David McCallum is the faithless salesman. Steven Robman directed. The play will run through December 13th.

THE Tokyo Kid Brothers, a Japanese troupe whose production "The Golden Bat" was one of the joys of the 1970 season, are now presenting at La Mama a spinning rock opera called "Shiro," with book, direction, and lyrics by Yutaka Higashi, and with music by Takashi Yoshimatsu. The story, as outlined in the program—on which I must rely, since most of the lyrics and lines are in Japanese and the interpolated English ones are more endearing than intelligible—is about a young man in present-day Japan who travels back to the mid-nineteenth century and finds himself amidst leaping, howling, sword-brandishing samurai, and also in the presence of a beautiful girl. Fortunately, the story doesn't matter. What does is the strong, magnetic acting of Kyohei Shibata—a true star—in the title role, the liveliness of the performance as a whole, and the beauty of the spectacle. The costumes and dancing are enchanting: there is a storm of cherry blossoms and a dance with a flaming torch and another with whirling parasols. The company is deft, and the high spirits are contagious. Mr. Yoshimatsu's score is very agreeable imitation American. The costumes were designed by Masae Yoshida, and Tamae Sha was the choreographer; the admirable scenery and lighting are by Shigeru Uchida and Haruki Kaido.

—EDITH OLIVER

●

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[*From the Clayton* (*Mo.*) *Times*]

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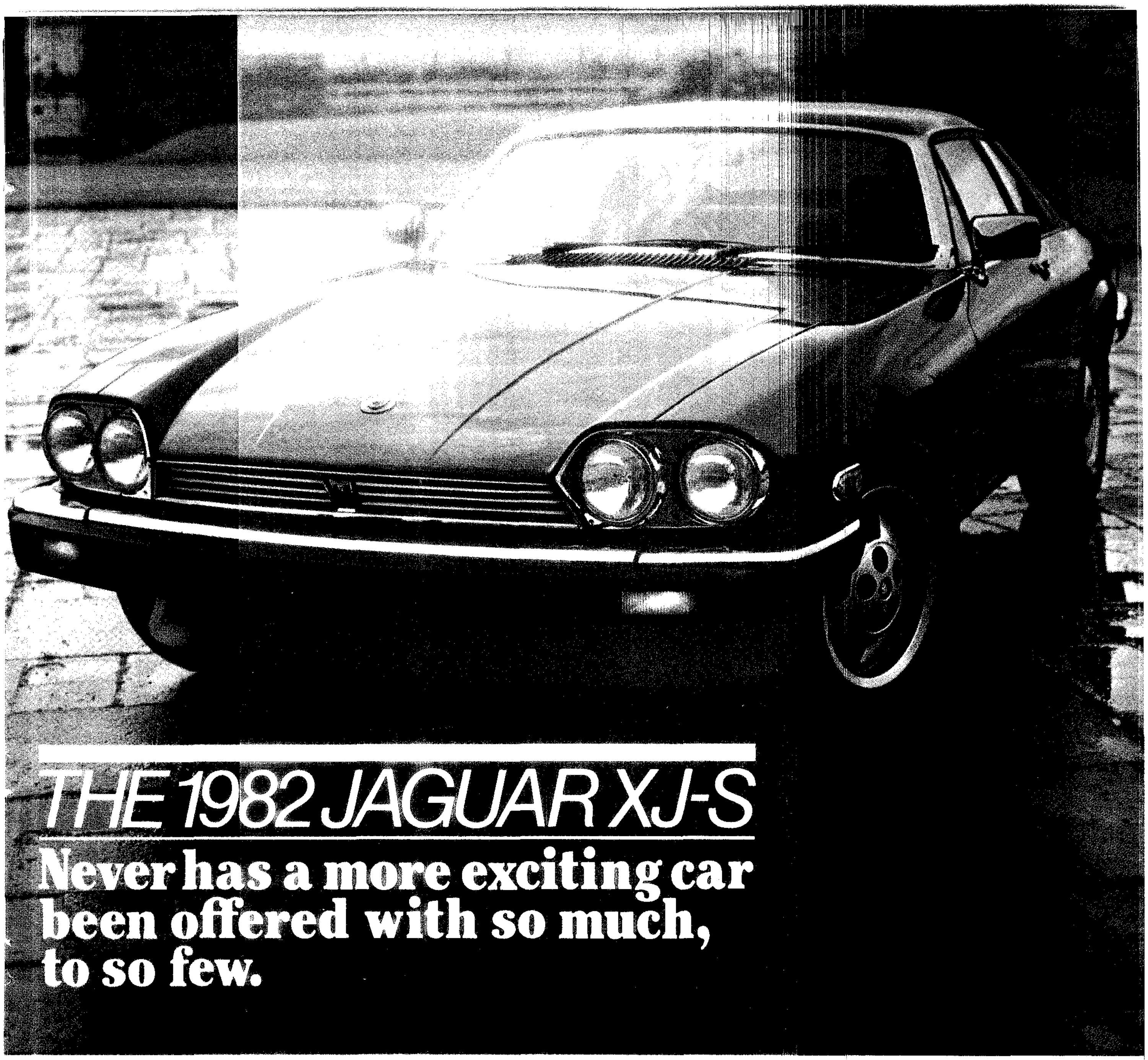

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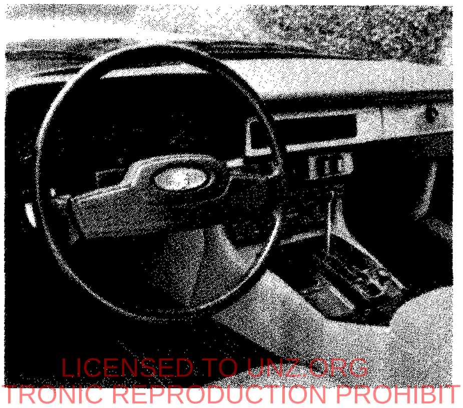

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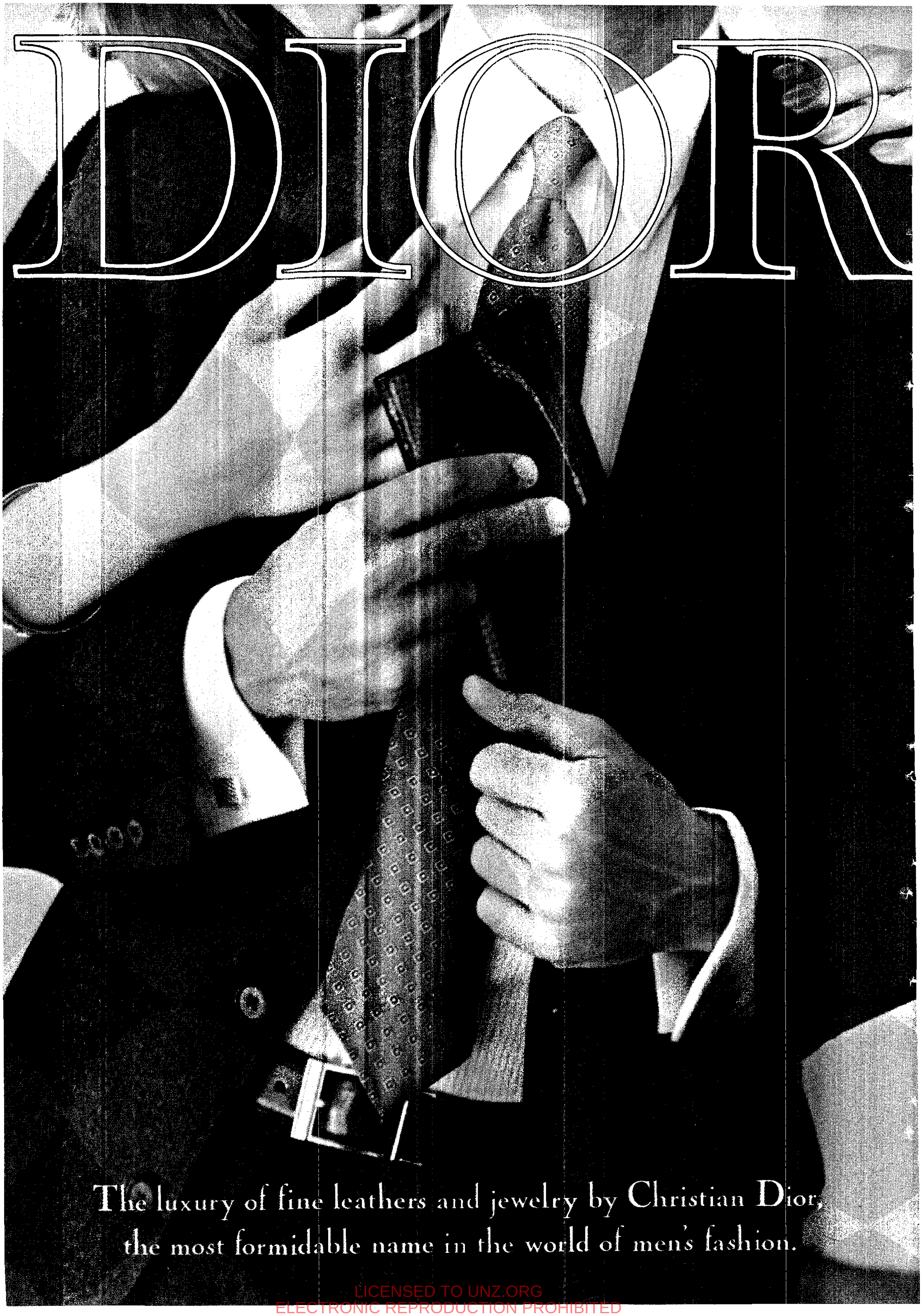

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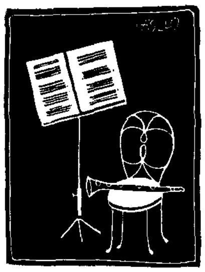
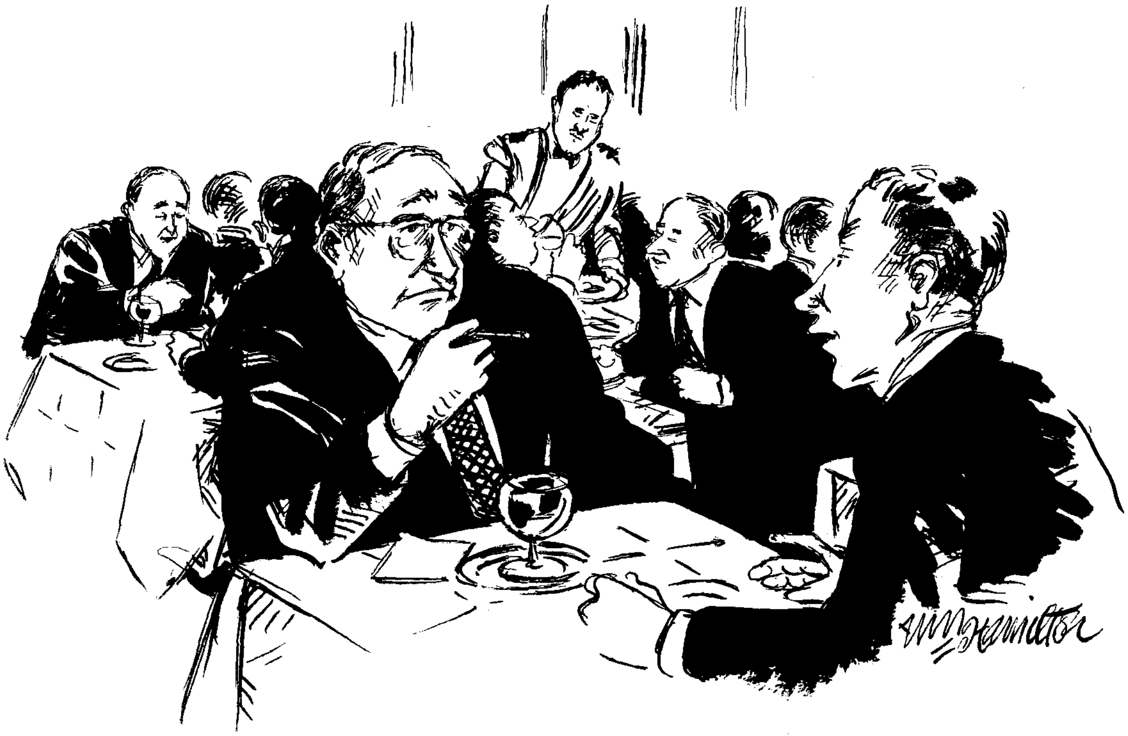
Musica Britannica



PITTSBURGH held a British Festival in November—concerts, operas, plays, lectures, films, and exhibitions devoted to British art. The core around which it grew was three concerts of British orchestral music played by the Pittsburgh Symphony under André Previn. The plan for those was born when the British Council, short of money, had to abandon a scheme for a series of such concerts to be given in New York by one of the London orchestras but agreed to help underwrite some Pittsburgh programs instead. Mr. Previn, during a decade as principal conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, became a champion of "conservative" British music (more accurately, of British music that, however advanced it might once have seemed, in the seventies appealed chiefly to conservative musical taste). With the L.S.O., he recorded Vaughan Williams' nine symphonies and a deal of Walton and Britten. But his enthusiasm for the repertory, he says, dates back to student days and the impressions Walton's Viola Concerto and Britten's "Peter Grimes" made on him then. The bulk of the Pittsburgh programs consisted of Vaughan Williams (the Tallis Fantasy, of 1910, and the Fifth Symphony, of 1943), late Elgar (the Cello Concerto, of 1919), Walton (the Violin Concerto, of 1939, and the Second Symphony, of 1960), and early Britten ("Les Illuminations," of 1940). But each of the first two programs included a contemporary work—Tippett's Triple Concerto (1980) and Oliver Knussen's Third Symphony (1979)—and the third included a seventeen-year-old piece, Variations on a Theme of Karl Amadeus Hartmann, by John McCabe. The three programs were then brought to New York—two of them were played in Carnegie Hall, and the third was played in Avery Fisher Hall—and two of them were taken on to Washington. I heard the New York concerts.

FIRST, a word about the orchestra. The *Times* critic of the first concert, while loftily dismissive of the music played, noted "the improved quality of the Pittsburgh orchestra both in its solo players and in ensemble cohesion" and the "full, pure, and velvety" sound of its strings. The *Times* critic of the third concert said that the "Pittsburgh Symphony seems an honorable but not distinguished orchestra." I'd put it rather more warmly than that, and rate the orchestra above, say, the New York Philharmonic, if somewhere below the Chicago Symphony and the Philadelphia. The Pittsburgh string tone was certainly fuller, warmer, more "singing" than we New Yorkers hear except at the Met and from the best visitors. The woodwinds did not draw attention away from the music onto individual virtuoso prowess, but the episodes of important solo work—the alto flute's duetting with the solo violin in the Tippett concerto, the English horn in the romanza of Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony—lacked neither accomplishment nor eloquence. The brasses never blared out, as Chicago brasses can, to stun us and swamp their colleagues on the platform. Most important—and hardest to describe—was the "feel" of an orchestra that loves and believes in the music it plays, that seeks to communicate its enjoyment, that listens and makes the audience listen, too. In short, Mr. Previn has, to judge by these concerts, led the Pittsburgh Symphony into America's top orchestra league. It was well tuned. It was well balanced, and when it sounded less than ideally balanced the reasons seemed to be, first, the lopsided seating plan Mr. Previn favors (high strings clumped on the left, low strings clumped on the right) and, second, the conductor's tendency to stress the top line even in such passages as the allegro in the first movement of Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony, which should be a fugato dialogue between equals, not a first-violin theme with accompaniment.

I wrote about Tippett's new concerto after its performance in Toronto last year. The Pittsburgh performance was keener—more sensitive, masterly, and beautiful. There were three fine soloists, leaders of their sections: Fritz Siegal, violin; Randolph Kelly, viola; and Anne Martindale Williams, cello. In January, the Boston Symphony brings the concerto to Carnegie with its original soloists and conductor:



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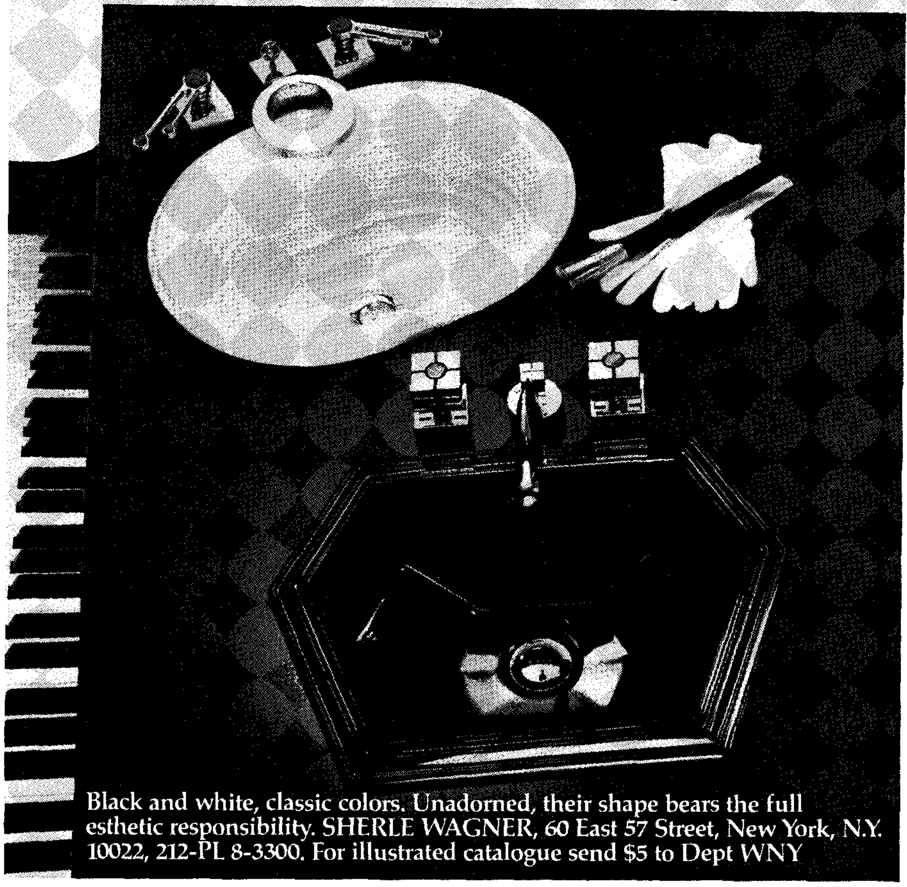

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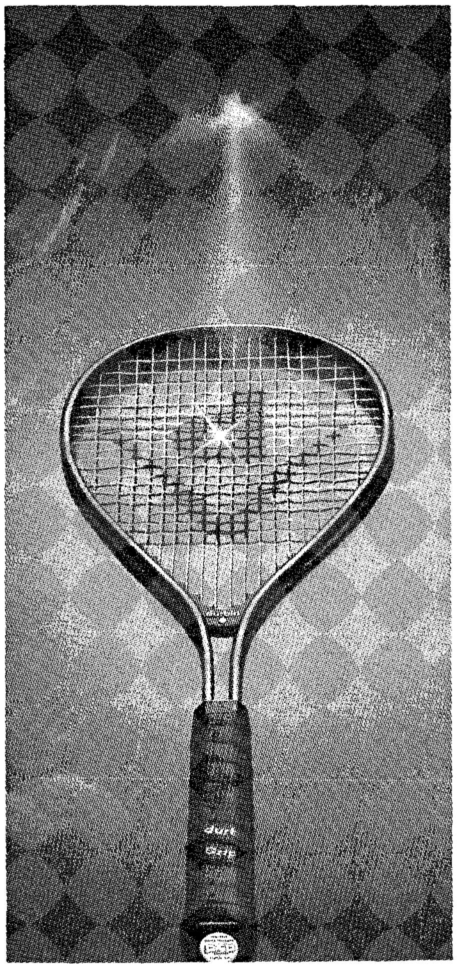

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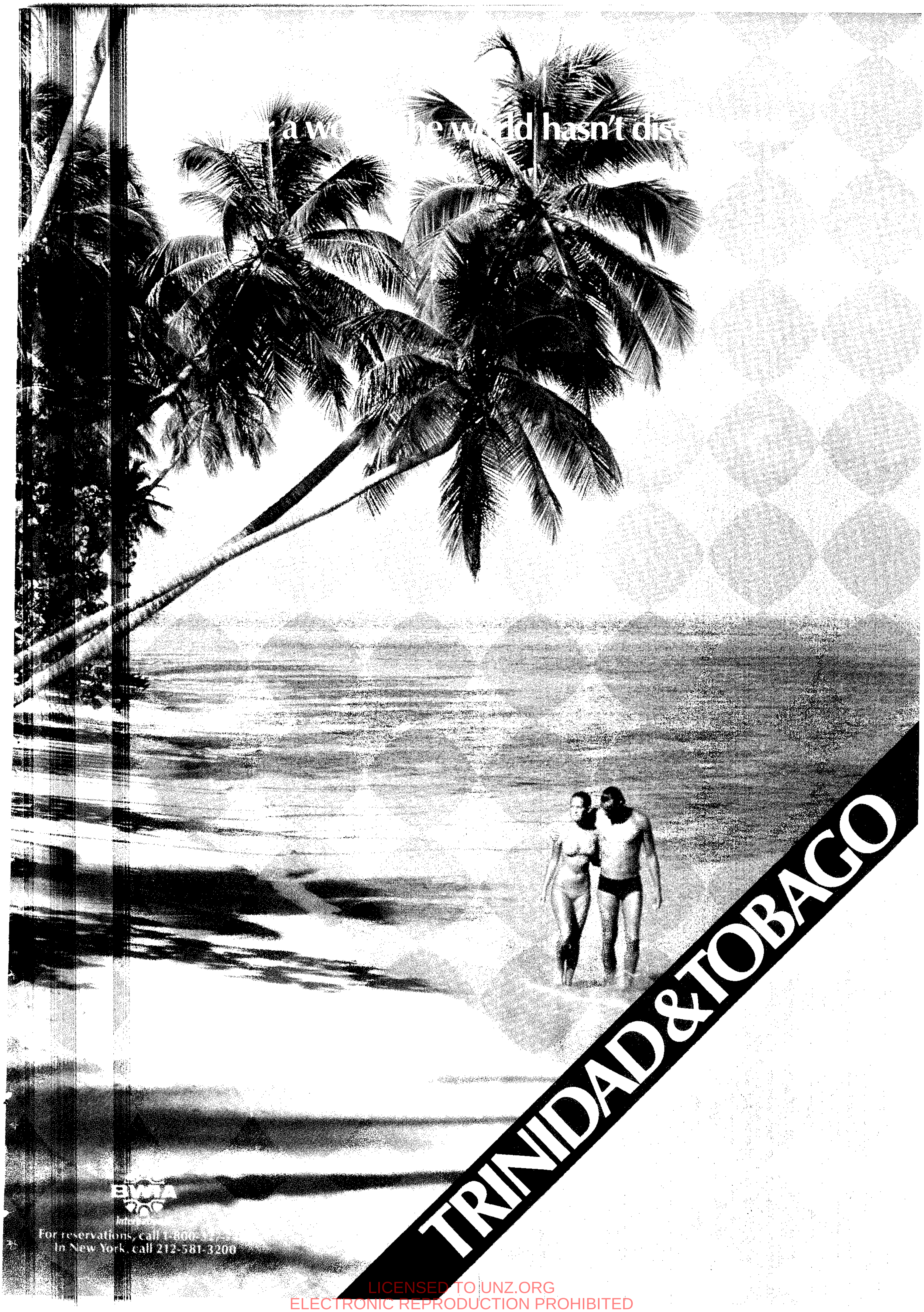
A British critic has called Knussen "the most formidably equipped composer of his British generation." (He is twenty-nine.) Another finds that his sound has "a vitality and physicality unequalled by any of his contemporaries that I've heard." I've been away from England too long to assess the comparatives, but his Third Symphony is certainly a rich and wonderful stretch of orchestral sound—a brief piece (lasting about fifteen minutes) packed with arresting and beautiful ideas. It was a long time in the making. In January, 1973, Knussen began work on a symphonic poem about Ophelia planned to consist of, he wrote in a program note, "a turbulent preparatory movement, the crucible out of which Ophelia's madness is born," followed by "a set of dances (a sort of wordless setting of Ophelia's mad songs), and a slow cortège-finale suggested by the famous Pre-Raphaelite pictures." Michael Tilson Thomas requested the work for the Boston Symphony, but a year later only the first section, "Introduction and Masque," was ready; Mr. Thomas conducted it in Boston in 1974. Five years—and several smaller, related compositions—later, the Third Symphony had its first performance, at a London Prom, also conducted by Mr. Thomas. It was now a diptych; there had meanwhile appeared "Ophelia Dances," No. 1, for chamber ensemble (which was played in Pittsburgh by the Pittsburgh New Music Ensemble during the festival). The "masque" reaches its climax in a huge, sustained twelve-note chord. It leads directly into the "cortège," a set of variations on a slow chorale theme treated as a ground across which the ideas of the first part, altered but still recognizable, pass in review.

Knussen was thrown into the limelight when at the age of fifteen he conducted his Opus 1, a First Symphony, with the L.S.O. Several commissions followed that confident start; so did a period of uncertainty, when ideas flowed as freely as ever but getting them into shape, finding the definitive form for each piece, proved difficult. Knussen's Second Symphony, settings of Georg Trakl and Sylvia Plath, was commissioned for the 1970 Windsor Festival, but only a preliminary version, without the finale, was ready in time. The whole symphony was performed at Tanglewood in 1971, conducted by Gunther Schuller, and then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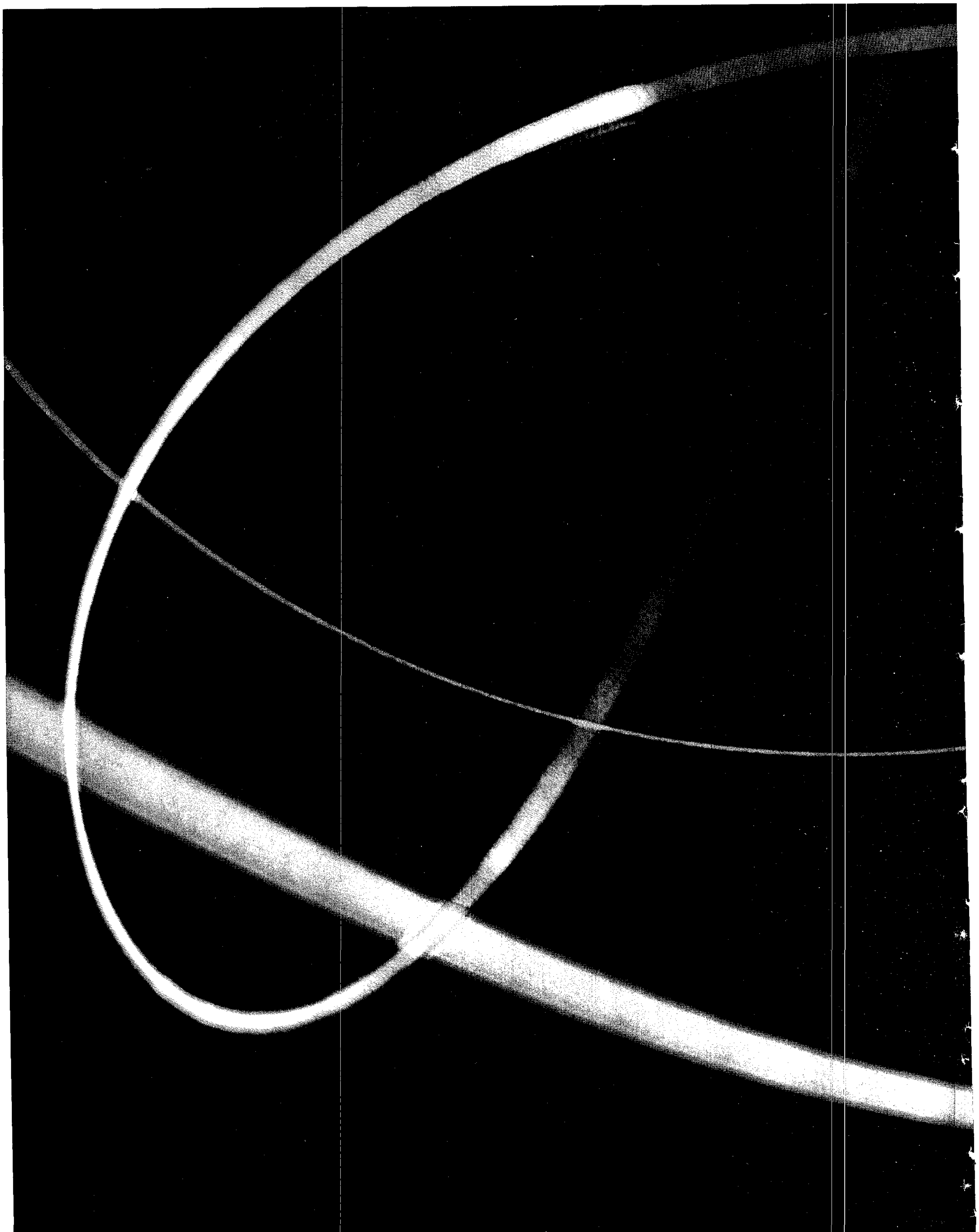

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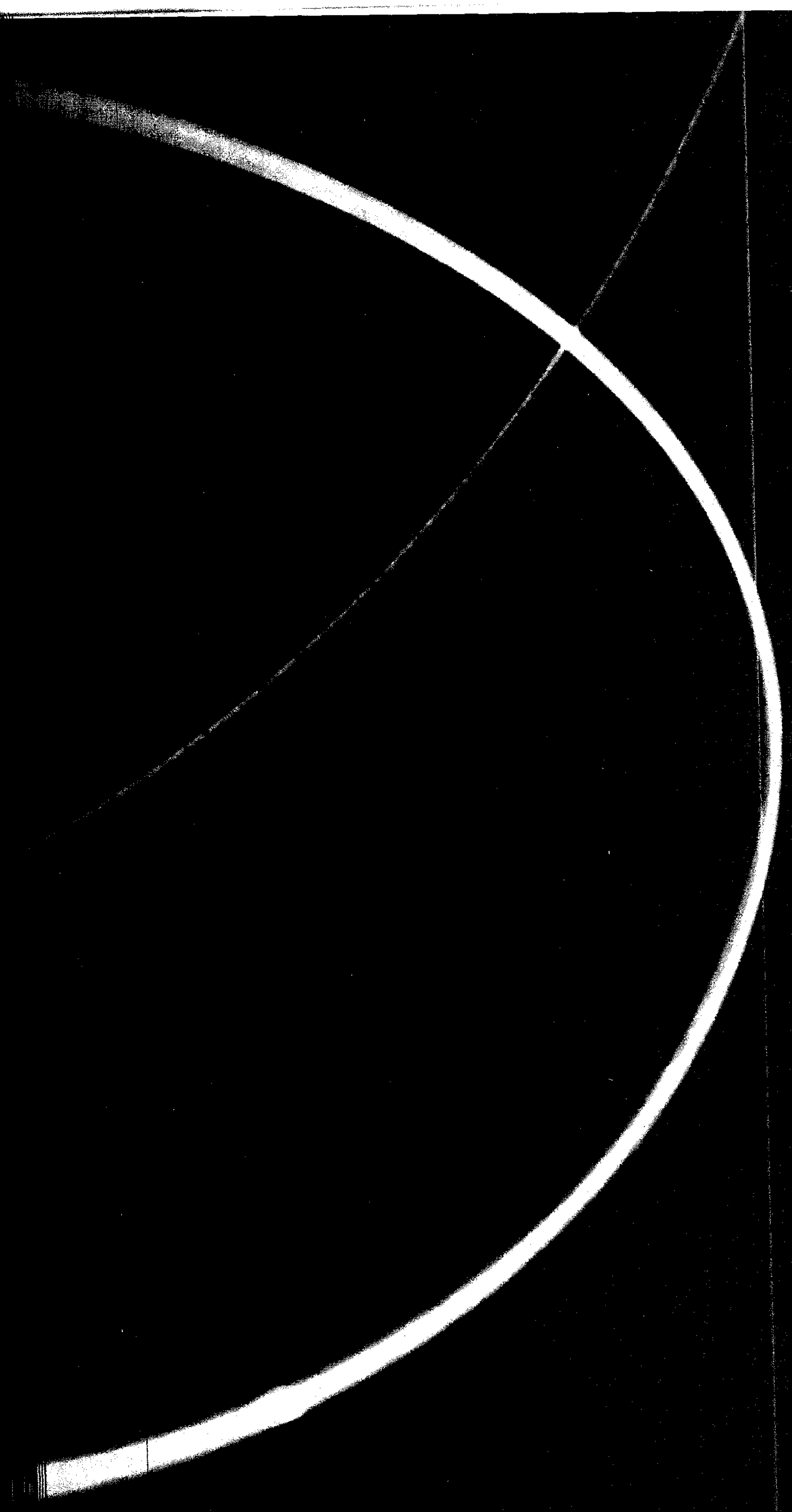

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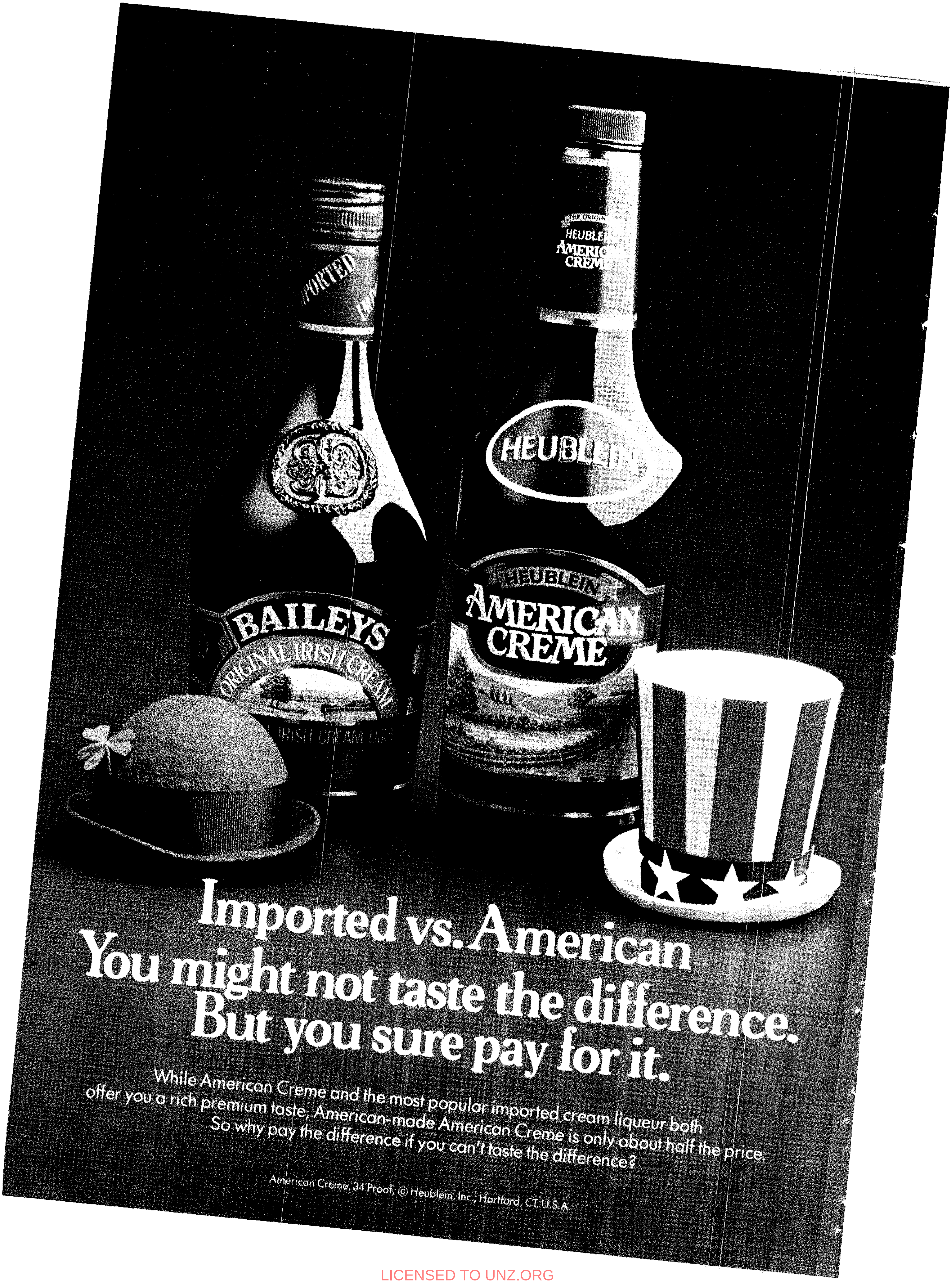
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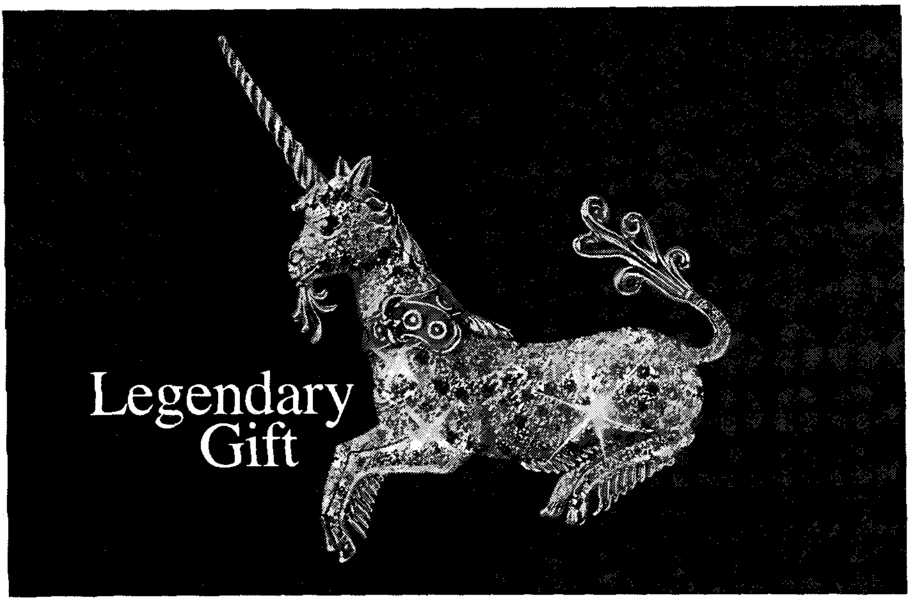
a corrected version was heard in Boston in 1972. Knussen's list of works shows compositions unfinished and several others revised years after their first performances. There are separate pieces—Opp. 14, 16, and 15: "Autumnal," for violin and piano; "Sonya's Lullaby," for piano; "Cantata," for oboe and string trio—that he likes to have performed as a sequence. Between other works there are cross-references. And, in general, there is a sense of work in progress and of ideas so rich, profuse, and ambitious that getting more than a part of them down on paper tends to elude the composer. But in the finished works that do appear there is no lack of confidence, no fumbling. The Third Symphony is lucidly and strongly constructed. One may feel some disproportion between the scale of the music—the sheer quantity of striking inventions it contains, the ampleness of the layout for large orchestra—and its duration. That feeling may result simply from foreknowledge of the symphony's genesis. The conjunction of bigness with brevity is certainly very bold. And, as I said, the sound of it all is wonderful. The piece made an indelible impression.

Variations on a Theme of Karl Amadeus Hartmann is a student piece. McCabe composed it in 1964, when, aged twenty-five, he went to study at the Munich Hochschule. The Hallé Orchestra played it in 1965, and since then it has been quite often heard and admired, rightly, as a composition in which impeccable workmanship and a quiet, pleasing imagination, disciplined but not unemotional, are combined. McCabe is an all-round and thorough musician—a fine pianist, a critic and author (monographs on Rachmaninoff and on Bartók's orchestral works), and a prolific, accomplished composer. He goes his own way, as Hartmann did—not raising waves, yet not failing to give satisfaction to mind and ear in all that he writes and plays.

TO attempt any conclusions about the state of contemporary British music from those three works would be foolish; it would be like pronouncing on the state of contemporary American music after hearing, say, Elliott Carter's and David Del Tredici's latest compositions and a student work by John Harbison. Nor could late Elgar, early and middle Vaughan Williams, early Britten, and middle Walton present any coherent picture of British music from 1910 to



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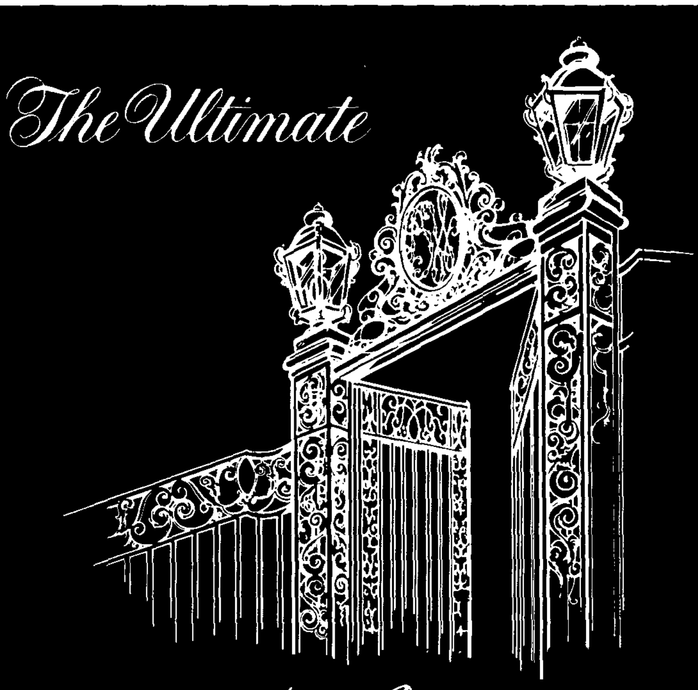

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1960. Impressions only: Yo-Yo Ma was a marvellously commanding soloist in the Elgar Cello Concerto, voluptuous and noble of tone, passionate in his phrasing, Amfortas-like in the tragic episode of the finale. But he overdid the "expression," I thought, in the long pastoral theme of the first movement. It sounded rhetorical—not one of those melodies the composer wanted to hear played "like something you hear down by the river." But there is distinguished precedent for Mr. Ma's approach: he follows the Casals and Jacqueline Du Pré line, not that of W. H. Squire, Paul Tortelier, and Anthony Pini. In Walton's Violin Concerto, Kyung-Wha Chung played with gleaming bravura and unbounded efficiency. But it's not a work I've ever warmed to; I wish Pittsburgh had chosen the poetical Viola Concerto instead. In "Les Illuminations," Susan Davenny Wyner sacrificed purity of pitch and timbre to volume; the singer of Carter's "A Mirror on Which to Dwell" could surely have given a more delicate, less declamatory performance.

Mr. Previn is a most "musical" interpreter as well as a conductor who inspires admirable playing. He felt the pieces. And *I* feel insular if I suggest that there is, let's say, more to Vaughan Williams' Fifth Symphony than Mr. Previn found in it. (If asked to define just what, I'd put the Boult and the Previn recordings into the questioner's hand and invite him to hear the differences.) It is tempting but too easy to claim a quality of "essential Britishness" that eludes foreign conductors (and well nigh impossible to define it). Many years ago, I praised in print a Sargent performance of Delius. Sir Malcolm wrote to me to say how pleased he was that someone other than Sir Thomas Beecham had been allowed to be a good Delius conductor: proclaiming Delius a one-conductor preserve limited and diminished the merits of his music. By extension, it would limit and diminish the merits of British music to assert that only Britons can conduct it properly. (In any case, there is Toscanini's glorious recording of the "Enigma" as proof to the contrary.) Nevertheless . . .

Mr. Previn's most brilliant performance was of Walton's Second Symphony. I heard its première, twenty-one years ago, and had not heard it since. Even then, it traversed no new symphonic ground, opened no new horizons. But—I've just turned up my original review—"there can be great pleasure in traversing known country by a new route, with a new and lively companion as guide." The symphony conveys a sense of enjoyment and is marked by unaffected vigor. It bubbles into being like a spring before one's feet: over a light play of strings and celesta, woodwinds and then strings throw up an arched motif that is the inspiration and driving force of the first movement, a phrase whose intervals and harmonic implications are dynamic. The middle movement is a luxurious lento, a romantic dream troubled by some harsher passages included more for form's sake, it seems, than through any emotional necessity. The finale is slightly pat—a set of variations on a twelve-note (not serially treated) passacaglia theme—but brilliantly worked.

There is a hint of defensiveness in that 1960 review—as if I needed to apologize for admiring something so old-fashioned as the Walton Symphony. In Britain, the Glock years—soon to be the Glock and Boulez years—had begun, when accounts of what Peter Maxwell Davies, Harrison Birtwistle, Alexander Goehr, and their contemporaries were doing filled the columns of the musical press, while Britten, Tippett, and Elisabeth Lutyens were the older composers who held our attention. Elgar's symphonies and Violin Concerto, Vaughan Williams' and Walton's music meant less to us. We weren't unjust to it, I like to think, but our enthusiasms, our championship, went elsewhere. (We also put in our individual claims for "unjustly neglected" composers. Alan Rawsthorne was one of mine.) The period falls between the fifth edition of Grove (1954), in which Elgar, Vaughan Williams, Walton receive more loving attention than we gave them, and the sixth edition (1980), where once again—judiciously, and without immoderate claims—they are held in high esteem. There is a study to be written about the way Britain's musical and political advances were being made, it seems, hand in hand. And the latest reports from London—of poor attendance at contemporary-music concerts, and of a play-safe, less adventurous orchestral repertory resulting from, it has been argued, the new "fund raising" from commercial and industrial sources, rather than reliance on enlightened state support

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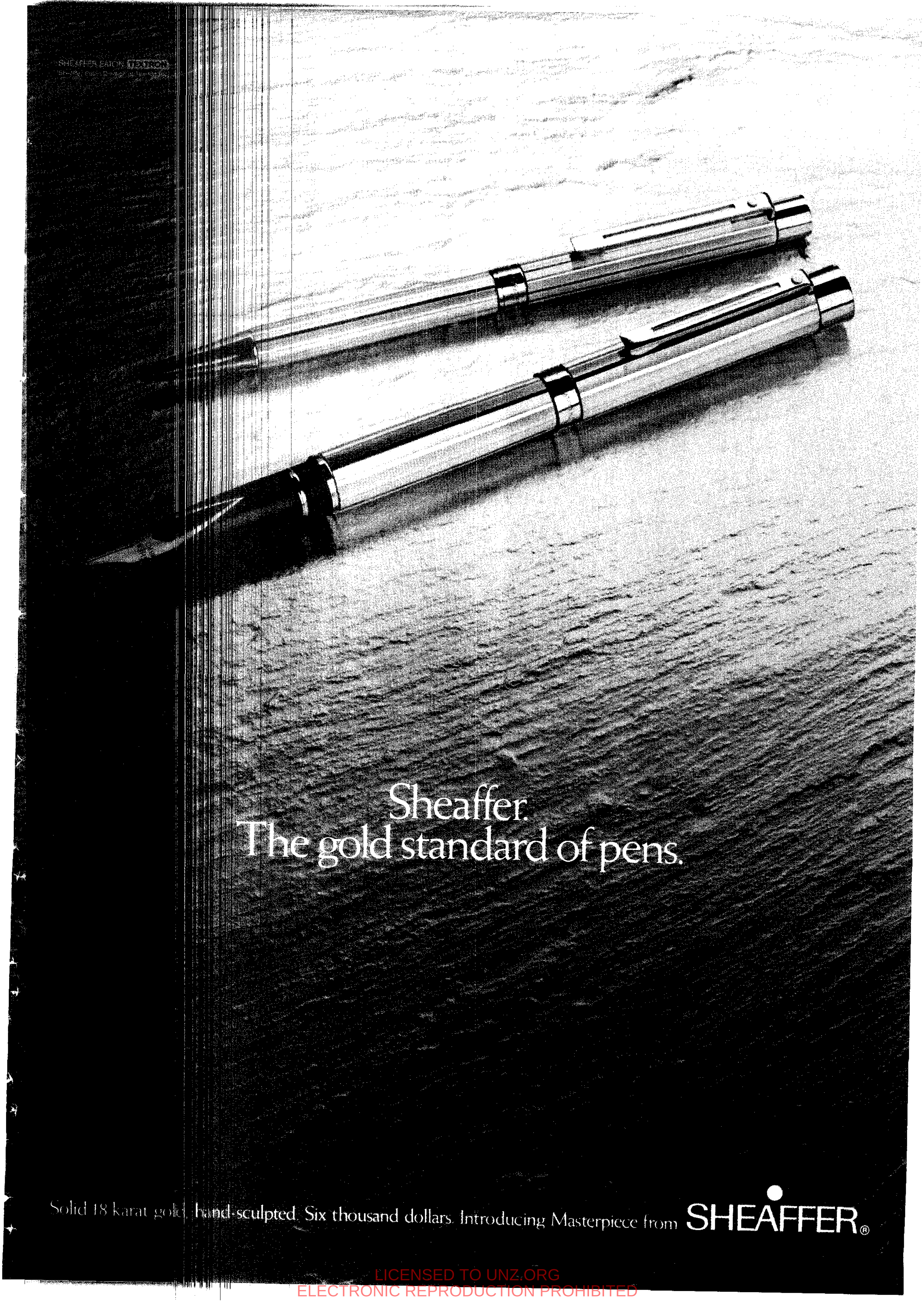
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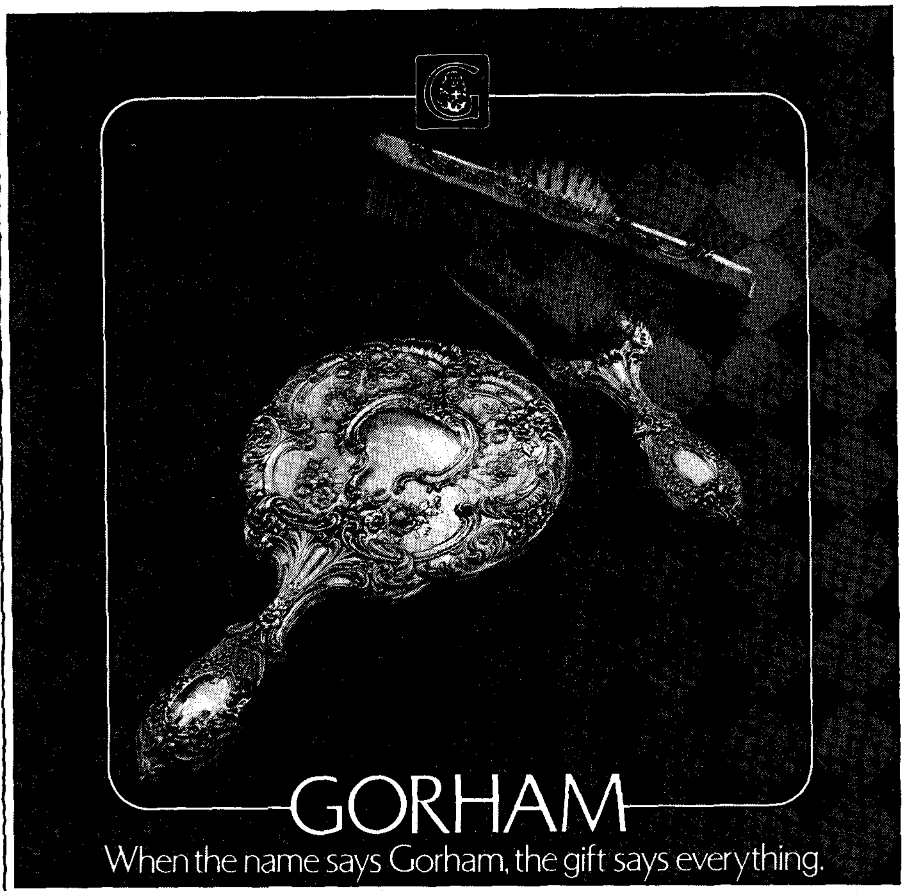
—suggest that the new conservatism has infected the artistic life of the country. The British Festival program brochure began with a dull "message of goodwill" from Margaret Thatcher. In the programs, only the Tippett and the Knussen could be called unconservative choices of repertory. But that does not mean that there was not much good music to be heard. The festival was in itself an adventure. Pittsburgh and all who contributed to it earn our gratitude. —Andrew Porter

FURTHER EVENTS

Sea-Change

COMPARED with most new orchestral works of the nineteen-seventies, Barbara Kolb's "Soundings" has done very well. Since its première, by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center in 1972, it has been revised as a work for large orchestra. It was presented by Pierre Boulez and the Philharmonic in 1975, and in 1978 the score was revised again, for performances by the Boston Symphony; that orchestra took the work on tour to Japan in the same year. "Soundings" was recently given in its original form as part of the "Music Today" series, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, at the Merkin Concert Hall. Though the score has been published (Boosey), the work seems to have slipped through the net of CRI, New World, and the other small record labels that perform such an important service in making contemporary music readily (and, given the no-deletions policy of CRI, uninterruptedly) available on disc. The omission should be rectified, for "Soundings" is an absorbing and original piece. It is large in scope yet precise in outline; though the ear at times is lost in a sea of detail, the pacing and phrasing of the details insure that the broad wash of the music emerges with a clear direction.

The chamber and orchestral versions are essentially the same. In the chamber version, only one of the orchestral groups is heard live; the two others are heard on tape, through speakers placed to left and right of the musicians. There is a great deal of carefully calculated non-synchronization between the groups, and I guess that the piece is easier to listen to when the eye—and thus the ear—is drawn to a single group. In introductory remarks at the concert, Miss Kolb called attention to the fact that the work is confusing to conduct, and that, because of the taped contribu-



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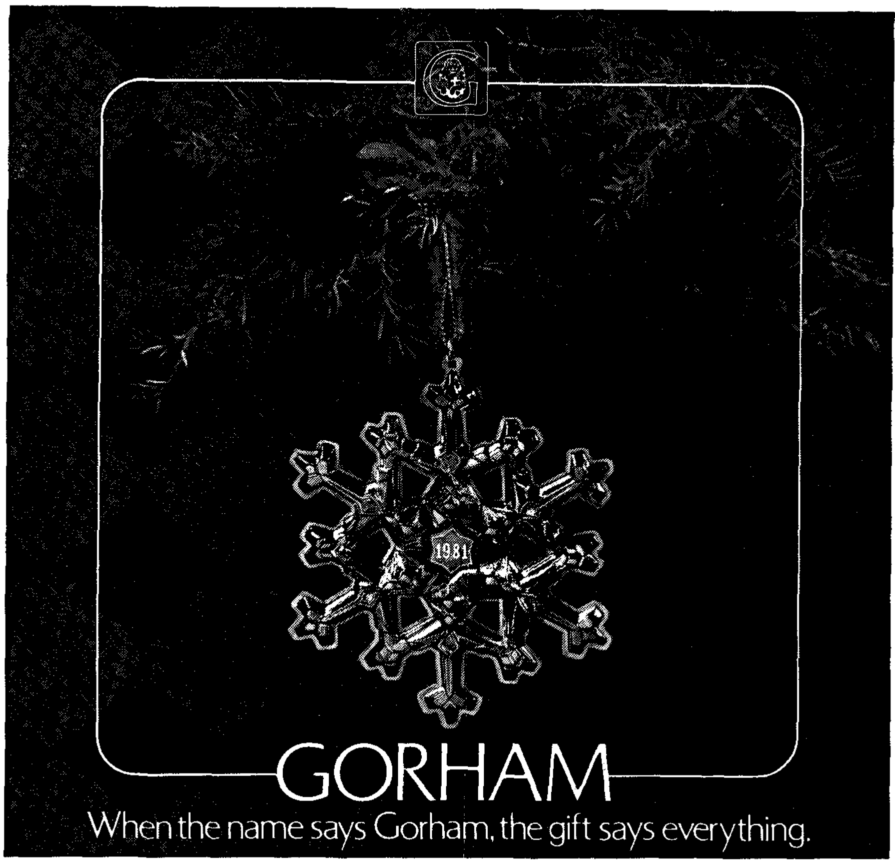

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tions, the results do not always reflect what the conductor is doing. Nevertheless, Mr. Schwarz's incisive and cool delineation of the live segments proved to be an excellent window onto the music; the speakers, like distorting mirrors, reflected and changed the central material. The writing always shows a concern for expressiveness, whether in the richly chromatic, thick textures that occur at the climaxes or in the fleeting, half-heard contributions of flute, clarinet, oboe, and harp which ripple across the surface in the second of the work's three sections. The evaporation of each of the sections is magical. Miss Kolb's program note quoted Shakespeare to suggest that her material suffered "a sea-change into something rich and strange," but the quotation that fixed itself in my mind was "the great globe itself, yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve and . . . leave not a rack behind."

Mr. Schwarz also included "Seven Pollock Paintings," by Roger Bourland—an evocation of some famous pictures, which occasionally uses literal musical-pictorial equivalences but more often contents itself with a re-creation of the paintings' atmosphere. I liked the murmuring intensity of "Eyes in the Heat" and the popping angularity of "Peacocks Afraid of the Color," but the neo-Ivesian treatment of the hymn "How Great Thou Art" seemed altogether too simplistic and derivative for "The Saint." Ronald Roseman's "Fantasy for Bassoon and Strings" was originally a piece for bassoon and piano, and it should have remained so. The writing for strings is thin and unconvincing, and the attractive fragments of melody are never welded together. The performances were competent but unsubtle; dynamics were often forgotten, and the violins' entry in the Roseman was the loudest pianissimo dolce I have heard for some time. —NICHOLAS KENYON

•

As a new science adviser comes on the scene in the still formative months of political leadership, he will find that he is on a fast track with too little time and few resources relative to what is on his plate. —*Science.*

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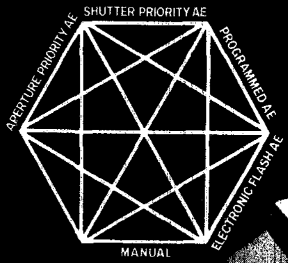

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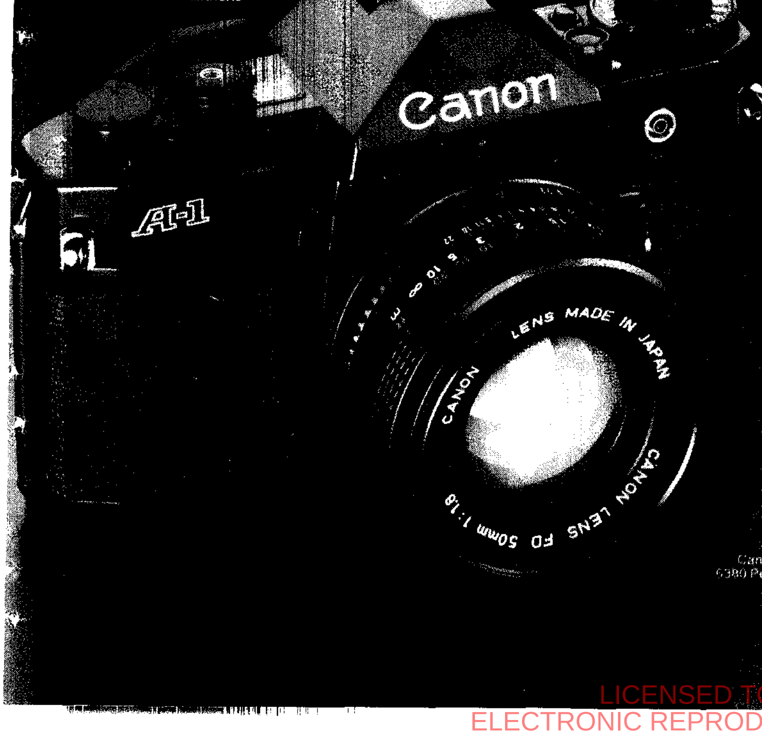

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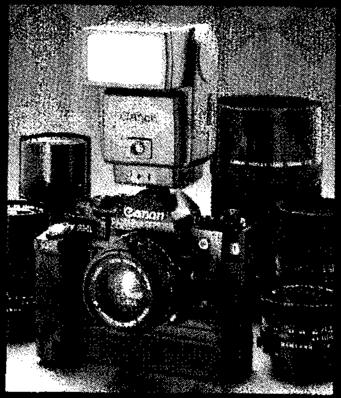

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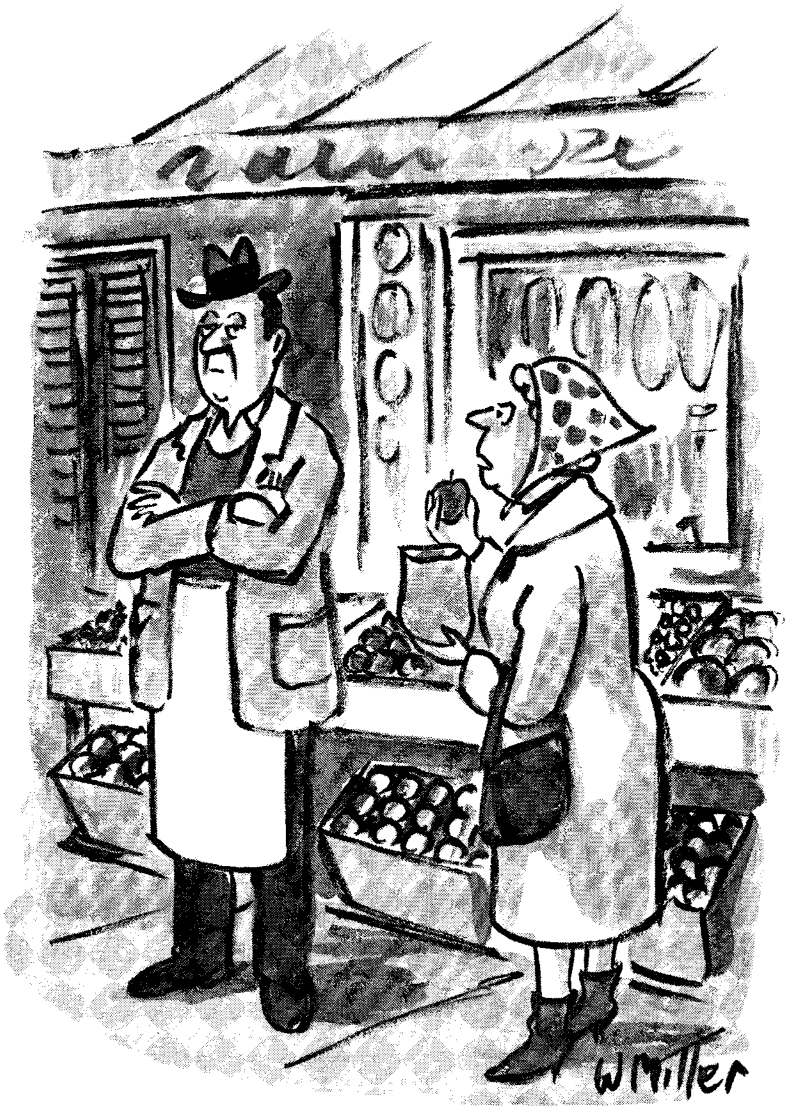
U.S. JOURNAL: MIRACLE VALLEY, ARIZ.

NOTHING BUT HOLINESS

Frances Thomas has said that she led her flock to Miracle Valley, Arizona, because God told her to. As it happens, a number of people have received similar messages. For a dozen years, Miracle Valley was the world headquarters of the religious enterprise run by A. A. Allen—a dynamic preacher and faith healer who was described by *Look* in the late sixties as "the nation's topmost tent-toting, old-fashioned evangelical roarer"—and after Allen's death, in 1970, a lot of people found themselves divinely inspired to take up where he left off. Followers of Frances Thomas began arriving in Miracle Valley toward the end of 1979—members of an all-black congregation called the Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church, whose previous headquarters had been a storefront in Chicago. "We were led by the Lord to come to Arizona because the people would feel freer," William Thomas, Frances Thomas's son and assistant pastor, was quoted as saying a few months later, in an Arizona *Republic* article about the complications accompanying the sudden presence of a couple of hundred urban black people in what had been a nearly all-white community in rural Cochise County. "We came to fulfill the vision and complete the work of Brother Allen." In fact, blacks as well as whites had been followers of A. A. Allen, and it was apparent from the *Republic* article that the theological approach of the Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church had something in common with the sort of pentecostal fundamentalism Allen had preached. Mrs. Thomas, who has since said that she herself was healed by A. A. Allen some twenty years ago, preaches what she refers to as "nothing but holiness." It was also apparent that some of the complications in the community were serious. A photograph accompanying the article showed William Thomas with a church leader identified as Brother Amos, and Brother Amos was wearing a gun.

According to A. A. Allen's autobiography, "Born to Lose, Bound to Win," the very existence of Miracle Valley came about through divine intervention. In 1958, a believer from southern Arizona named Urban Leindecker had decided to sell his ranch and donate the purchase price to Allen's evangelical mission, Allen wrote, but at the contract signing the purchaser was struck blind. ("The would-be buyer's eyesight returned only after he refused to sign the papers.") Thus cautioned, Leindecker simply gave Allen the ranch—twelve hundred acres of grassland near the foot of the Huachuca Mountains, a few miles from the Mexican border. Allen, whose operation had a budget of more than two million dollars at the time, bought twelve hundred acres more, and set about establishing what he called "God's home, a beacon for sinners, a refuge for Christians and seekers of the Holy Ghost." On one side of Highway 92, Allen built the world headquarters of A. A. Allen Revivals, Inc.—a three-thousand-seat tabernacle with a garish multicolored dome, a Bible college complete with dormitories for the students and apartments for the faculty, a record-pressing facility to turn out Allen L.P.s such as "The Blood Has Never Lost Its Power," a printing press for producing *Miracle* magazine and millions of pieces of direct mail, a phone bank for a twenty-four-hour-a-day operation called "Dial-a-Miracle." Eventually, there were nearly three hundred people working at the headquarters, many of them people who had come to Miracle Valley because they believed that A. A. Allen's prayers had cured them—shrunk to nothing a tumor that defied the efforts of cancer doctors, say, or straightened a hopelessly bent limb, or, in one case, miraculously installed three dental fillings of pure silver. Across the highway from the headquarters complex, some ranch land was divided into lots, which the faithful were permitted to buy, and a residential community that came to be known as Miracle Valley grew up. It looked like a lot of the tiny settlements that appear suddenly along remote stretches of southern Arizona highways—a collection of modified mobile homes and brick-façade tract houses, loosely

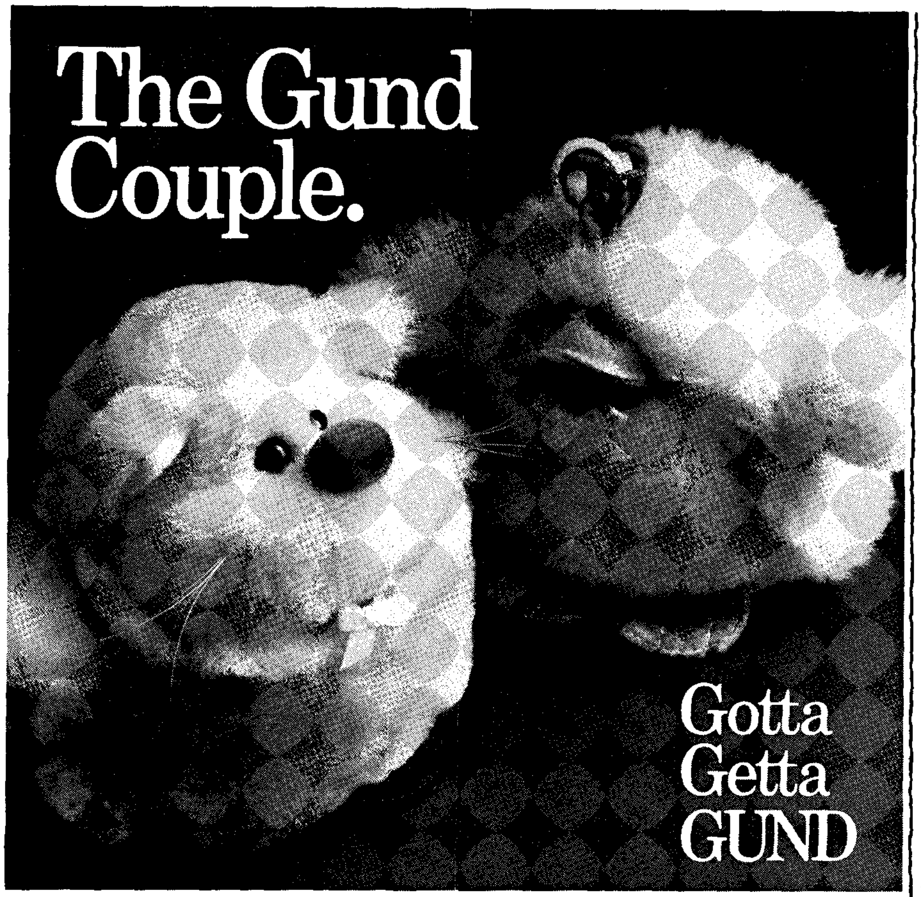


"'There's no such thing as a bad apple'? I don't think anyone famous ever said that."

connected by dirt roads—but in some ways it was unique. Among the bungalows and the double-wides was a large, round structure with a tinted-Plexiglass cupola and an indoor swimming pool—the residence of A. A. Allen whenever he returned from the revival trail. The streets had names that were a departure from the borrowed Spanish normally used in the Southwest to mark off subdivisions built for retired Anglos—names like Healing Way and Deliverance Way and Loaves and Fishes Drive.

A. A. Allen Revivals, Inc., did not remain intact long after the death of A. A. Allen. The problems began with a report from the coroner's office in San Francisco, where Allen had died in a hotel room, that he had been "grossly drunk" at the time and had died from the damage done by alcoholism. Inevitably, the evangelist who succeeded Allen, Don Stewart, found his regime challenged by another faction. During the early seventies, Stewart moved most of his operation to Phoenix. In 1975, the A. A. Allen Bible college was closed, and its facilities leased to the Southern Arizona Bible College, operated by a division of the Assemblies of God Church which concentrates on Hispanics in the Western states. Although the physical plant remained, the multicolored dome still visible from miles away, A. A. Allen Revivals, Inc., was gone, and a number of its followers had gone with it—to follow Don Stewart, or to set up a Bible college in Texas, or to work with some other evangelist, or simply to go back home.

Some followers of A. A. Allen, particularly those who lacked the resources or the energy to pick up again, remained in Miracle Valley. Some of the people who moved into the homes of the departed *Allenites* were attracted to Miracle Valley by its reputation as a Christian community—there were a few retired ministers and free-lance evangelists who arrived during the seventies—but most of the newcomers had no religious connection with Miracle Valley. They were people like Army sergeants who happened to reach their retirement date while stationed at Fort Huachuca, fifteen miles to the west; or elderly couples who had begun to feel pressed by the crowds and taxes in Tucson; or just folks who were looking for a cheap trailer in a quiet place. A retired couple moving into Miracle Valley in the late seventies would not have found it much different from similar



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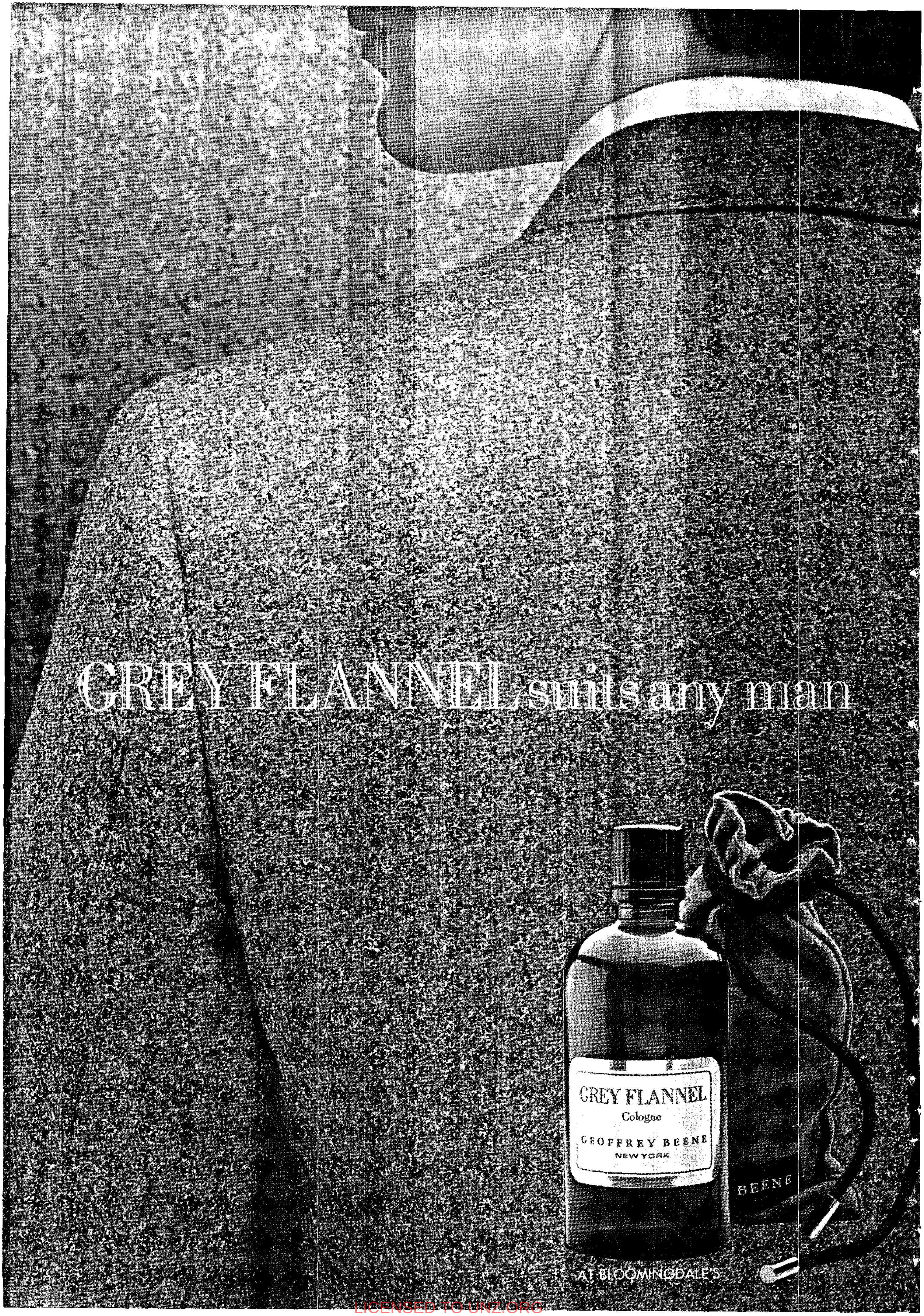
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outposts on other highways in Arizona—except that their mailbox might have attracted a steady stream of evangelical pamphlets and their street might have a name like Chariot of Fire Drive.

To some followers of A. A. Allen, though, Miracle Valley remained "God's home"—a place whose name alone retained an enormous spiritual capital that had not yet been spent. Eli Duran, president of the Southern Arizona Bible College, says that when he arrived in 1975 to prepare for the college's opening some people who had just arrived from Kentucky informed him that it was God's will to have the facilities turned over to them. Four or five times after that, one self-ordained free-lance preacher or another would show up at the Bible college to announce himself as Allen's successor. In 1979, another entire group appeared—the Miracle Restoration Revival Crusade, led by a black woman referred to by her followers as Sister Ernestine. The Miracle Restoration Revival Crusade took a house in Miracle Valley and established a few restaurants around the area and departed rather suddenly, leaving behind the impression that one of its tenets might be the belief that God did not intend true believers to pay rent.

Not long after that, the advance party of the Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church showed up, led by William Thomas. Even before the church members arrived, it was rumored around the valley that they were different from the other people who had been led to "God's city." There were a lot more of them, for one thing, and they seemed serious about buying property and settling in. There was talk about how such an influx might affect property values and the crime rate. The Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church tried—without success—to lease the old A. A. Allen tabernacle, and inquired about buying the round house Allen had lived in. Church members did buy a few houses and rent a few more. They built a large house for Frances Thomas and they remodelled a building that had once been a restaurant for use as a church. Among the white people in town, it was said that Frances Thomas wanted to "take over" Miracle Valley.

WHAT seems remarkable now—now that there has been a lot of talk about the cultural differences between the black newcomers from

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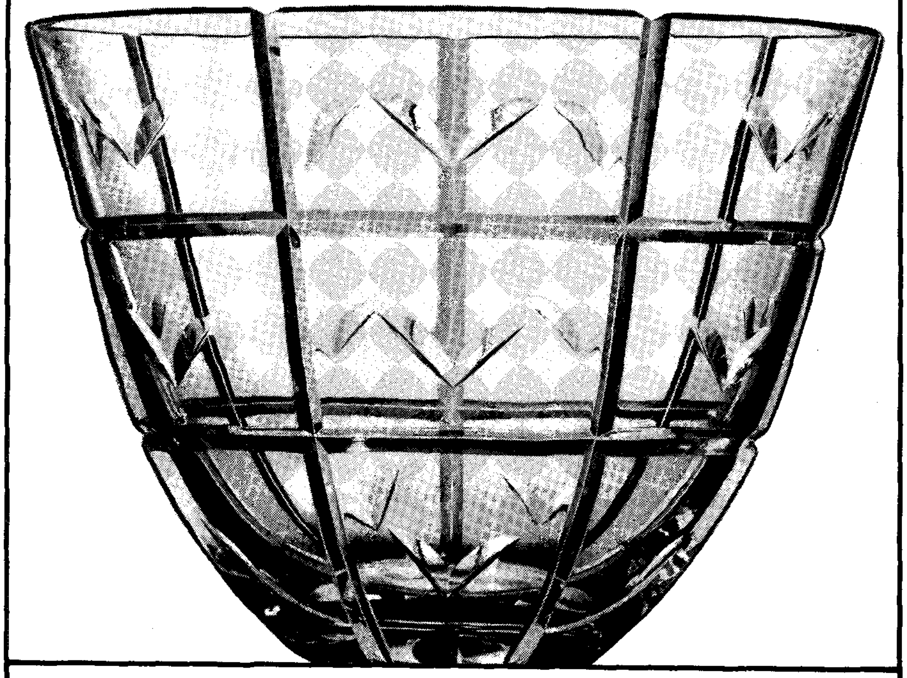

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Chicago and the folks who had been living quietly in Miracle Valley—is that everyone got along pretty well for a few months. Some of the white people who had expressed trepidation about the influx found themselves pleasantly surprised by their new neighbors. The newcomers went to church every night, and sometimes spent part of the day starting gardens or tidying up the streets. Their moral standards were strict—no smoking, no drinking, no immodest clothing—and their children were well behaved, if a bit behind academically. Although jobs are scarce in Cochise County, some of the newcomers found work at a nearby chili-pepper plant or at motels in Sierra Vista, a string of franchises which has been incorporated into a town next to Fort Huachuca. The crime rate went down. After consultation with the sheriff's office, the church began a security patrol that residents credited with ending break-ins that had been endemic in the valley—break-ins traditionally blamed on illegal immigrants coming through from Mexico. There is no doubt that a few people in Miracle Valley and on the surrounding ranch land simply did not want a large group of black people moving in, holiness or no holiness. There is no doubt that there were occasional acts of vandalism and harassment by white teen-agers. By and large, though, the newcomers lived in Miracle Valley in peace, accepted in a rough way that was summarized in a comment to the *Republic* by a retired carpenter named Charlie Lambert: "All I can say is they're a damn sight better than them hippies that was here."

A lot of white people in Miracle Valley say that the atmosphere changed when Frances Thomas herself arrived from Chicago. She is a short, handsome, heavyset woman who tends to respond to questions she doesn't like with a long, weary stare. She seemed quick to see threats and racial slurs that were not apparent to others. In discussions among white people in Miracle Valley, she fitted easily into the role of a cult leader who had arrived to pull her people closer around her—so that children who had played cheerfully with white children suddenly became withdrawn, and church members who had been casual and friendly started communicating stiffly in large groups, and church women who had gratefully accepted help with their gardens suddenly said they wanted no help from whites. In

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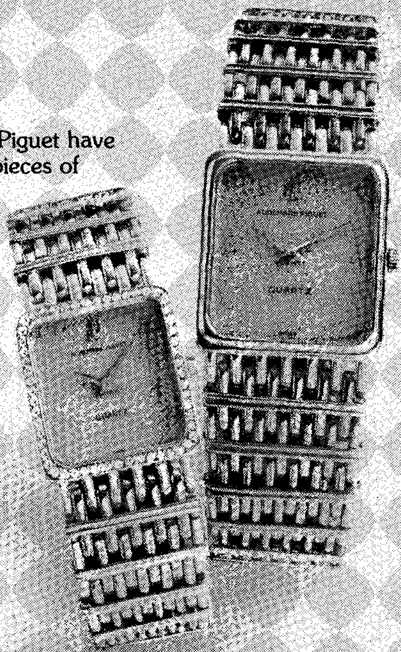

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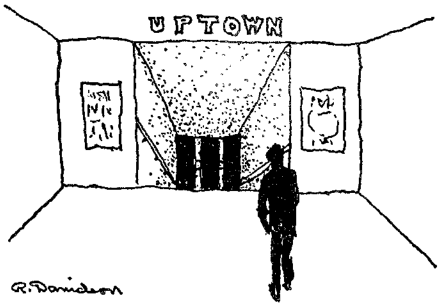
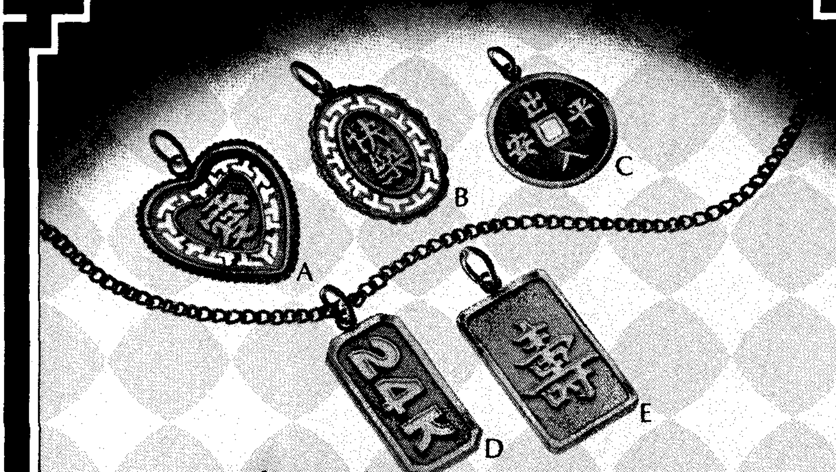
fact, there was trouble before Mrs. Thomas arrived, and before the public controversies that are sometimes mentioned as the beginning of ill will—a dispute over a zoning decision that the newcomers saw as reflecting bias against them and a dispute a few months later over whether some black children had died unnecessarily because the Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church does not believe in medical care. The trouble centered on the security patrol. To a number of whites, what had once been a comfort began to feel like a threat. People who drove into Miracle Valley at night sometimes found themselves closely followed or even stopped by unfriendly armed men who demanded to know their business. The patrol may have begun by telling people suspected of vandalism or burglary to stay out of Miracle Valley, but its targets eventually included people like the newspaper-delivery man. A man who tried to turn off the water supply to the church's swimming pool because of nonpayment said that he had been struck. A reporter from a Tucson newspaper wrote that he had been surrounded and threatened. On several occasions, sheriff's deputies reported that after stopping a church member for a traffic violation they had been forced to withdraw in the face of a large armed crowd. There were plenty of white people who had no trouble with the security patrol or with any other part of the church—people who to this day wonder what all the fuss is about—but there were other people concerned enough to arm themselves. Some of the older residents of Miracle Valley remained locked in their houses at night, exchanging rumors by telephone while listening in terror to the patrolling cars. A few white people, saying that they were in fear for their lives, moved out of the valley.

There was no shortage of theories in Cochise County to account for the change that had come over the security patrol. It may be that some of the people who resented being stopped and questioned expressed their resentment





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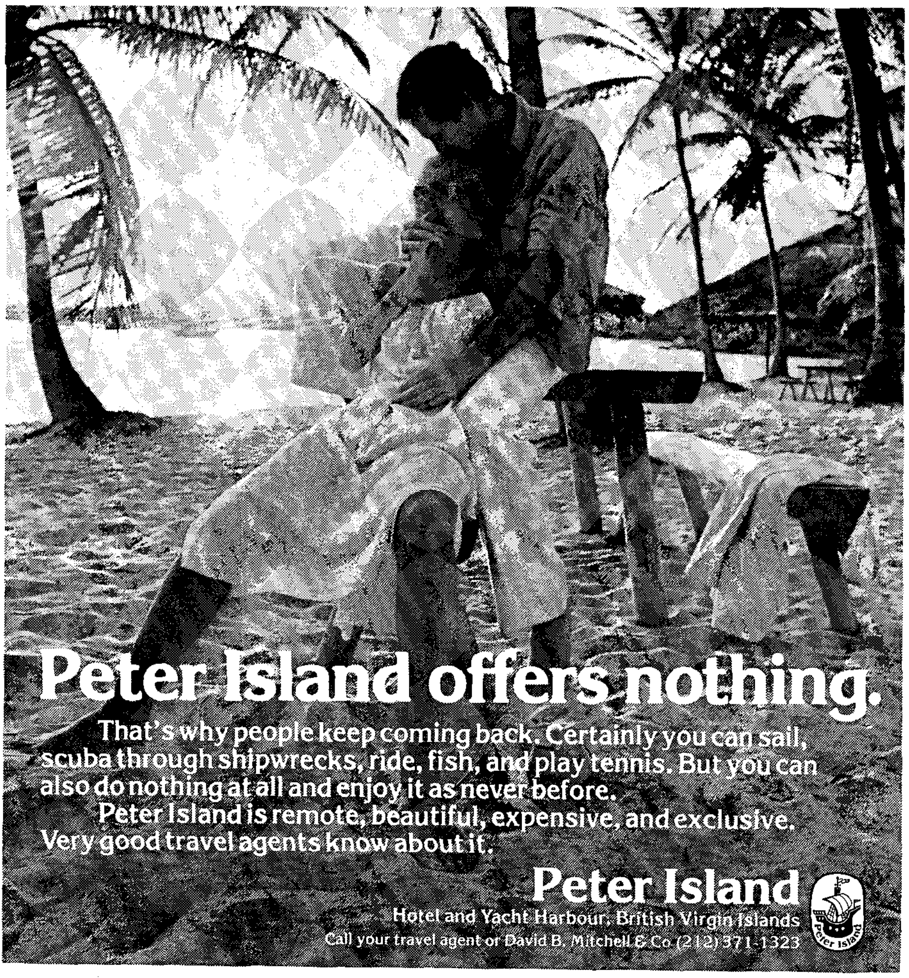

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Sioux City .... Jean's Shoppe
Waterloo .... The Victoria Room

KANSAS
Garden City .... The Vogue Shop
Harp .... Ann's Dress Shop
Kansas City .... Kay's Fashions
Mission .... Renee Fashions
Ottawa .... Freda's Dress Shop
Salina .... Wardens

KENTUCKY
Lexington .... Mam'selle
.... Charme's
Hopkinsville .... Arnold's
Madisonville .... Snooty Fox
Murray .... Mademoiselle's
Pikeville .... Ladies Boutique

LOUISIANA
Monroe .... Rags for Dolls

MARYLAND
Baltimore .... Helen Lee Shop

MICHIGAN
Dearborn .... Muirhead's
Grand Rapids .... The Duddery
Grosse Pointe .... Margaret Diamond
Lansing .... Maurice's
Muskegon .... Friend's Suburban Room
Oxford .... The Clothes Closet
Richland .... Carriage Trade
Saginaw .... Amy's

MINNESOTA
Alexandria .... Glenwear
Bemidji .... O'Meara's
Duluth .... Harry Allenfall
Mankato .... Thompson's
Minneapolis .... Albrecht's
.... Saks Smartswear
St. Paul .... Theodore's (all stores)
Windom .... La Boutique

MISSISSIPPI
Greenville .... Mannequin Shoppe
Gayfer's of Mississippi

MISSOURI
Battlefield .... Newman's
Chillicothe .... Queen's Ransom
Enid .... Newman's
Joplin .... Newman's
Sikeston .... Elite Shop
Springfield .... Neff-Petterson, Inc.
.... Retha's
St. Joseph .... Einbender's

MONTANA
Billings .... Aileen's

NEBRASKA
Omaha .... Zoob's

NEVADA
Incline Village .... Faye's Boutique

NEW JERSEY
Margate .... Ann Miller Shop
Short Hills .... Tina Davis
Teaneck .... Schulman's, Inc.

NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque .... Car-Lin's, Inc.

NEW YORK
Brooklyn .... Aaron's
Latham .... Lord & Tann
New York City .... Eve Taylor

NORTH DAKOTA
Fargo .... Mandel's
Grand Forks .... Mandel's
Valley City .... Charlie's

SOUTH DAKOTA
Sioux Falls .... J'Antzes

OHIO
Akron .... Ino's Fashions
Cincinnati .... Dean's
Columbus .... House of Fashion
Mansfield .... The Cherry Tree
Toledo .... Micki Lane
Wooster .... Beulah Bechtal
Zanesville .... Sugar & Spice

OKLAHOMA
Muskogee .... Elegant Touch
Oklahoma City .... Jerome's
Tahlequah .... Hinds

OREGON
Portland .... Jamison's Fashion Artesins
.... That Shop

PENNSYLVANIA
Allentown .... Alice Kay Store
Erie .... London's
Johnstown .... Martin's
Morrisville .... Martha B. Salon
Oakmont .... Jean's of Oakmont
Philadelphia .... The Jean Shop
Pittsburgh .... The Oliver Shop

PUERTO RICO .... Chez Bamboo

TENNESSEE
Bristol .... Carmen's
Chattanooga .... Picketts
Cookeville .... Lanya's
Gatlinburg .... Polly Bergen's
Hendersonville .... Teresa's
Knoxville .... Proffits
.... Nancy Lynn's
Lebanon .... Mary Lee's
Memphis .... Jerry Colleta's
.... Jewell Meyer's
Nashville .... Willette's
Trenton .... The Fig Leaf

TEXAS
Baytown .... The Style Shoppe
Dallas .... Robert Morris
Fort Worth .... The Clothes Horse

UTAH
Salt Lake City .... Nordstrom's

VIRGINIA
Alexandria .... Frankie Welch
Falls Church .... Ingerborg Boutique

WASHINGTON
Mercer Island .... Staircase
Quincey .... Barb's Clothes & Things
Yakima .... Lou Johnson, Inc.

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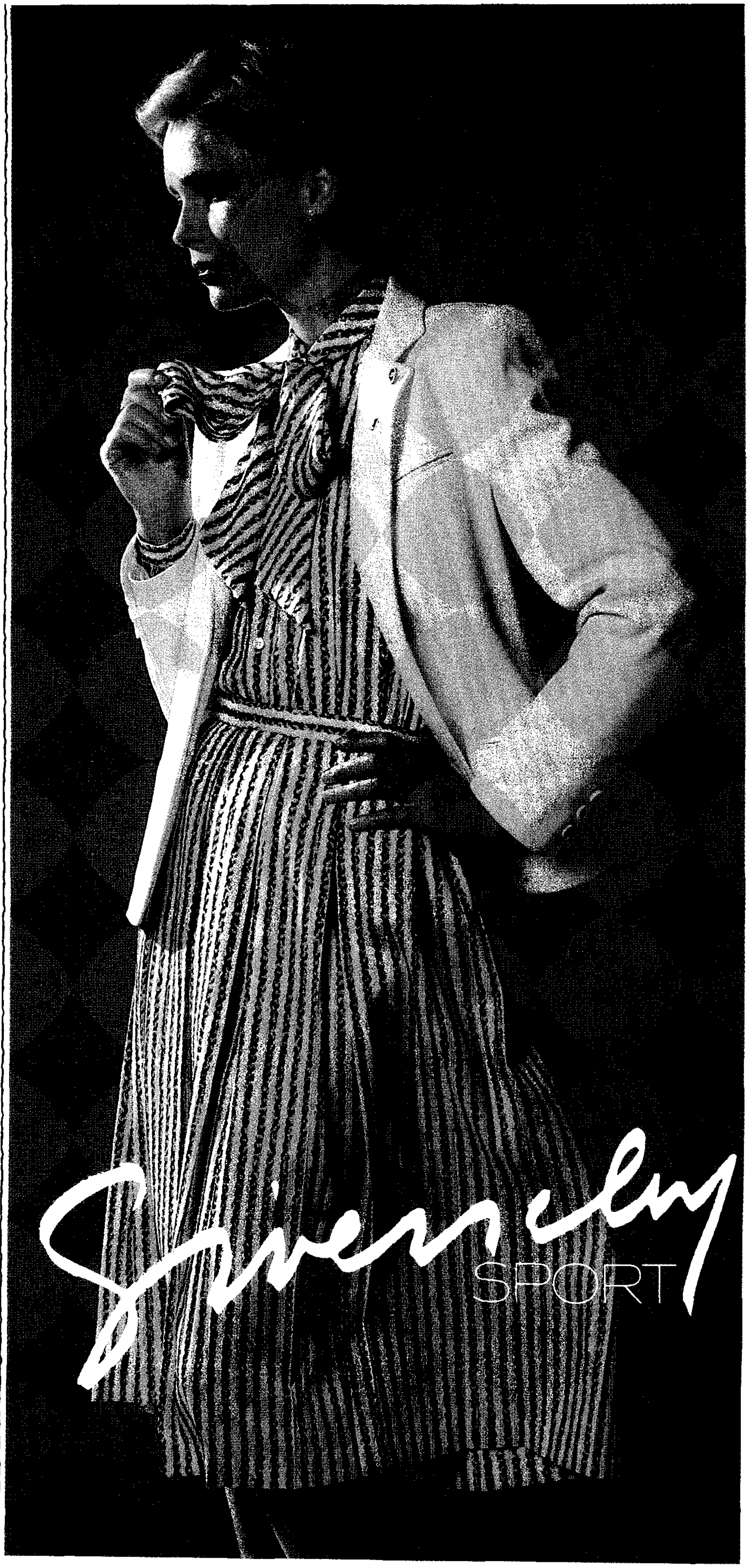
in terms that confirmed church members' suspicions about how the local whites felt about black people. The sheriff of Cochise County, Jimmy Judd, has said that the security patrol became symbolic of Mrs. Thomas's authority over her people—an authority that would have been undermined even by a law officer handing out a traffic summons. There are people in Miracle Valley who believe that Mrs. Thomas tried to use the security patrol to scare away the whites, so that she could buy their houses for a song, or that she used hostility toward the white community as a way of deflecting her followers' attention from the fact that the Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church was in fact languishing in the desert rather than assuming the mantle of A. A. Allen. There are also people, though, who believe that Mrs. Thomas had lost control of the security patrol to some militants, and that the trouble in the valley amounted to a conflict between a small group of black racists and a small group of white racists. Some people believe that the tone of the security patrol simply reflected anxiety over what seemed to be a deteriorating financial situation in the church—an exaggerated version of the short temper a homeowner might experience when he realizes that his income is steadily losing ground to his expenses. "This is no Jim Jones thing," one white resident said recently. "This is just a bunch of people who ran out of money."

It's likely, of course, that the security patrol would have taken the turn it did without any prodding from Frances Thomas or militants or the bill collector. A paramilitary unit formed to protect some group that has reason to feel threatened—the Fruits of Islam who guarded the Black Muslims, for instance, or even the marshals assigned to protect peaceful followers of Martin Luther King, Jr., encamped at Resurrection City—seems almost inevitably to turn menacing and territorial. "They played the role," someone who has tried to protect the rights of the church in the valley said not long ago. "They saw themselves as the voice of authority."

As the tension in Miracle Valley increased this summer, a lot of meetings were held. Specialists in community relations were called in. There was even a formal Memorandum of Understanding signed—signed not only by Frances Thomas and the sheriff and a peacemaker from the white community but by representatives of the governor and the N.A.A.C.P. and the United States Department of Justice. The agreement fell apart in the wake of two or three more incidents with the security patrol and a controversy with the school board that seemed to be about whether church leaders should have direct access to teachers at the grade school a few miles from Miracle Valley. When school opened, in late August, the children of the Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church remained at home. A week or so later, the sheriff, who had been bitterly criticized by whites for allowing the security patrol to chase away his deputies, staged a show of force: a couple of warrants had to be served on church members for traffic violations, and they were served by a force of fifty officers in thirty police cruisers. A permanent sheriff's department substation was established in Miracle Valley.

On September 10th, two members of the Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church were jailed in Sierra Vista on charges arising out of an incident a couple of nights before, when a pickup truck full of white people was prevented from leaving Miracle Valley by some church members. Late on the afternoon of the tenth, the van that the church normally used for security patrol left Miracle Valley on Highway 92 toward Sierra Vista. It is assumed in Cochise County that the people in the van were heading for the jail to arrange their coreligionists' release in one way or another. A few miles from Miracle Valley, there was an explosion, and the van lurched to the side of the highway. Most of the occupants had only minor injuries, but a young man named Steve Lindsay had been blown apart. The Department of Public Safety said he had apparently been holding a bomb in his lap. Mrs. Thomas said that if there was a bomb in the van it had been planted. The Department of Public Safety said the bomb had been fashioned out of the same sort of dynamite that had recently been purchased by members of the Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church.

JUST after the explosion, the Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church seemed to become more outgoing for a while. Mrs. Thomas agreed to be interviewed now and then—she generally said that the only problem in Miracle Valley was the



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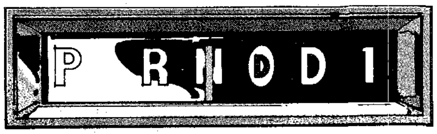

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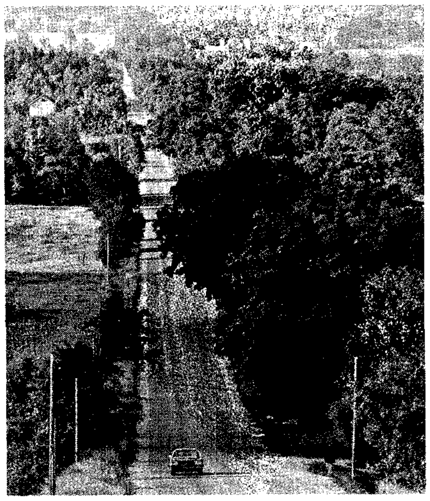

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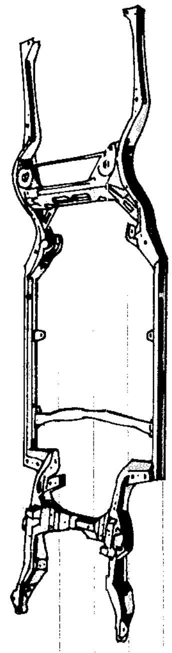

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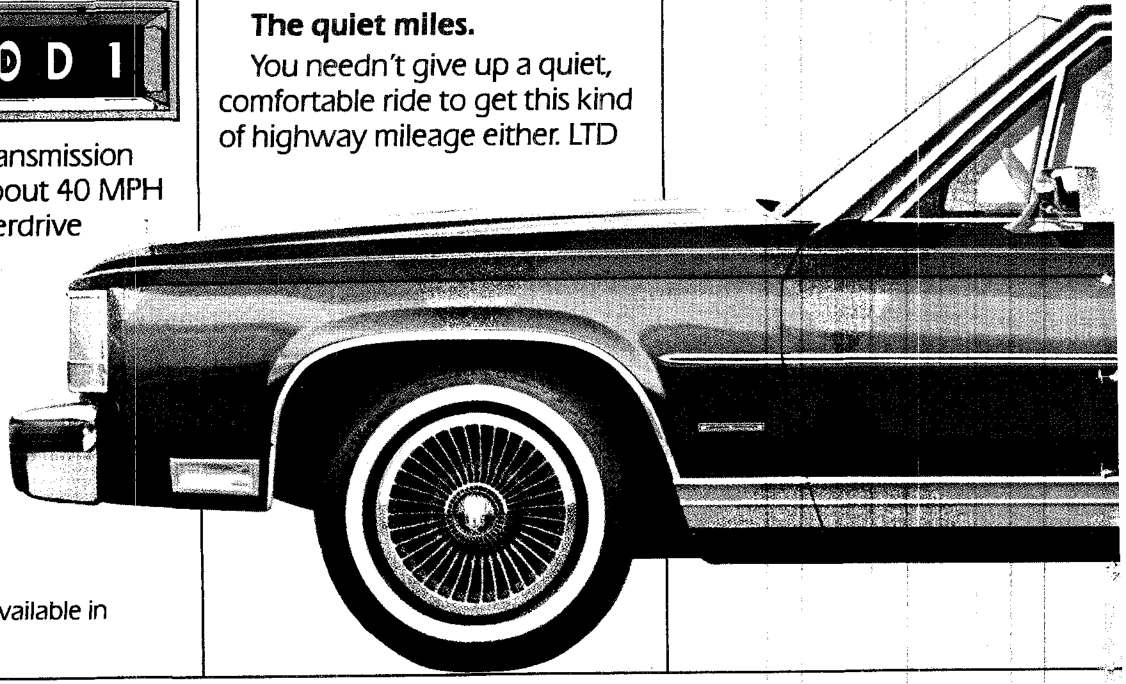

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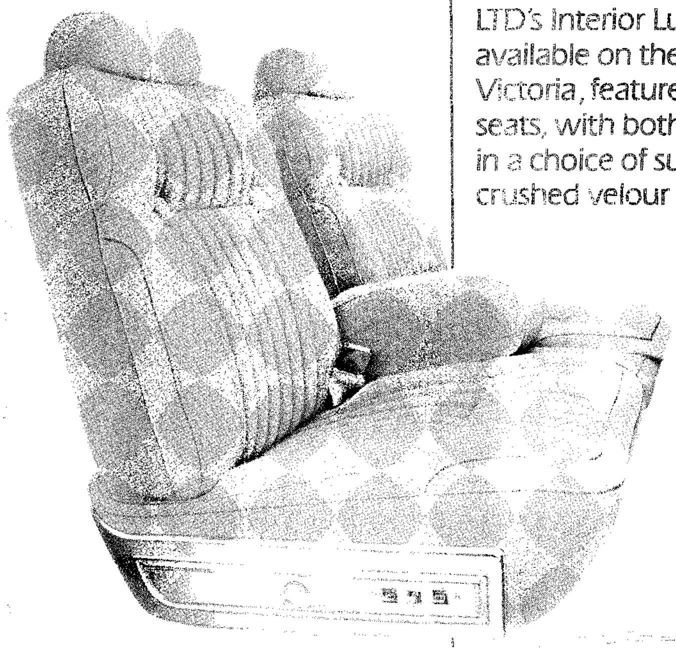

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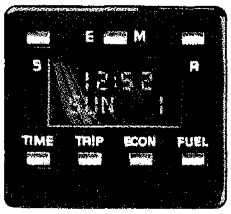

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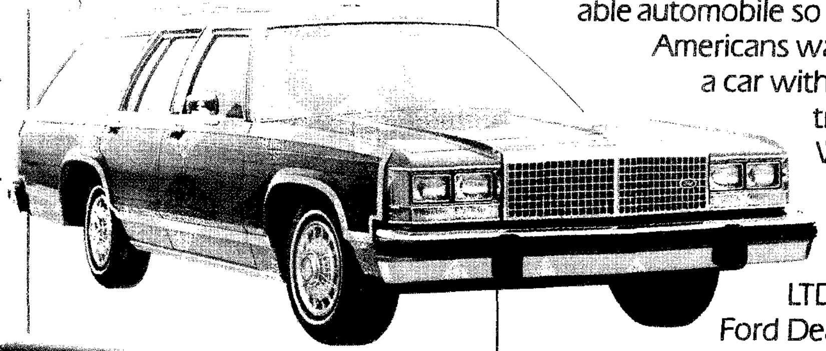

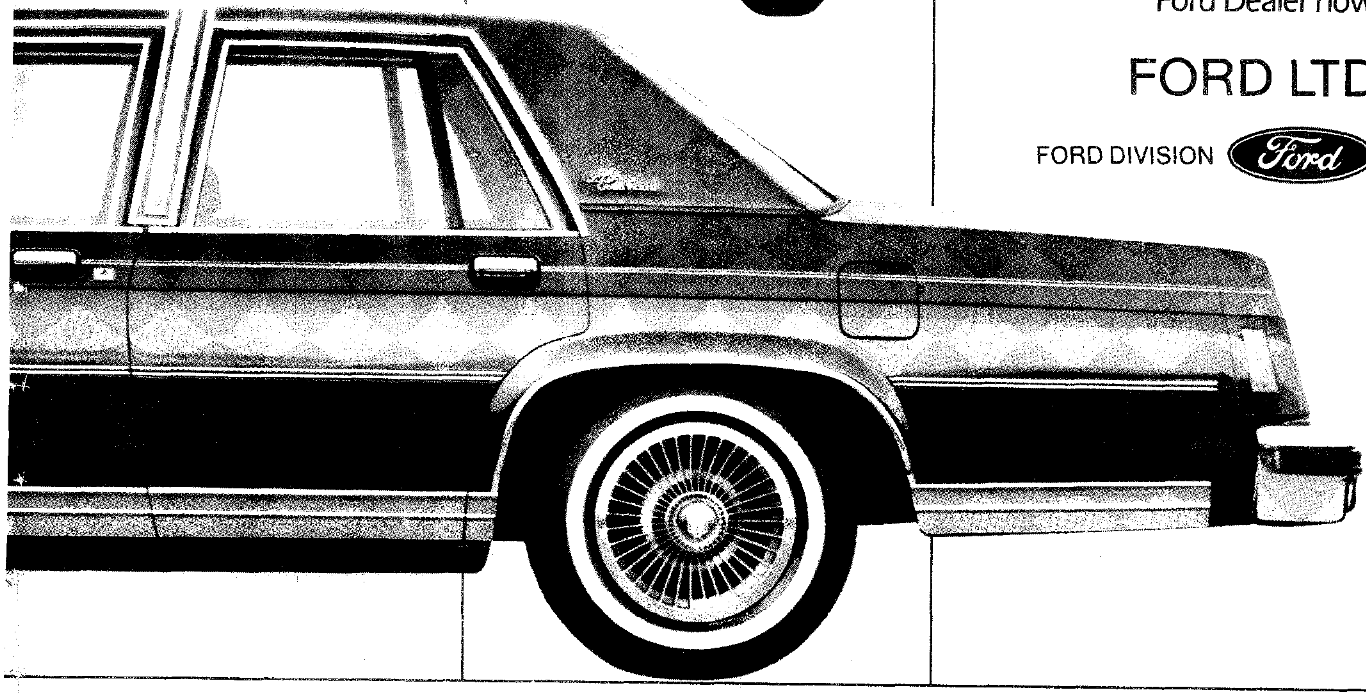

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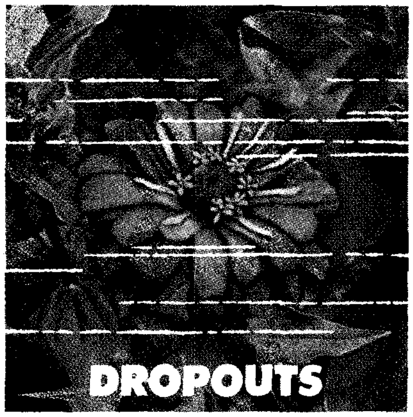

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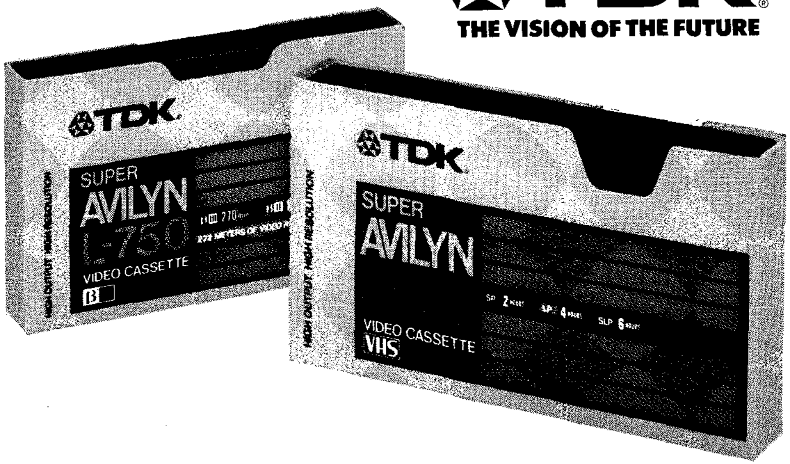

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SUPER AVILYN

behavior of the sheriff's department—and some church members even went to Sierra Vista to hold a revival meeting at the K-Mart parking lot. "Everyone's mind is wondering about what's happening in Miracle Valley," one of the parking-lot preachers said. "Ain't nothin' happening but Jesus." Just in case there was something but Jesus happening in Miracle Valley, residents of Cochise County started going out of their way to avoid driving by it. Some church members who were working in Sierra Vista lost their jobs. Cruisers from the sheriff's department and the Department of Public Safety began escorting the buses that deliver children to the local grade school—children other than those connected to the Christ Miracle and Healing Center, who remained in a school established by the church. After a couple of months without serious incident, the escort was withdrawn. Miracle Valley is now quieter than it has been in months, but the quiet is not the quiet of a peaceful solution. Some people believe that if charges are brought against occupants of the van and the authorities attempt to make an arrest, a war could start in Miracle Valley. Some people believe that a deer hunter wandering too close could start a war in Miracle Valley.

People who take the long view, of course, think that the Christ Miracle and Healing Center Church will move on someday—either decimated by a battle with the authorities or simply worn out and out of money—and will be remembered as just one more religious group that came to find "God's city." In the long view, it is seen as possible that some church members will be left behind, in the way some Allenites remained behind. Frances Thomas says there will be peace in the valley when Jesus wants there to be, and some of the old white residents agree. "I don't think people know what to do about it," an Allenite who has lived through a lot of changes in Miracle Valley said recently. "I think God will have to handle it."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

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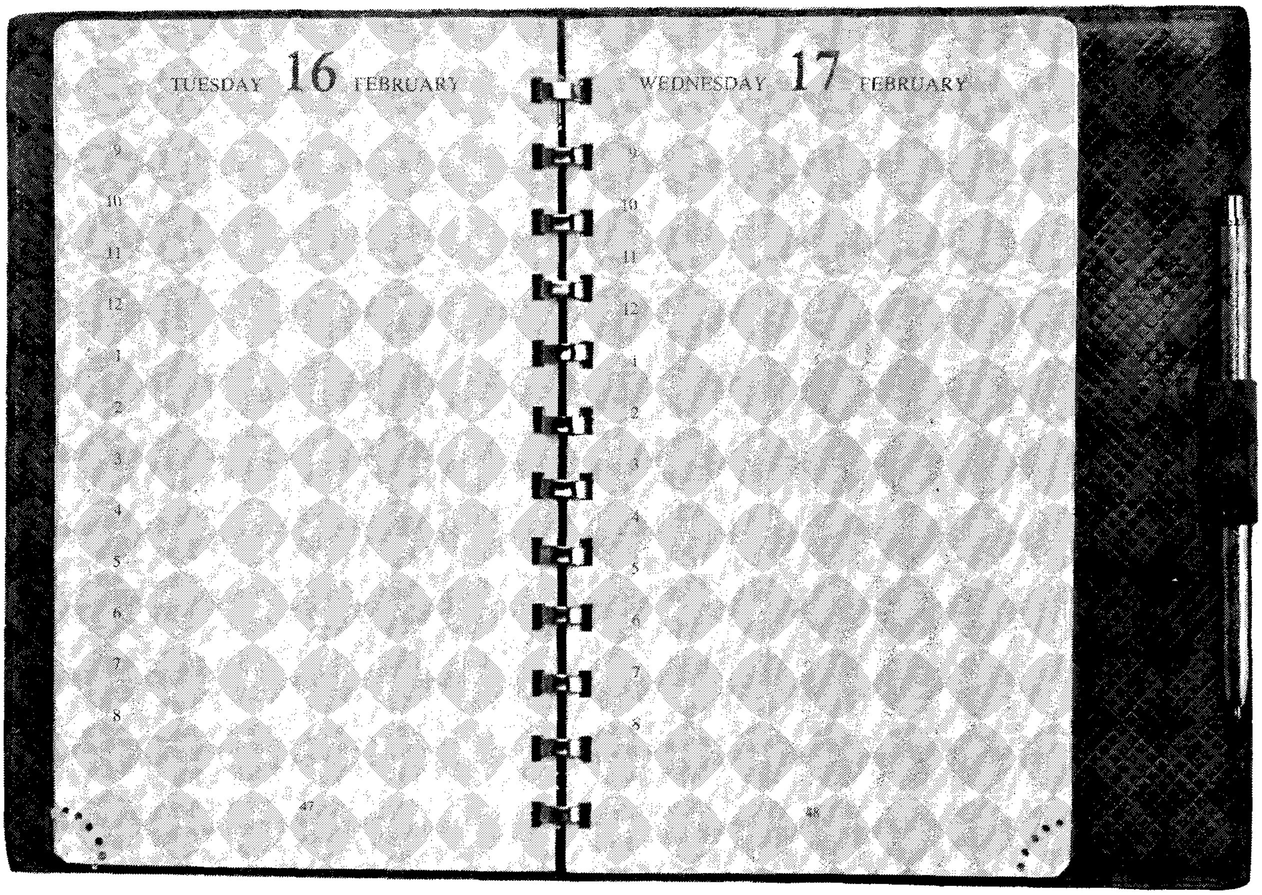
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THE ART WORLD

An End to Chauvinism

CONTEMPORARY art is no longer a New York exclusive. It never really was, of course, but the belief has been widely held. Ever since Abstract Expressionist painting became the dominant international style, in the late fifties, a great many people both here and abroad have seen this city as the primary source of advanced art—the place where new tendencies germinate, show themselves, and are approved for export. The notion that nothing of interest could be happening anywhere else in the world has caused much irritation among European artists and dealers, to say nothing of their counterparts in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, and other downhome art towns. Now the wall of chauvinism, real or imagined, appears to be crumbling.

It was breached last season by the so-called Italian trans-avant-garde. Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, and Enzo Cucchi, who were shown together and singly at the Sperone Westwater Fischer gallery, in SoHo, and Mimmo Paladino, who appeared at both the uptown Marian Goodman gallery and the downtown Annina Nosei gallery, attracted a lot of attention and a number of American buyers. The current season belongs to the Germans—two generations of German painters, most of whom are showing here for the first time. The older group—of artists in their forties—is represented by A. R. Penck, Georg Baselitz, and Markus Lüpertz, who are appearing this month at Sonnabend, Xavier Fourcade, and Marian Goodman, respectively; and by K. H. Hödicke, who was on view at Annina Nosei in October, and Anselm Kiefer (age thirty-six), who will be shown at Marian Goodman in April. Of the younger group—painters born around 1950—Rainer Fetting and Helmut Middendorf exhibited together at the Mary Boone gallery last summer, and Bernd Zimmer was at the Barbara Gladstone gallery in October. This month, Fetting is at Mary Boone again, solo, and Salomé (whose real name is Wolfgang Cilarz) is having his first one-man show here, at Annina Nosei. Competition among New York dealers for the new and not so new German work has been intense—one gallery owner used the word "desperate" in describing it to me—and the alliances are not yet stable. Baselitz, after showing at Fourcade this month, will show at Sonnabend in March. Sigmar Polke, another leader of the older generation, has been approached by several dealers but so far is unrepresented here.

What is behind this blitzkrieg? Baselitz, Penck, Lüpertz, and Polke have exhibited widely in Europe since the sixties, and the younger group has been showing since 1977. What made them so suddenly of interest in New York? Various explanations are advanced. The time was not ripe. Until a year or so ago, Minimal and Conceptual Art still held the German dealers in thrall; with few exceptions, they did nothing to promote the decidedly non-Minimal "*heftige Malerei*" ("vehement painting") of the natives. This line of reasoning suggests that New York's chauvinism was more securely rooted in European minds than it was over here. Nevertheless, the older German artists had all appeared in the large international exhibitions that are an important part of Europe's art scene, and until last year New York had seemed to take no notice of them.

Then, more or less simultaneously, lots of people noticed them. Ileana Sonnabend, Mary Boone, and Marian Goodman date their epiphanies from the last Venice Biennale, in the spring of 1980. Baselitz and Kiefer appeared in the official West German pavilion at the Biennale, and several other Germans were in an international group show called "Open 80," organized for the Biennale by the Italian critic Achille Bonito Oliva and by the free-lance curator Harald Szeemann—a show that also included work by the Italian "Three C's" (Cucchi, Chia, and Clemente) and by a number of red-hot young Americans (Jedd Garet, Bryan Hunt, Valerie Jaudon, Robert Kushner, Susan Rothenberg, Julian Schnabel, Rodney Ripps, Ned Smyth) and two red-hot middle-aged Americans, Robert Moskowitz and Robert Zakanitch. Annina Nosei and other alert dealers (most of whom seem to be women these days) zeroed in on German artists at the big Royal

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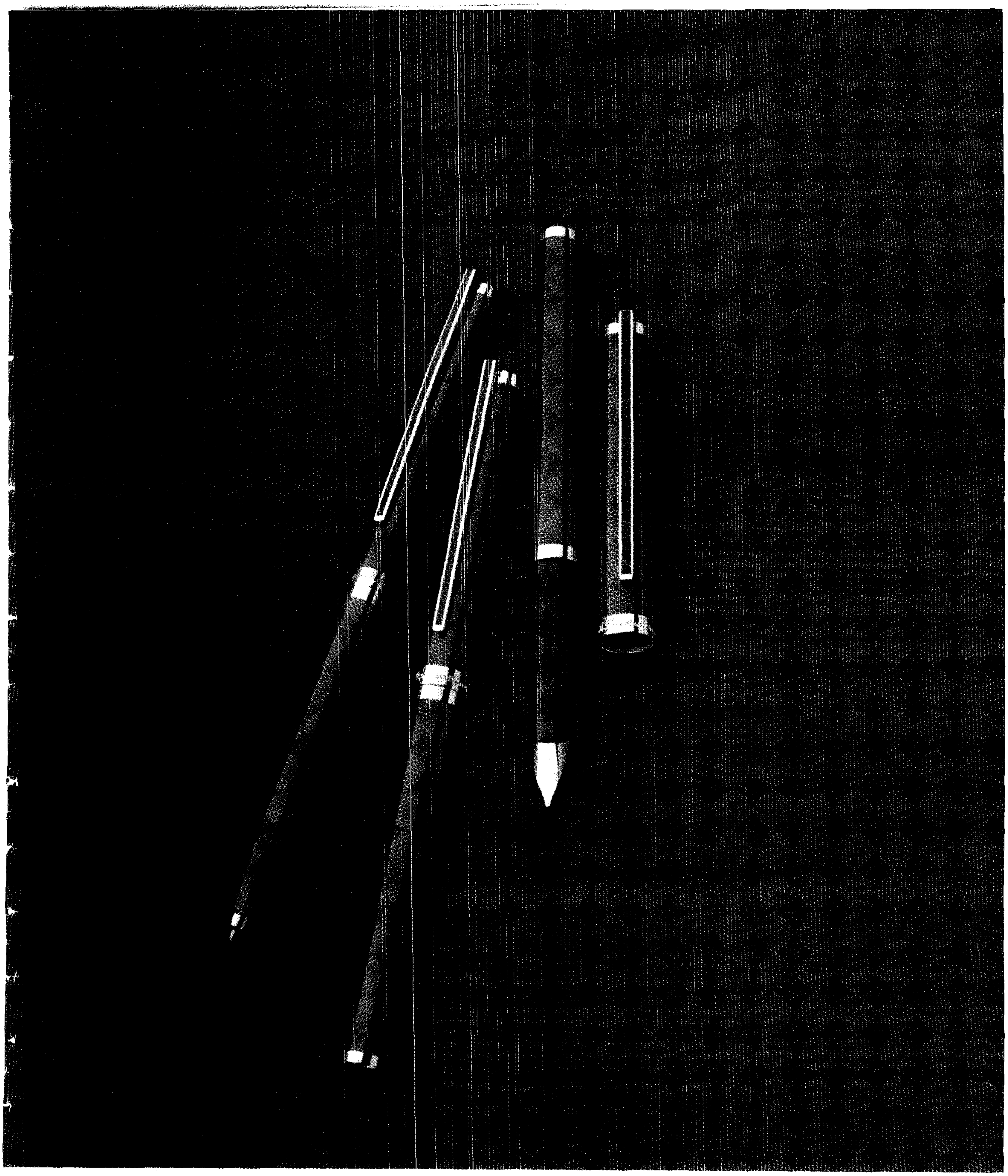

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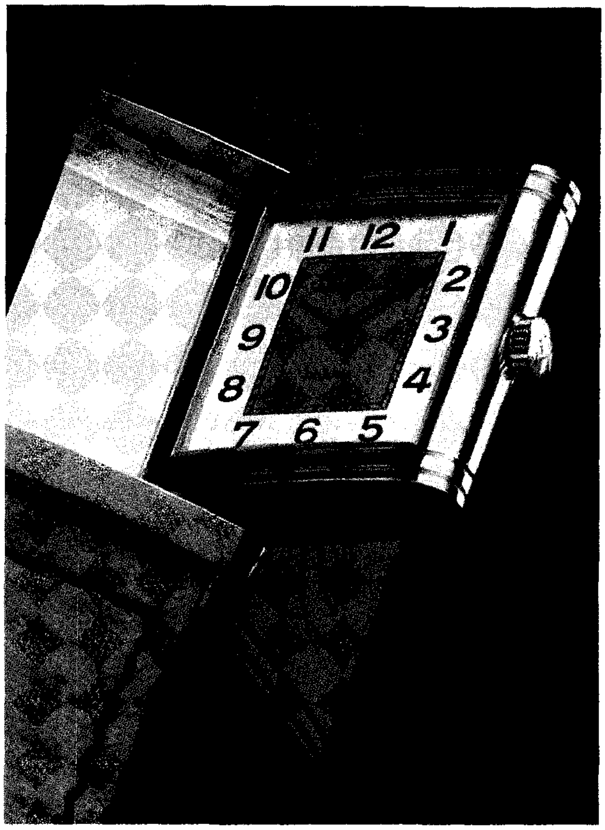

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Academy show called "A New Spirit in Painting," which opened in London last January. Trips to Berlin, Cologne, and other German art centers became de rigueur for New York dealers. All at once, everybody had to sign up a German.

Whatever else it may turn out to be, the new German painting is clearly German. Certain of its characteristics—crude figuration, large scale, strong color, and loose paint handling—are right in line with much of the so-called New Wave painting in New York, but something in the German temper seems to give the work a monolithic weightiness. Baselitz paints his eagles and human figures upside down, for reasons that do not immediately become evident; I have no doubt that he could explain them at length. Kiefer's subject matter is often German history—warriors, leaders, military symbols, and Wagnerian scenes of devastation. At the Biennale, some observers thought that Kiefer's pictures had Fascist overtones; others saw in them a courageous effort to come to terms with the German past. Hödicke is fascinated by the effects of light in cities, and by the human figure. A. R. Penck, who seems to me the most interesting artist of the older group, has adopted a complex language of signs and symbols, many of which derive from Paleolithic cave art. (He also adopted the name A. R. Penck, which belonged to a geologist in the field of Ice Age studies; his real name is Ralf Winkler.) Until last year, Penck lived in East Germany, where he was unable to show his work publicly. He managed to have his canvases smuggled out rolled up in newspapers, and through the efforts of the Cologne dealer Michael Werner they reached a wide public. Penck's growing reputation in Western Europe made his life in East Germany increasingly difficult. Formally "denationalized" by the East German authorities, he was permitted to leave the country; he now lives in Cologne.

The younger artists are centered in West Berlin. Most of them live in a factory area near the Berlin Wall, called Moritzplatz, where they started putting on group shows of their work in 1977, and the dealers who have been there report that the place is like SoHo in its early days—full of energy and the spirit of innovation. Several young German artists have made extended visits to New York. With one exception, they depict the contemporary urban scene—streets, night clubs,

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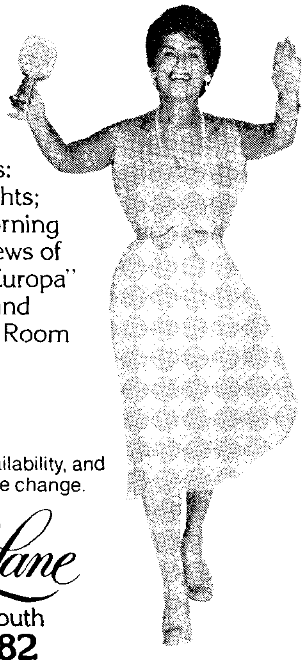

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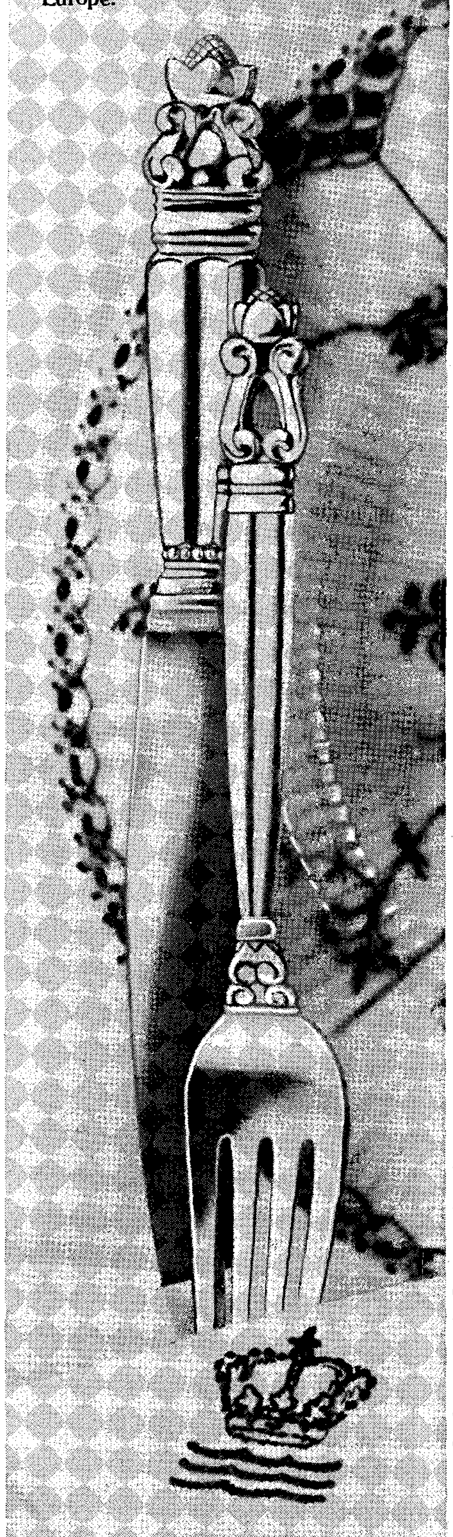

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rock musicians, public baths (male nudes in groups are a frequent subject), tall buildings. The exception is Bernd Zimmer, who paints cows and waterfalls and other nature icons, in such extreme closeup that they verge on abstraction.

Like a great deal of recent art elsewhere, the new German painting reflects a tendency to look backward—to find sustenance in art history. The obvious antecedent of much of what the young Germans are doing is the German Expressionist movement, which began in the early years of this century and continued, with declining energy, until about 1920. Several of them have paid specific homage to the fevered urban sensibility of Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, and Zimmer's rural images owe an obvious debt to Franz Marc. There appears to be a sort of historical necessity at work here, a conscious decision to pick up the broken thread of German art and culture; last season's big Expressionist exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum, sponsored jointly by the West German government and American public and corporate sources, turned out to be perfectly timed. Art never returns full circle, of course, and the new Expressionism is significantly different from the old. While color and line are again being used for maximum emotional effect, today's Expressionists appear to stand somewhere outside their work. What mattered to Kirchner and Die Brücke Expressionists was "communication from within"—the cry of the human spirit in a world that increasingly sought (or so they believed) to drown it out. Fetting, Salomé, and their colleagues offer up no such desperate communications. Their paintings are noisy and violent at times, but without moral protestation. This is how it is, they tell us—how it is in Berlin or New York or any doomed city as the world trembles toward night.

Although much of the new painting in Europe and America can also be seen as a reaction against Minimal Art, the young Germans have retained some of the Minimalists' cool detachment. So have the Italians, whose work is quirkier and less grim than that of the Berliners. Chia's balloon-like figures float above the street, or pursue wild game in pneumatic, piebald mountains. Clemente's nude and often fragmented self-image is a prey to scatological needs. The interesting thing is that the Italians, like the Germans, seem to be finding nourishment

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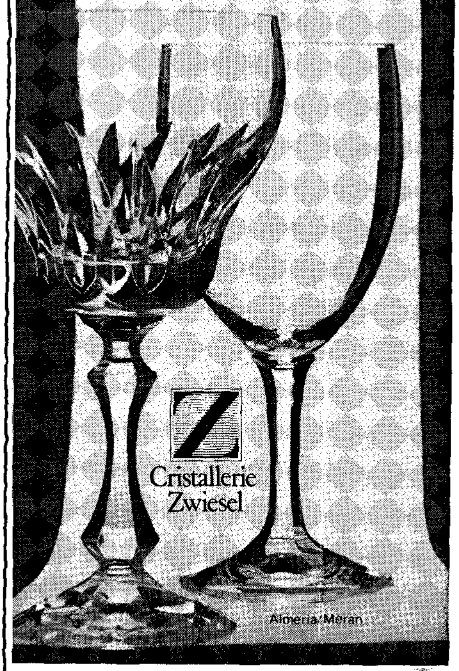

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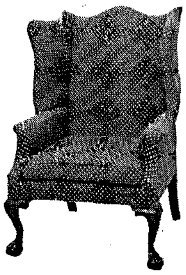

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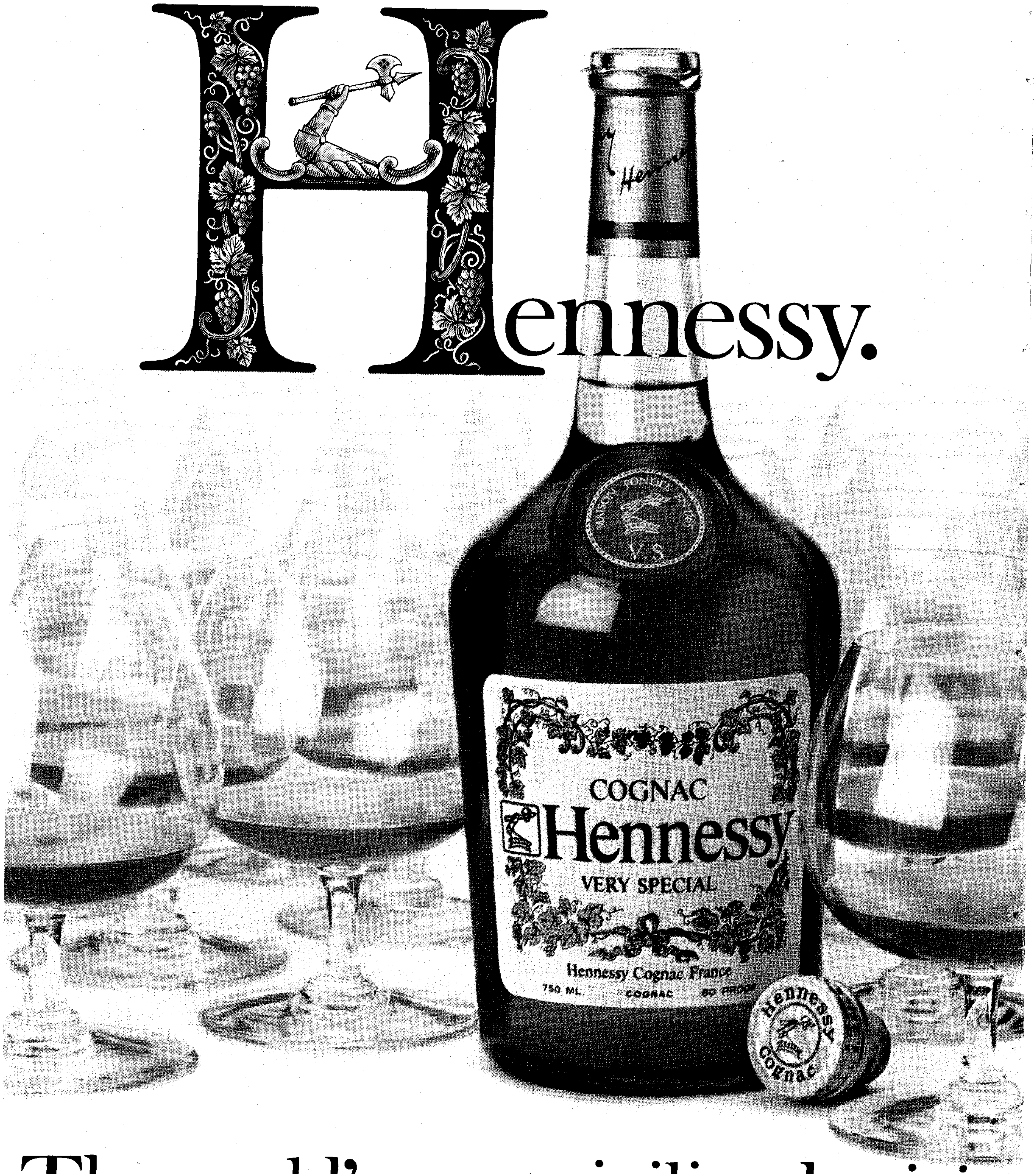
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in their own particular art history. De Chirico and Boccioni are two evident sources for Chia. Clemente has mastered the difficult technique of fresco painting. Carlo Maria Mariani, the latest Italian to surface here (at Sperone Westwater Fischer in November), has had the effrontery to paint a vast allegorical picture of the 1981 School of Rome—artists, dealers, critics, and friends, semi-nude or clothed in togas, presented in ultra-realistic seventeenth-century neoclassical detail.

What makes the recent European painting interesting to us right now, I am beginning to think, is its specific German or Italian frame of reference. Minimal Art, the last significant new art to emanate from New York, was virtually without reference to place and time; it could be (and was) done as naturally in Tokyo and Düsseldorf as in New York. Minimal Art was historically inevitable, given the twentieth-century artist's preoccupation with stripping painting and sculpture nude in order to fathom their essential properties. Conceptual Art, Minimal's footnote, was the final stage in this century-long process; if the essence of art was idea, then a way had to be found to convey the idea without the benefit of a "work." At that point, art disappeared into philosophy, and Americans, by and large, lost interest. The only major collectors of Conceptual Art have been Europeans, who often seem to be more comfortable with ideas—or, at least, with words—than with works.

The inevitable reaction to the Minimal/Conceptual end game gave rise in New York to the period of "pluralism" in art. Many of the new approaches—Pattern and Decoration, New Image, Narrative, and the current catchall New Wave—have been based on some form of recognizable-image-making, as though in rejecting Minimal one had to reject abstract art as well. The results have been inconclusive: a great deal of activity but no clear signs of where it is leading. And to this observer the pluralistic expedients share with Minimal a lack of specific reference. They do not have a New York "look." Unlike Abstract Expressionism or Pop Art, they could have cropped up anywhere in the world.

Seen in this light, the erosion of New York chauvinism assumes added significance. It may be as important for New York artists to break out as it is for Europeans to break in. Julian Schnabel and David Salle, two of the

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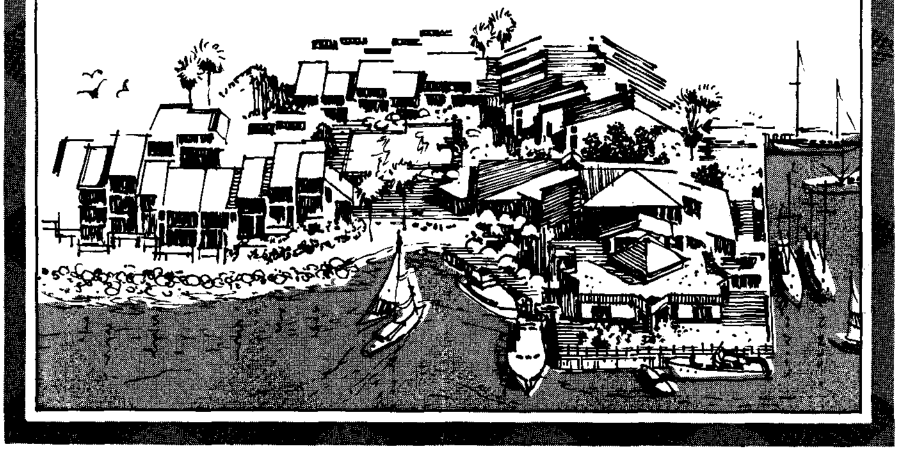

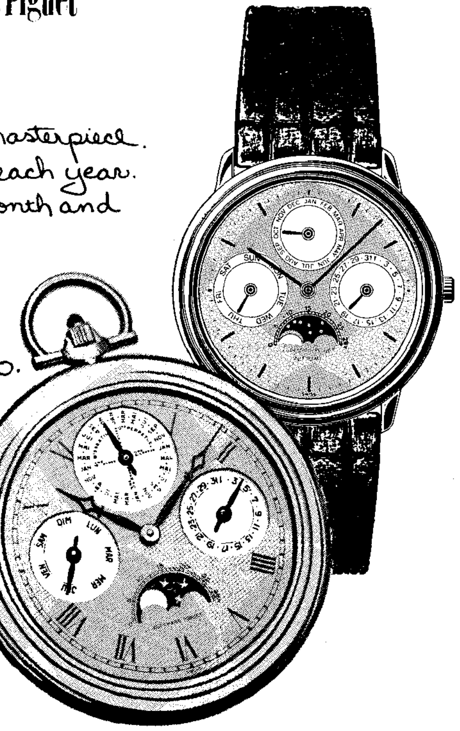

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most widely admired young artists on the local scene, both travelled in Europe during the period when they were evolving their styles. They saw the work of the new Italian and German painters and met some of them, and there is a good deal of debate, some of it acrimonious, as to who influenced whom. At any rate, for the first time in at least a dozen years the aesthetic currents seem to be running in both directions between Europe and America, and this is only the start of it. Eighteen New York galleries have undertaken to show the work of young French artists in February. There is talk of new developments in Austria and in Holland. Meanwhile, "American Painting, 1930-80," the largest exhibition of American art ever presented in Germany (it was organized by the Whitney Museum), recently went on view at the Haus der Kunst in Munich, where it remains through January, 1982. If these cross-currents continue, American artists may rediscover their own sources reflected in next season's German painting. —CALVIN TOMKINS

●

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[*Memo distributed to employees at the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard*]

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1. For holiday purposes, Sunday is always Sunday.

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a. If a person's "J" days are Wednesday and Thursday Tuesday becomes Friday and Friday becomes Monday.

3. The first "J" day is considered Saturday and the second "J" day is considered Sunday, except where Sunday is involved.

a. Where we "J" a four day weekend, Friday becomes the man's Saturday, Saturday becomes the man's Sunday, Sunday is always Sunday. Monday becomes the man's Saturday.

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a. If a person's "J" days are Wednesday and Thursday and the holiday falls on Wednesday, it would be celebrated on Tuesday which is really Friday, and if the holiday falls on Thursday it would be celebrated on Friday which is really Monday.

●

"And Kenny Duckett was our offensive player of the week," the coach added. "There are a lot of fine players in the league, but I doubt if anyone is less valuable to his team than Kenny is to ours." —*Raleigh* (*N.C.*) *News & Observer.*

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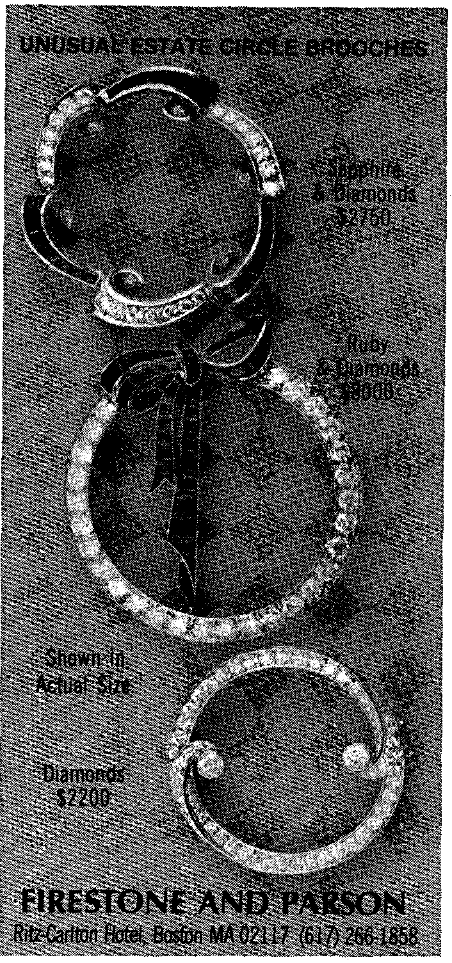

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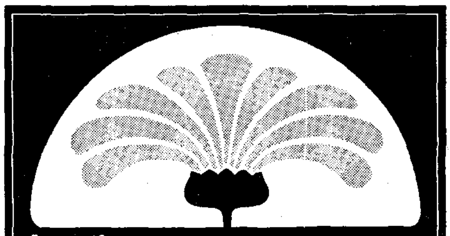

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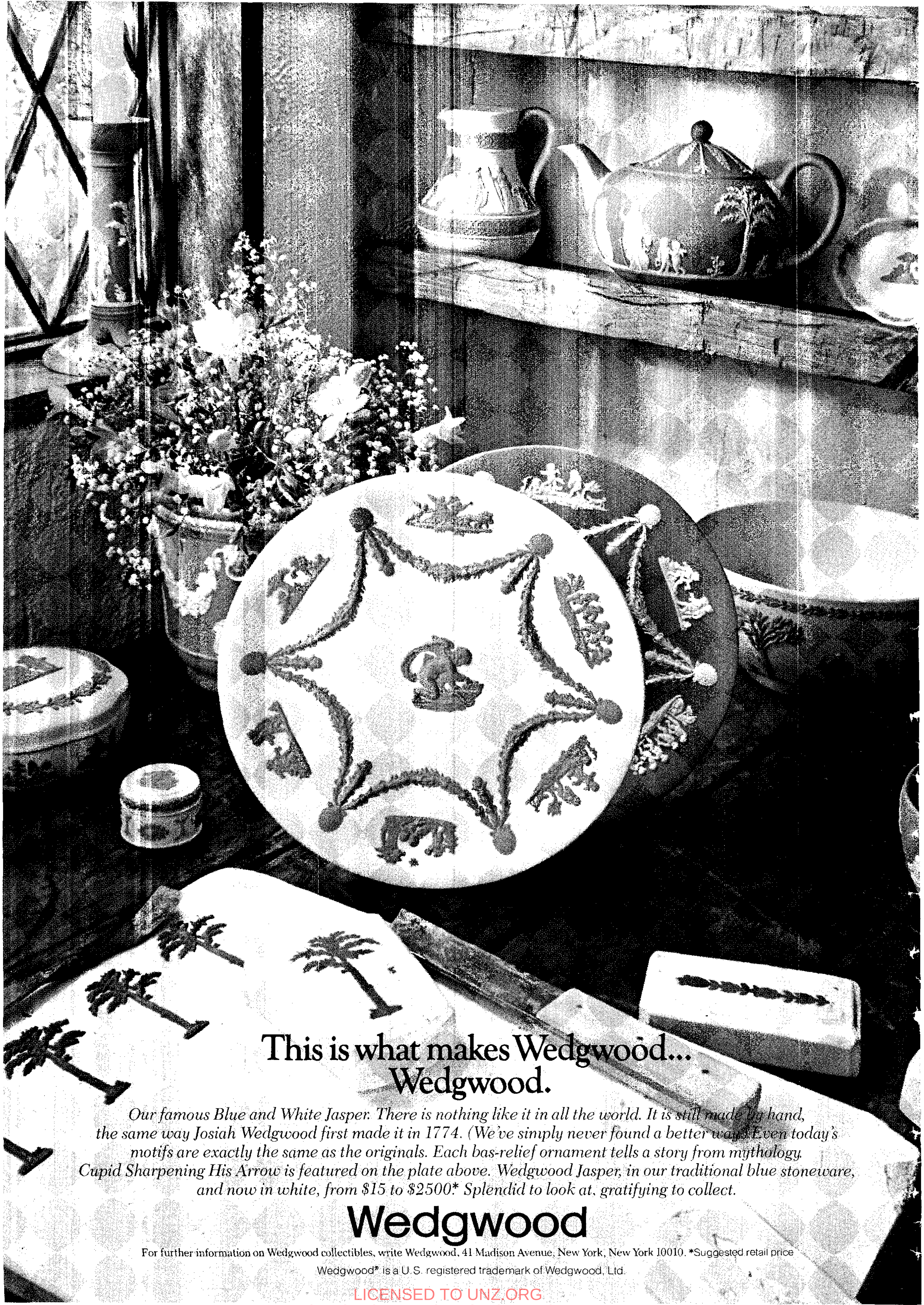

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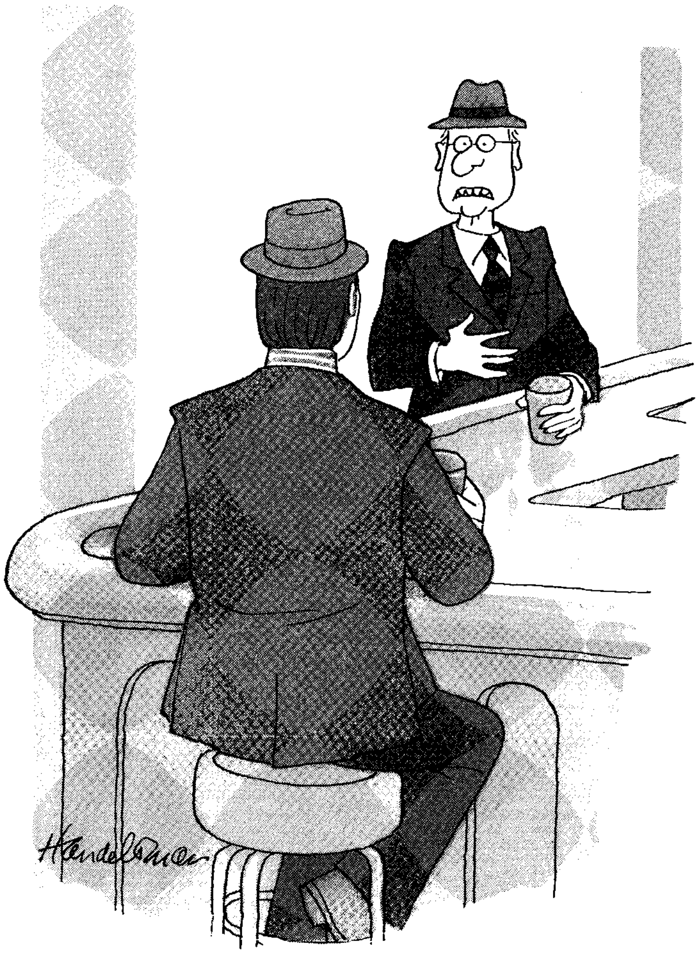
AROUND CITY HALL

FINALES

IN "The Great Crash," John Kenneth Galbraith gives a brisk rundown of dates associated with American financial disaster, including September 18, 1873, when the firm of Jay Cooke & Company failed, and October 23, 1907, which marked the most critical point of the 1907 panic—dates that were later overshadowed in the history books by October 29, 1929, otherwise known as Black Tuesday. Galbraith notes in passing that serious trouble on Wall Street seems to be a phenomenon of autumn. But while Wall Street has hardly been a source of national stability and reassurance recently, the Dow Jones average had nothing to do with the fact that an October day that fell just short of the fifty-second anniversary of the great crash was treated as Black Wednesday by large numbers of residents of this city. Two separate developments caused the local dismay, and each of them generated more excitement among various local constituencies than did the citywide election six days later, although the election also made history when Mayor Edward Koch was the big winner not only on the line of his own Democratic Party but also on that of the Republicans—the first time that a New York mayor had been the successful nominee of both major parties.

It was late on the afternoon of October 28th that the United States Senate voted fifty-two to forty-eight to permit the sale of American AWACS planes to Saudi Arabia—a proposal that had been expected to go down to defeat until President Reagan went all out to save it. The implications of the sale as a threat to the security of Israel were taken especially hard here, in this largest Jewish city in the world. The unhappy comments on the Senate action from spokesmen for major national Jewish organizations, most of which have their headquarters in New York, did not only dwell on the effect that the delivery of the planes might have in the Middle East. They also deplored reports that senators had received quantities of sometimes viciously worded mail and phone calls referring to "the powerful Jewish lobby"—a lobby that many of the senders clearly believed was too powerful. This demonstration of how close to the surface anti-Semitism is in this country alarmed many Americans, Jewish and non-Jewish. Indeed, concern over a possible anti-Jewish backlash if the delivery of the AWACS planes was blocked apparently persuaded some senators to drop their opposition, and William Cohen, of Maine, specifically gave this concern as the reason he had voted for the sale. Despite the fierce emotions that surfaced during the debate, on and off the Senate floor, polls showed that most Americans didn't feel strongly about the issue. Similarly, by no means all Americans—or even all New Yorkers—cared one way or the other about the second October 28th event that dominated the next morning's front pages here, but those who did cared deeply. It was on the night of October 28th that the New York Yankees met the Los Angeles Dodgers in what turned out to be the deciding game of the 1981 World Series. The Yankees, having won the first two games, had seemed to be headed for their third championship in five years, but the California team then took the next four games, ending with the 9–2 victory, riddled with Yankee misplays and misjudgments, that gave the Dodgers the Series.

In several respects, the Series finale seemed to deliver a message about the way things have been going generally in this country. The sixth game, which was scheduled for October 27th, in Yankee Stadium, in the South Bronx, had had to be postponed because of heavy rain—a problem that was not likely to come up in Los Angeles, the home base of the former Brooklyn Dodgers. When the game was finally played, some people in the stands were wearing parkas and mittens—reminders that more clement weather is among the many reasons that the nation's population, industry, and wealth have been abandoning areas like New York for the Sun Belt, where the 1981 World Series trophy will now be on display. The prolongation of the season reminded the Washington *Post* political columnist David Broder of how many members of the Reagan Administration come from the South and the West. "In the new age of Sun Belt government, the whole concept of 'season' needs rethinking," he suggested. He complained that "our Sun King President" had apparently "forgotten the autumns of his Illinois youth." Broder saw the fact that the final contest of the so-called summer game was on a date pushing November—the result of the desire of the baseball-club owners (whose league headquarters are also in this city) to crowd in as many paying customers as possible in the weeks after the players' strike ended—as



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being right in the spirit of one of the Reagan Administration's major themes, which he defined as "worthy greed." Also, in his view the presence of the affluent Yankees and Dodgers in the finals was in line with the supply-siders' goal of "the rich getting richer." Broder proposed that "the extremely small, disgruntled band of Chicago Cub fans" join up with some other team for an annual two-game season. He said, "That way—and only that way—we know we'd be in the pennant race."

In the same Washington *Post* issue in which Broder used the Series as an excuse to take out after greed here and in the Reagan Administration, the Yankees' being in the Series moved the columnist Mike Royko to describe New York as "a dirty, crowded, crooked, terribly sinful place," whose residents were "arrogant, noisy, rude, ignorant, self-pitying neurotics." Although Royko insisted that he hates New York, he explained that this was not so much the fault of the Yankees as of the Mets. In 1969, that now hapless team beat the Chicago Cubs in their division, knocking them out of the National League playoffs. "All Cub fans wanted was that one measly pennant," Royko wrote. "Whenever I think of 1969, I put on my videotape of the movie 'Fail Safe' and play the last two minutes. That's the movie that ends with New York being nuked."

There are apparently no Washington *Post* writers who bear a grudge against a New York team on behalf of, say, the St. Louis Cardinals. The surprising thing about the paper's extremely small, disgruntled band of pro-Cub columnists was that Broder and Royko weren't joined that day by their colleague George Will, who has said that long exposure to the dashed hopes familiar to Cub partisans led to his dour brand of political conservatism—which has perked up wonderfully since the election of his friend Ronald Reagan. Will once commented, "Liberals are temperamentally inclined to see the world as a harmonious carnival," in which "a benevolent Nature arranges a favorable balance of pleasure over pain," whereas "conservatives (and Cub fans) know better." A headline above one of Will's columns a while back read "HAVE YOU EVER KNOWN A YANKEE FAN WITH REAL CHARACTER?" ("What do Yankee fans know of the short and simple annals of the poor? Of lives of quiet desperation?") When the federal government agreed

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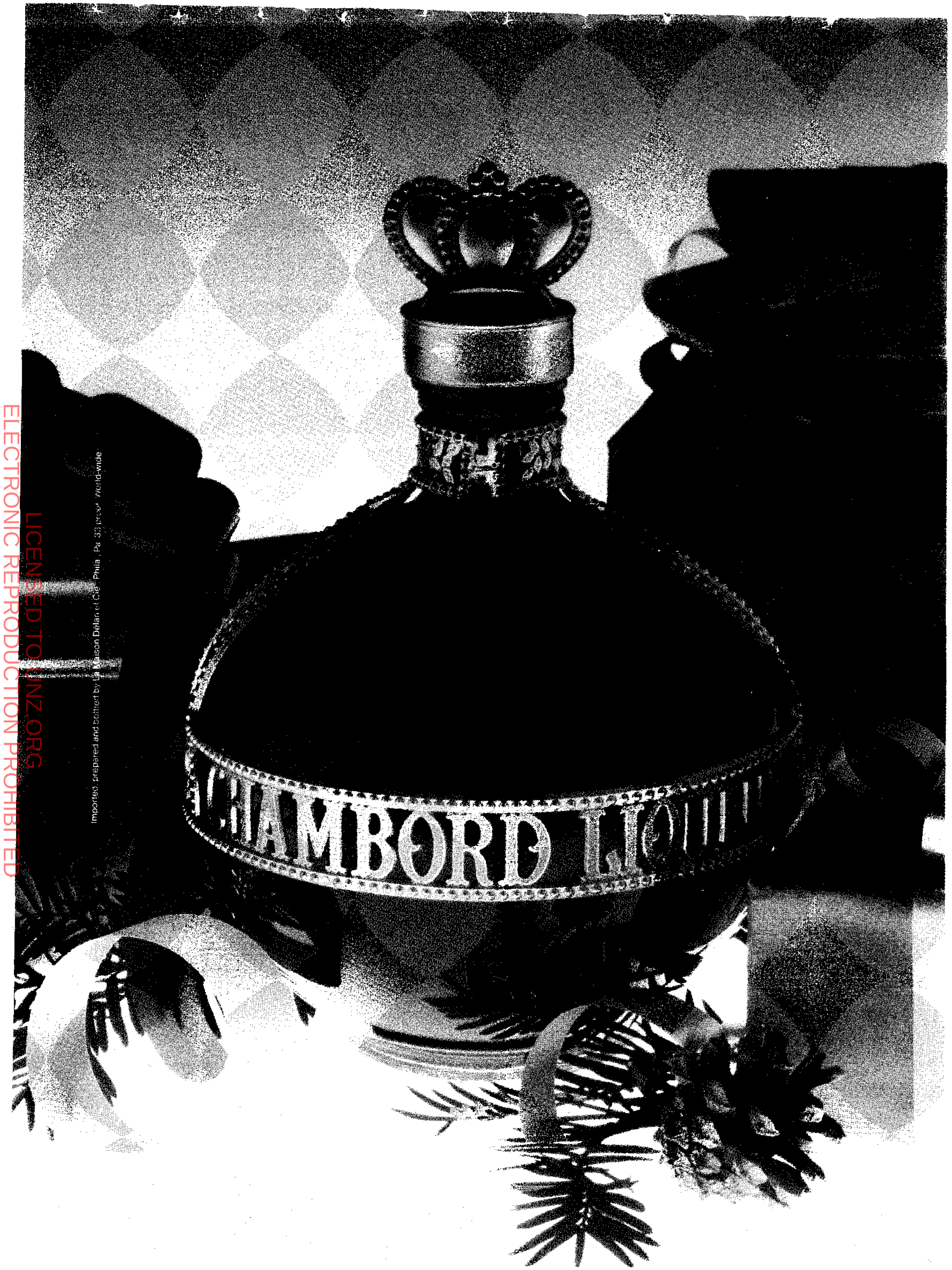
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And when I told him a watch, he smiled. And waited. A quizzical expression came over his face.

"Well, perhaps not just any watch," I admitted.
"I thought not," said he, nodding with encouragement.
"I would like…"
"Yes?"
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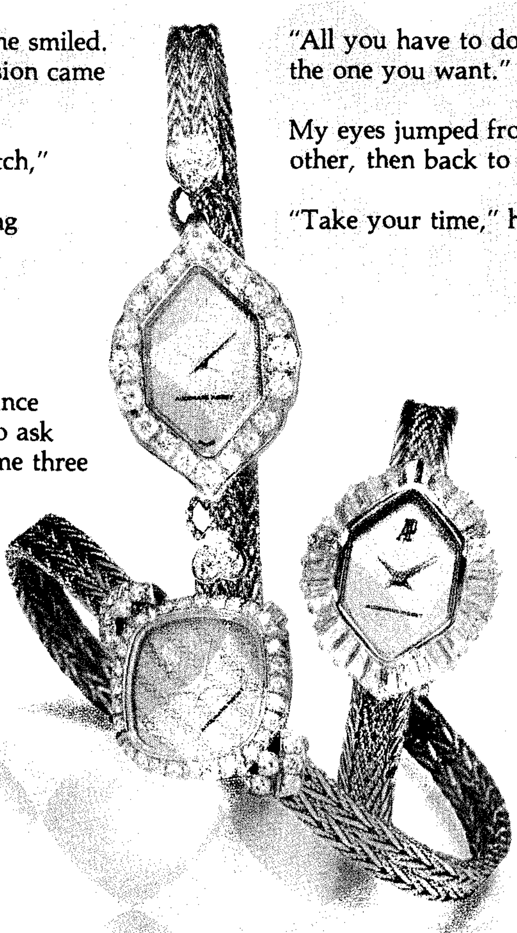

"All you have to do," he said smiling, "is choose the one you want."

My eyes jumped from one to the other to the other, then back to the first…

"Take your time," he said.

Audemars Piguet

FOR BROCHURE, WRITE TO: AUDEMARS PIGUET, 301 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022 to pass the legislation that rescued New York from bankruptcy a few years ago, Will appeared to be inconsolable at the news that the home of the Yankees would not be simply abandoned to the financial elements.

BY no means all of this city's sports teams make the championship finals as frequently as the Yankees have in recent years. Nevertheless, there are other areas in which New Yorkers have a reputation for lording it over rivals and, as a consequence, creating dangerous resentments elsewhere. Last April, the *Times* book reviewer Christopher Lehmann-Haupt, perhaps establishing himself as a New York neurotic, speculated on the special attraction of John Kennedy Toole's novel "A Confederacy of Dunces," which had just won a Pulitzer Prize. He suggested that it had appealed to reviewers, especially those from out of town, because of its history: Toole had committed suicide after the book was considered, and ultimately rejected, by a New York publisher. His mother had then submitted it unsuccessfully to eight other publishing houses here; it was finally published, some years later, by the Louisiana State University Press. "Moral: never trust a New York publisher," Lehmann-Haupt wrote. Observing that reviewers had praised the novel as a comic wonder, he pointed out the kind of thing it made fun of, which he itemized in a list that began, "Old people, young people, Jewish businessmen, New York Jewish radicals, New York Jewish liberals, Zionists, black militants . . ." That same month, the Washington *Post* reported the proceedings of a PEN convention held at the University of Virginia, in Charlottesville. The participants' complaints about the undue influence of the crass, shortsighted New York publishing industry had been so unrelenting that the headlines over the story were:

PRIZES AND PREJUDICE
PEN WRITERS DECRY NEW YORK
LITERARY DOMINANCE . . .
THEY HATE NEW YORK.

Said the novelist Mary Lee Settle, who was on hand, "There are people who think we are down here having a party. We're not. We're down here having a revolution—a perpetual revolution. We are declaring our independence from that little island up north that is just barely inside American territorial limits."

No shots will be fired in this revolu-

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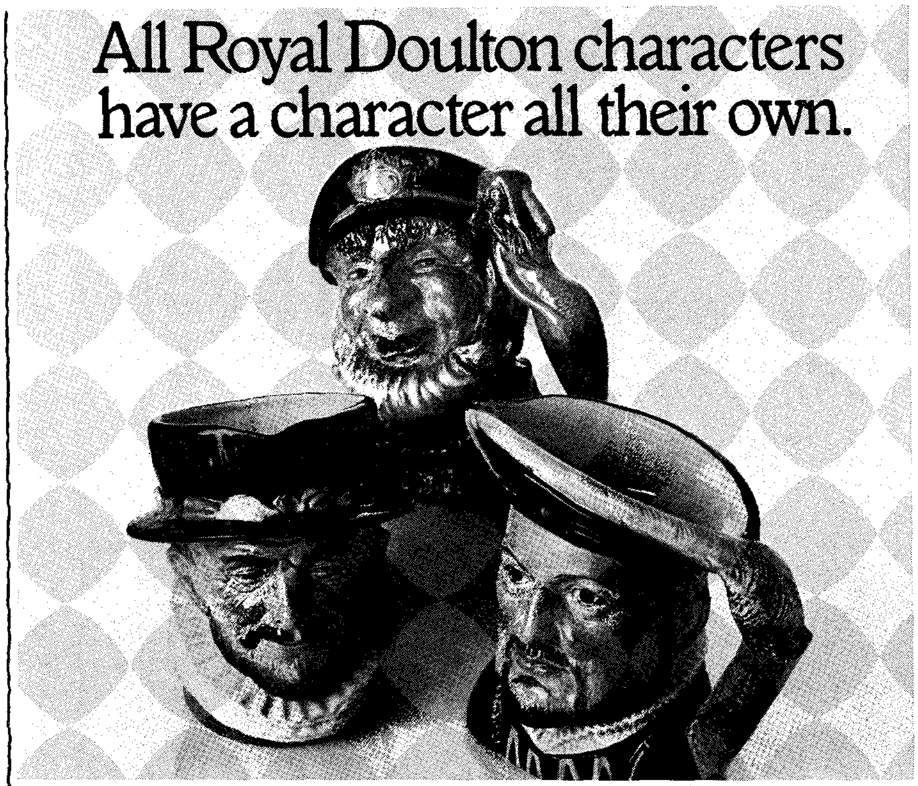

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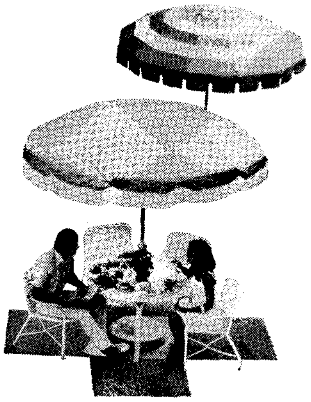

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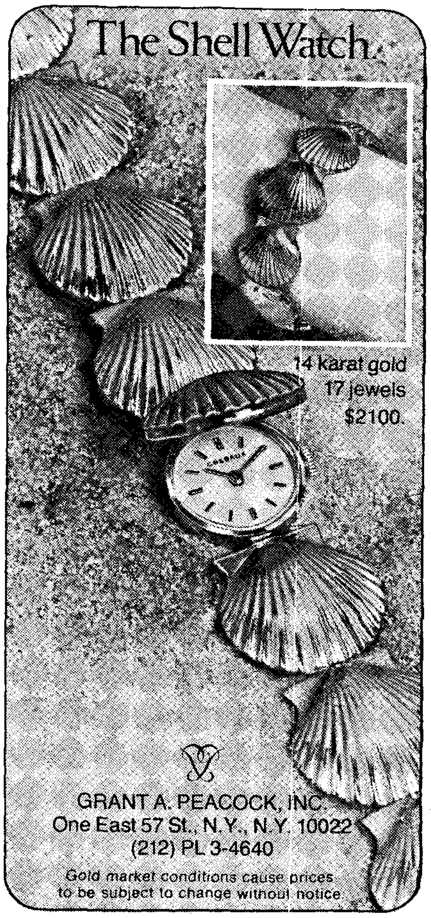
tion, nor, of course, does Mike Royko favor nuking New York; writers, like politicians, are entitled to an occasional vaudeville turn. Still, the exasperation that the Yankees and so much else about the city often set off among Americans who live in other places is no joke to local officials trying to plead New York's cause with representatives at other levels of government. In this summer's confrontation in Washington over the President's economic-recovery program, members of Congress who used what bargaining power they had in an effort to spare American cities from some of the more slashing cuts that the Reagan plan had originally specified were obliged to make sure that no provisions in the agreed-upon compromises could be construed as giving a special break to New York City. Any impression that the compromises did favor New York would probably have guaranteed their defeat. A delegation of city and state officials once visited Texas Representative Jack Brooks, the chairman of the House Government Operations Committee, to try to get his support for a bill that would have benefitted urban areas in which there was high unemployment—a category that included this city. Brooks told them angrily, "This money would help New York continue to do things that are immoral, unethical, unconscionable, and downright stupid." He would fight the bill "with every bone in my body," Brooks said, adding, "This is the last time you Jewish cowboys hold up this federal stagecoach." Mayor Koch often suggests that because of his friendly relationship (up to now) with the President the White House attitude toward New York is much better in the Reagan era than it was in the past. A leading Reagan Administration official said this fall, however, that instead of the popular "I Love New York" theme song the people around the President sing "I *Loathe* New York." He told Harrison Rainie, of the *Daily News*, "Our basic constituency doesn't give a damn about New York—thinks it's the center of evil." However, he said that on the record he loved "Ed Koch and the South Bronx and all those wonderful qualities of the nation's biggest city."

IT was an ill-natured sally at New York's expense that led to the rather loony spectacle of George Steinbrenner, the terrible-tempered owner of the Yankees, briefly becoming a local folk hero during the World



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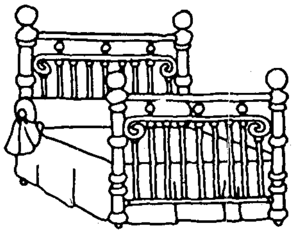

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Series, which perhaps demonstrated how hard up New York currently is for heroes—or defenders. Steinbrenner's claim that in an elevator in the Los Angeles Hyatt Wilshire Hotel after the fifth Series game he had punched some fellows wearing Dodger baseball caps because they asked him, "Why don't you go back to New York with the rest of the animals?," moved the excitable New York *Post* to take up most of its front page on October 27th with the headline "GIVE 'EM HELL, GEORGE!" By the end of the following day, however, it was the Dodger fans—and the supporters of the sale of AWACS planes—who were having all the fun. Early that evening, a Washington party in honor of the thirty-fifth birthday of Mrs. Strom Thurmond turned into a double celebration because of the just concluded Senate vote. One guest, Michigan Representative Guy Vander Jagt, who was the keynote speaker at the 1980 Republican National Convention, hailed the senators who had put the measure over, saying, "Thank you from the entire free world." ("Ronald Reagan won this fight because baseball is America's national pastime," George Will wrote in a column a few days later. "Every kid learns that in a close play at first base a tie goes to the runner. In government, the President is the runner.") The party broke up early, so that leaders of the Sun Belt government could disperse to watch the Series. Attorney General William French Smith, noting that he was rooting for the Dodgers ("Well, they're my home team"), seemed to have a special line to the powers that be. "They're going to win," he said. "It's been a good day."

Some not so good days lay just ahead for the Reagan insiders, reflected in the headlines featuring such names as Stockman and Allen and, not for the first time, Haig, but during most of the fall the White House had much to celebrate. Since the G.O.P.'s victory last November, its spokesmen have often quoted polls that showed Americans increasingly identifying themselves as Republicans—and they have been able to point to some gratifying examples. Two Democratic members of the House of Representatives—Bob Stump, of Arizona, and Eugene Atkinson, of Pennsylvania—announced that they would be switching to the opposition party, with Atkinson describing the switch as being in the interests of "political survival." Those who paid attention only to the head-

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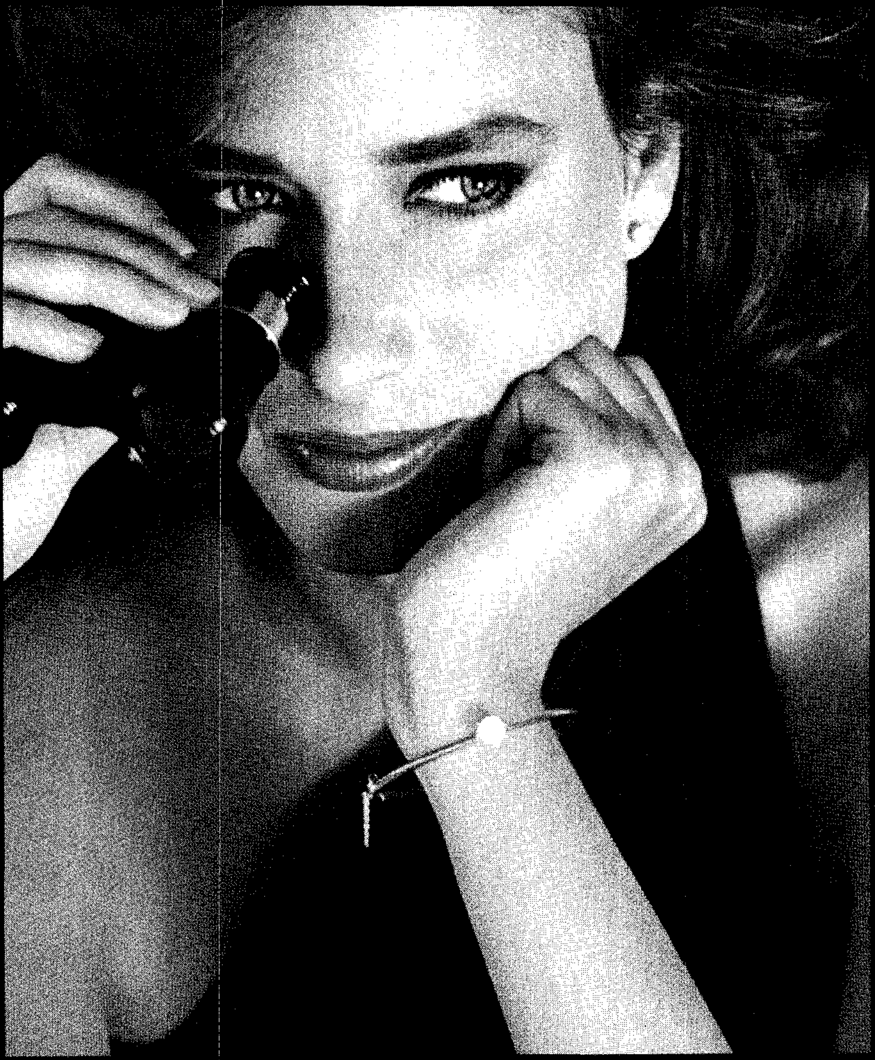

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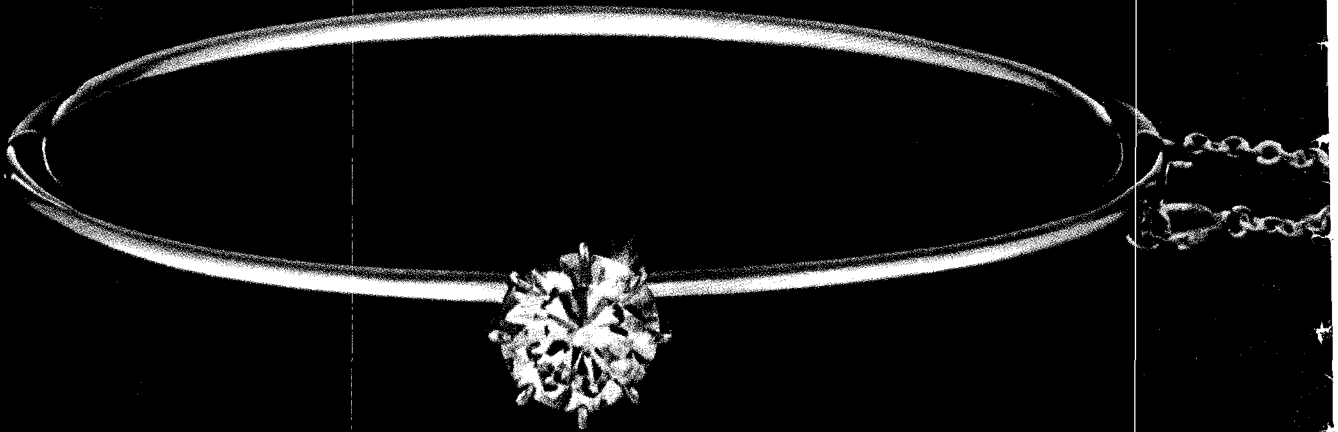

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lines over accounts of the New York City election on November 3rd might have jumped to the conclusion that it represented another significant tilt toward the Republicans. Since 1901, only two Republicans have been elected mayor here—Fiorello LaGuardia and John Lindsay. Now they would again, in a sense, have a man at City Hall, as a result of Koch's victory on both major-party tickets. In this instance, however, the prime reason for the alliance had been not the political survival of the candidate but that of the city's Republican Party. Koch's Republican opponent in 1977, Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman, wound up with less than four and a half per cent of the vote. This year, Goodman, who is now the Republican chairman for Manhattan, was among the local G.O.P. bosses who insisted that Koch should receive their party's nomination. Among more than seven million New Yorkers, they had not been able to find any registered Republican who they believed would have the faintest chance of defeating the popular Democratic Mayor; the fact that a formal search conducted by some of Koch's former allies, from the days when he was a liberal-minded reform Democrat, had also failed to come up with a plausible Koch opponent was scant comfort to the Republicans here. Now they are hoping for a few patronage crumbs from City Hall, but their influence is not likely to be substantial in this city, in which on November 3rd every candidate for office on the Democratic line was elected, in most cases by a large margin.

For nearly a decade, there have been only Democrats on the Board of Estimate, a body whose eight ex-officio members—the Mayor, the President of the City Council, the Comptroller, and the five borough presidents—are responsible for ruling on most significant city legislation. With the exception of Manhattan Borough President Andrew Stein, none of the Board's members had any real opposition this year. Stein was somewhat shaken by the results of the Democratic primary, in which, with a total of a hundred and forty-four thousand votes cast, City Clerk David Dinkins unexpectedly came within eighty-three hundred votes of beating him. Not only are all eight board members Democrats but they are white—a fact that leaders of minority groups here often cite as proof of the degree to which they are shut out of local government in a city that is about forty-

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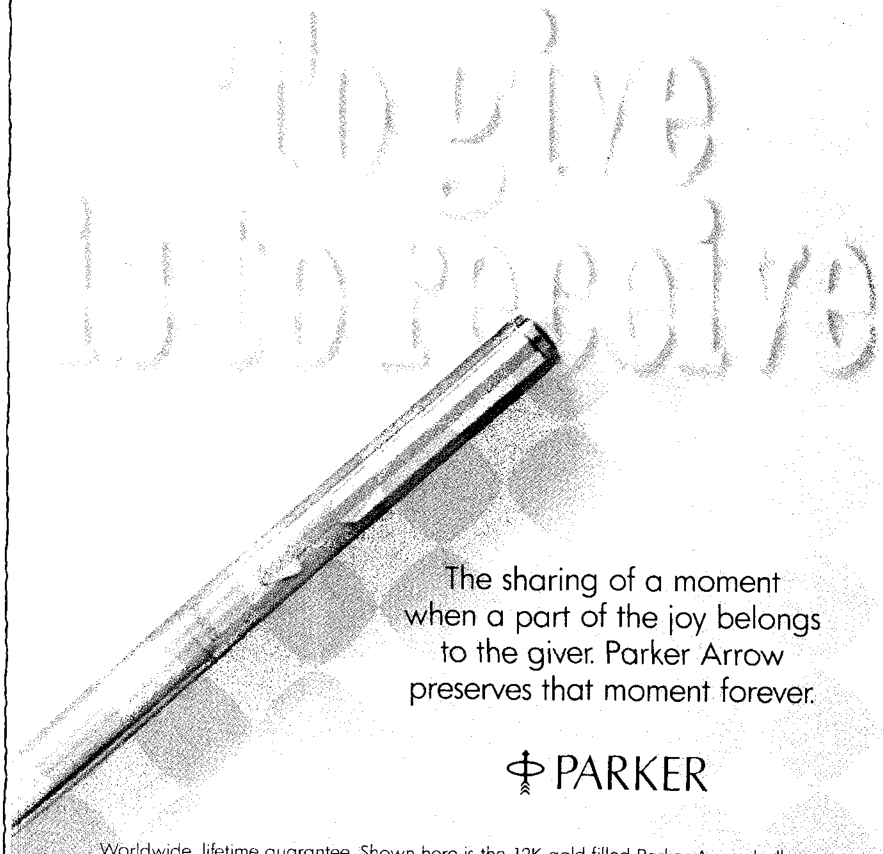

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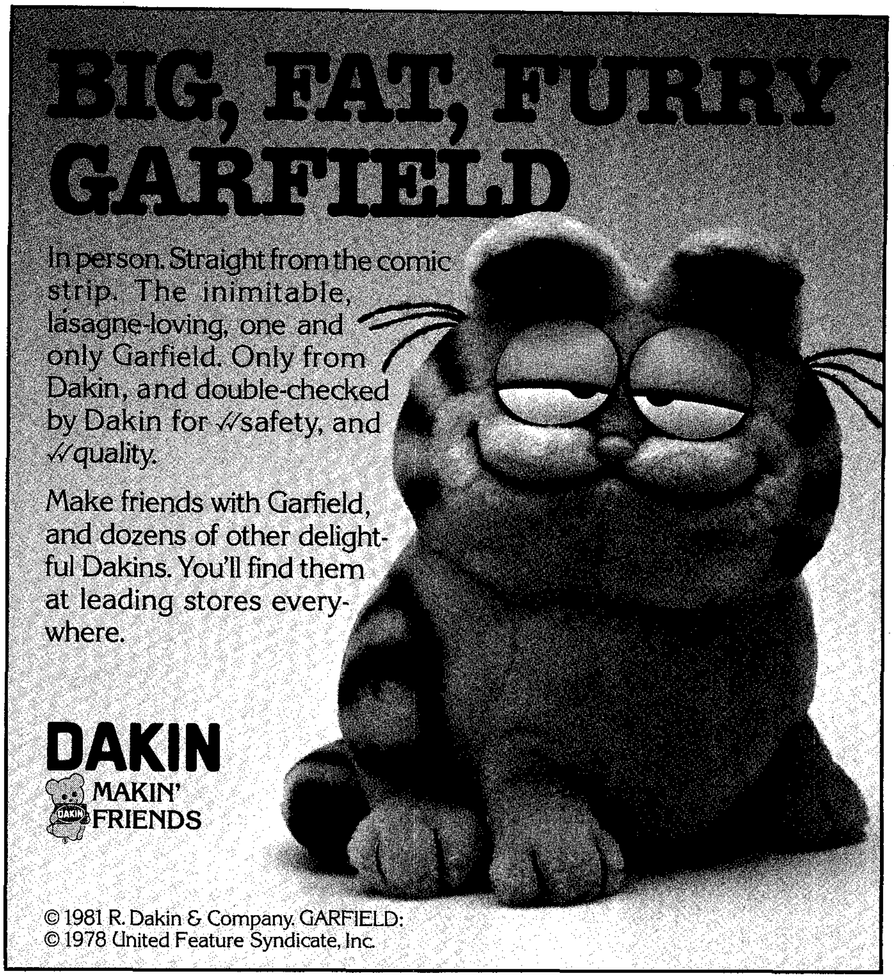
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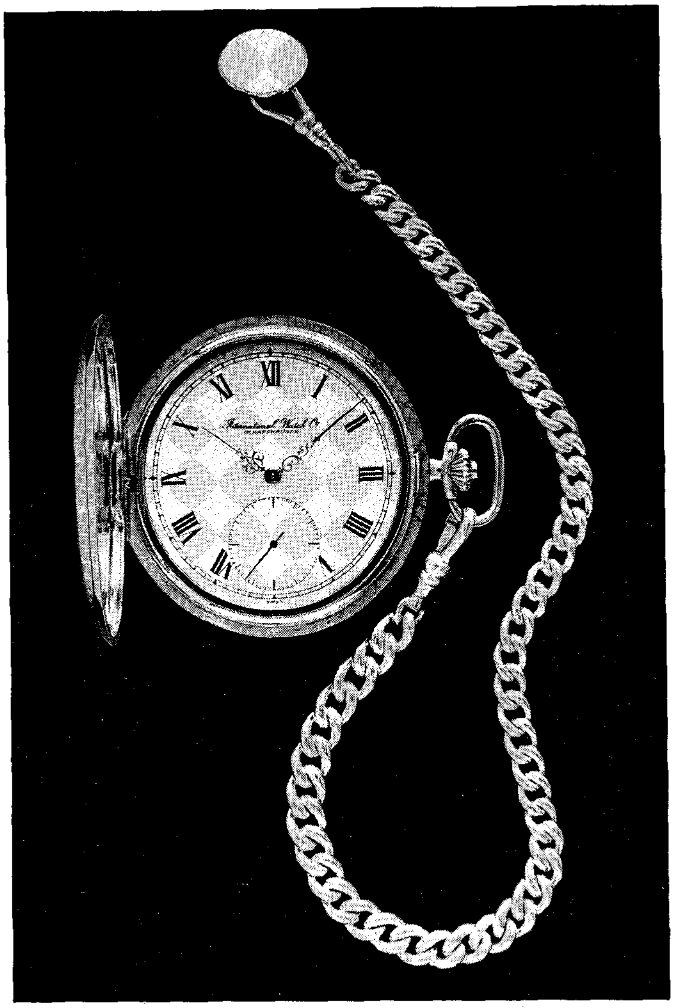
five per cent black and Hispanic. It is also a fact that Dinkins, who is black, made frequent reference to during the campaign.

After the close primary contest, Dinkins stayed in the race, on the Liberal Party ticket. Concerned that there might be an upset—or so it seemed—some local Republicans made sure that no untoward event would spoil the Democrats' clean sweep. M. Bradley Lawrence, a vice-president of the Manhattan G.O.P. county committee, sent a letter, offered as an official party communication, to forty-three thousand Manhattan Republicans—three-quarters of those registered—urging them to vote for Stein rather than for Jonathan Davis, the candidate on their own party's line. The letter said that Davis had no chance, complained that Dinkins was running a racist campaign by "asking voters to support him because he is black," and added that his victory "would be a disaster for those of us who want to remain in Manhattan." The day after the election, Lawrence, who was later dismissed by Goodman for his action—on the ground that his letter charging Dinkins with racism was "unmistakably racist"—boasted to reporters of the letter's success: the vote for Davis was less than half that for the other Manhattan candidates on the Republican line. What some black leaders will take as evidence that some G.O.P. leaders will betray their own candidate if doing so promises to prevent the election of a black will not be helpful to the G.O.P. the next time the Republican National Committee makes one of its periodic announcements about a new program to win over the black voters. Nor will it encourage the participation in active politics of young Republicans such as Davis, a recent Harvard graduate who quit an administrative job with New York University to run for borough president, assuming that he would at least have the full support of the county's Republicans.

The seventy-five per cent of the vote for Mayor which Koch won on November 3rd was routinely hailed as a landslide, and it was indeed that in terms of percentage, although a *Times* editorial said two days later, "That Mayor Koch won in a landslide was hardly a surprise; he had the nominations of both major parties in a city where only the Democratic label is needed to win." Koch had the additional advantage that his ragtag opposition consisted of a cluster of people



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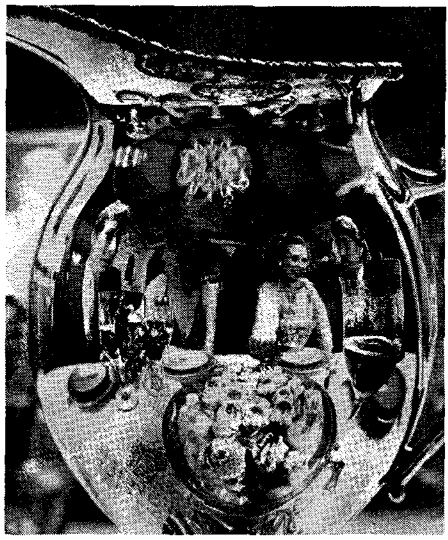
whom most New Yorkers had never heard of before the race began and knew only a little about when it ended. Of the rival nominees of the three parties besides the Democrats and the Republicans which have a permanent place on the New York ballot, Queens Assemblyman John Esposito, on the Conservative line, got five per cent of the vote, and Staten Island City Councilwoman Mary Codd and Dr. Jeronimo Dominguez, running on the Liberal and Right to Life tickets, respectively, got three per cent each. The best showing, thirteen per cent, was that of the populist-minded Brooklyn Assemblyman Frank Barbaro, who, having lost to Koch in the Democratic primary, ran in the general election on the line of the hastily organized Unity Party. The most memorable appearances during the several little attended to mayoral debates were those of the Right to Lifer Dominguez, who in one debate offered a remedy for the city's high crime rate: amputation. Dominguez proposed that after a felony was committed the state should cut off one of the felon's fingers. If there was recidivism, the state should keep cutting until the criminal got the message. In what could have been an effort to establish that the opposition consisted of a bunch of weirdos, when Koch was told by the moderator that he could put a direct question to any one of his opponents, the Mayor asked Dominguez whether the amputations would be done under an anesthetic. Dominguez said they would.

A Democratic-primary record that Koch had expected to break with ease on September 22nd this year was the sixty and nine-tenths per cent of the vote won by former Mayor Robert Wagner in 1961. Instead, Koch got about a percentage point less, largely because of a strong turnout of minority voters against him. In the November election, the record to beat was again that of Wagner, who in 1957 took sixty-nine and two-tenths per cent of the vote. Koch's seventy-five per cent was way ahead of this—but Wagner had a Republican opponent. The voting numbers were also quite different in 1957. Over a million and a half New Yorkers cast their votes for Wagner that year, and just his plurality of nearly nine hundred and twenty thousand was almost five thousand above Koch's total 1981 vote. The percentage of registered voters who turned out this November 3rd—forty-



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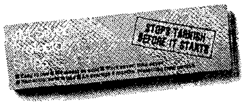

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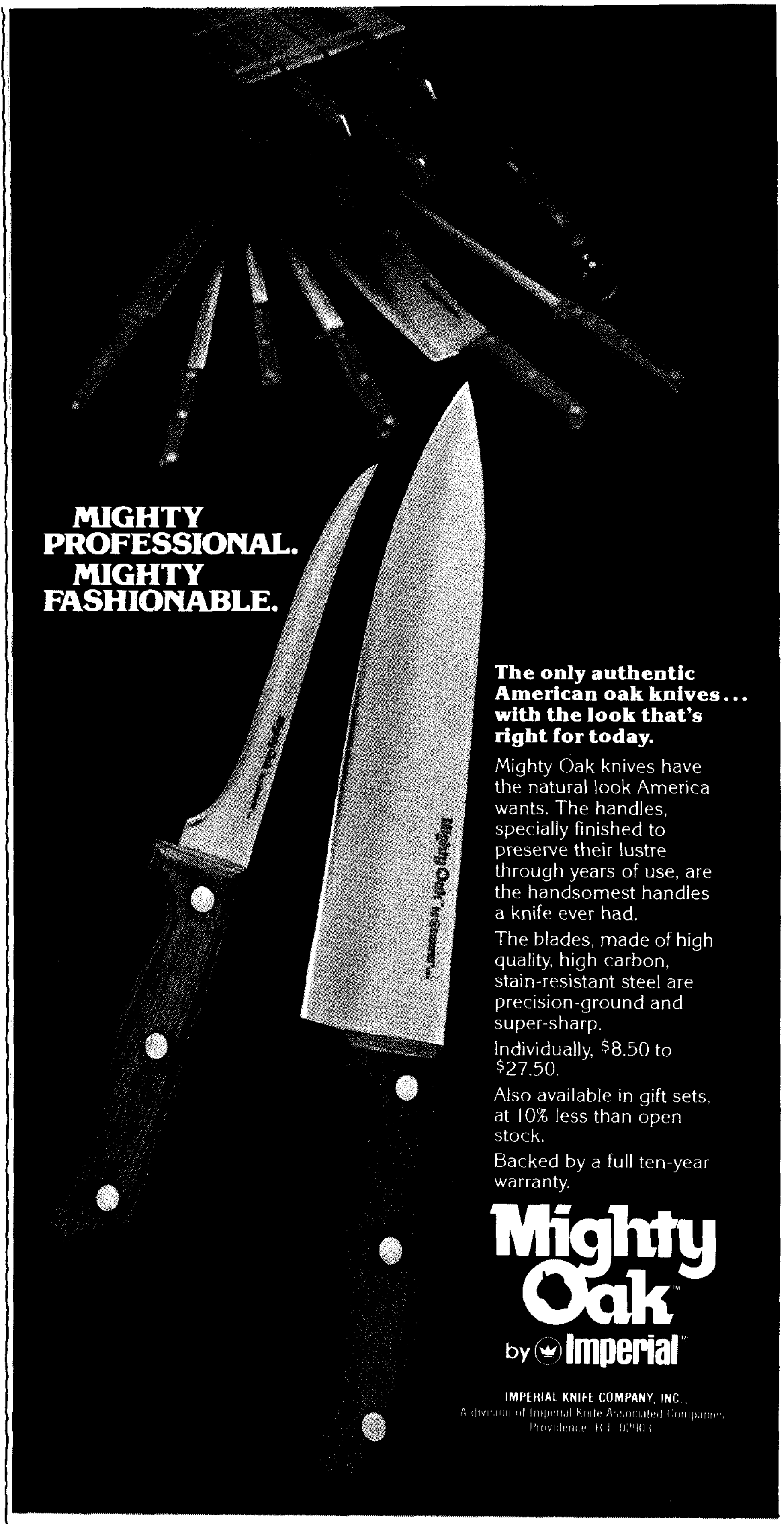
six per cent—was the lowest here in decades. Late in 1977, Curtis Gans, the head of the Washington-based Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, took a close look at that year's New York mayoral election and concluded that although Koch took about fifty per cent of the vote, because of low voter participation at all stages of the process he had in fact been elected by only about twelve and a half per cent of the eligible voters—one of the smallest percentages of any well-known political figure. (Gans's organization has also tried to set Reagan right on his references to last November's Presidential mandate, by noting that since only slightly over half of the Americans eligible voted, the President was elected by only a little over one-fourth of the Americans of voting age.) Since 1977, Koch's rating in polls has risen to the point where he is often described as the most popular Mayor in city history. Yet, despite his landslide percentage—and granting that the people who didn't bother to vote for him because he was a sure winner probably outnumbered those who didn't vote for his opponents because they were sure losers—only perhaps a fifth of all eligible New Yorkers pulled the lever beside his name on November 3rd. This leaves a very large bloc of the electorate that could give him trouble if he should make some serious mistakes.

In achieving his winning percentage, Koch had a substantial financial advantage. Mary Codd was given about fifty thousand dollars by the Liberal Party, and contributions to Barbaro for the general election came to about forty thousand. The two other candidates had only a few thousand dollars between them. Esposito said at one point that he had scraped up the money for some campaign literature but then couldn't afford the stamps to mail it out. In his pursuit of certain victory, Koch had the great advantage of incumbency. Nevertheless, he raised and spent a million and a half dollars in the primary and the general election—mostly on television commercials, of which his opponents could afford none. Asked why he was laying out so much money on a foregone conclusion, the Mayor said, "I want to win big." On Election Night, he began his speech by saying, "Winning is always better than losing, and winning big is better still." He asked his jubilant supporters, jammed together around him, to re-



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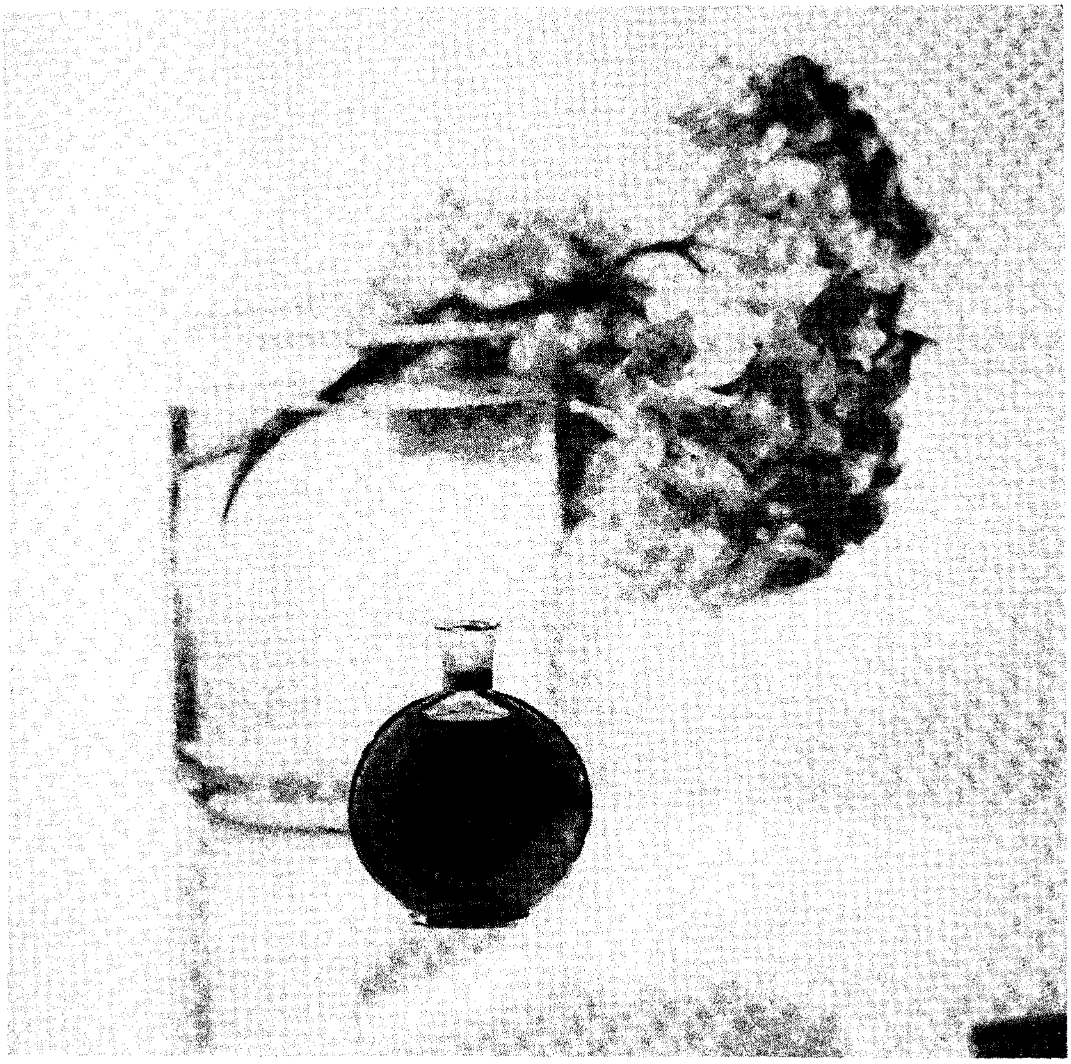
peat after him, "God is good, God is good."

BIG smiles were absent in most of New York's black communities in the days after November 3rd. A columnist in Harlem's *Amsterdam News* described Koch's victory as that of someone who was "hopelessly beyond salvation." Les Payne, the national editor of the Long Island paper *Newsday*, and one of the more influential black newspapermen in this area, wrote, in a column, "Mayor Edward Koch's reëlection in New York, long thought to be one of the most enlightened metropolises in the world, clearly was a cause for alarm among all those who care about minority rights in this country." Several of the same qualities that have attracted many conservative Republicans to the once-liberal Koch —his reputation for fiscal prudence, although it has meant the cutting of programs important to the poor; his ardent support of the death penalty; and the belief that his prime concern is the well-being of the city's white middle class—are qualities that, fairly or not, have made his relationship with minority groups here a stormy one. Some local blacks who consider what they see as Koch's ignoring of their problems to be the result not of hostility but of indifference were gratified that the results of the Democratic primary, in which Koch lost all but one of the sixteen Assembly districts that were represented in the State Legislature by blacks or Hispanics, at least got his attention. On November 3rd, however, the Mayor took all sixteen. His own studies indicate that he got sixty per cent of the black vote, and although this is far from the ninety per cent and more that usually goes to a Democratic candidate, and the percentage of participation in most black areas was only in the thirty-five-per-cent range, the results allowed the Mayor to claim that minority voters were really on his side, and they had repudiated their leaders who had been critical of him. Among those leaders, who, of course, did not see things this way, the commonest explanation for the contrast between minority-group voting patterns in the primary and in the election was the black tradition of voting the straight Democratic ticket. Some minority voters may have observed that despite the strong effort made to get out the anti-Koch vote in the primary, Koch's opponents had lost and Dinkins had lost, and may have concluded that since losing by



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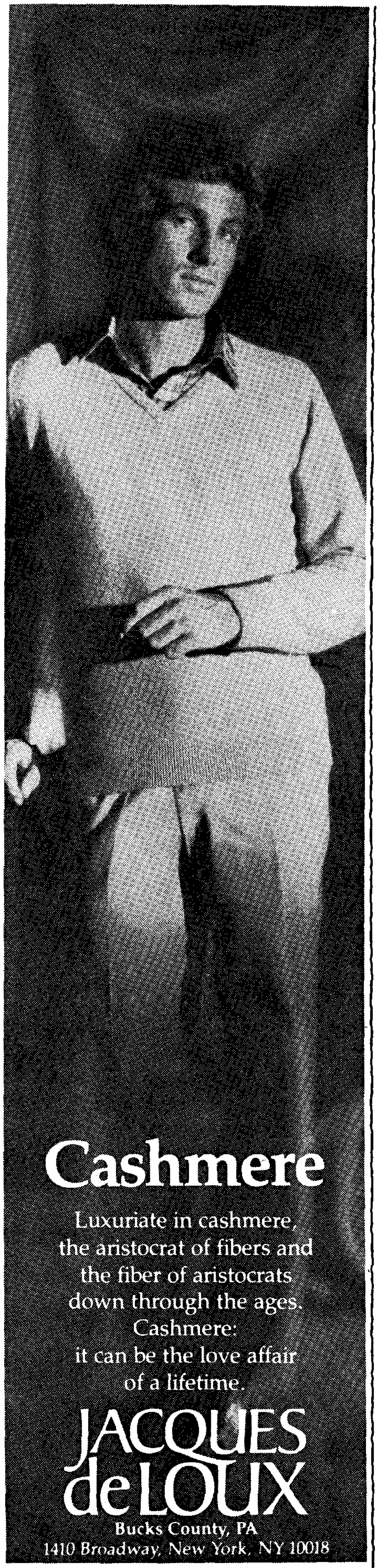

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any margin is worse than winning, they might as well stay home.

The biggest disappointment among blacks was the poor showing of Dinkins, who, running on the Liberal line on November 3rd, again lost to Stein, this time not by less than a percentage point but by fifty-nine per cent to thirty-three. One explanation was the difficulty of finding his name on the November ballot. A voter first had to find the Liberal line, which was the fifth one over from the left and was headed by Mary Codd, a political stranger in Harlem, and then find Dinkins' name, which was ten lines down. Also of some influence was a New York *Post* editorial six days before the election. Headed "Stein: Borough President for all the people," it began, "In the contest for Manhattan Borough President, now tragically poisoned by the irresponsible injection of a vicious form of anti-Semitism, the *Post* endorses Andrew Stein." The *Post* cited anti-Semitic statements by Dinkins supporters, some of whom had been particularly active in pointing out not only that the Board of Estimate was all white but also that six of its eight members were Jewish. A few days after the election, an *Amsterdam News* cartoon showed Koch, a *Post* favorite, who had supported Stein in the general election, wearing a crown labelled "King of N.Y." as he said into a phone, "Look, *Post!* We can't call a spade a *spade!* Just call 'em anti-Semite." One reason most New Yorkers found that they had better things to do than to attend to this year's municipal election campaign was that it was such an ugly spectacle. In response to the *Post* editorial, Dinkins said that he had repudiated the actions of his supporters, and mentioned that he had taken part in marches protesting the treatment of Jews in the Soviet Union. Visitors trying to sort out New York politics often do not understand that many of the bitter conflicts here may have to do not with events on the block but with international developments—particularly those in the Middle East. Strong supporters of Israel, Jewish and non-Jewish, are inclined to believe that local blacks, some of whom are Muslims, tend to be dangerously sympathetic to Third World countries, including Saudi Arabia, that are Israel's enemies. Dinkins denied that he was anti-Israel. Nevertheless, the editorial in the *Post*—a paper that claims to have sold close to a million copies on some days this fall—probably cost

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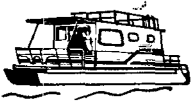

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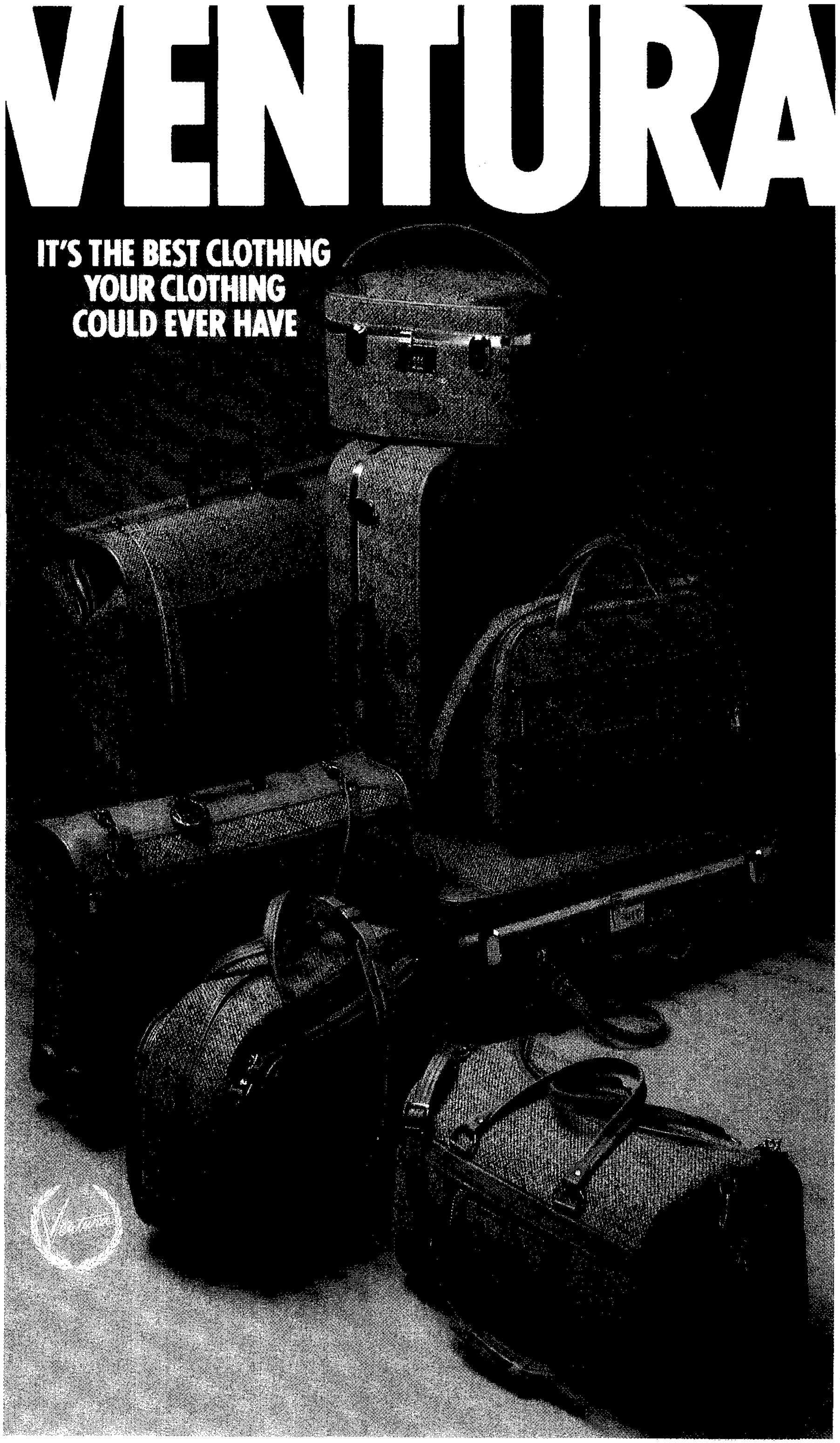
Dinkins votes among white Manhattan liberals who had supported him in the primary.

On the morning after Election Day, in contrast to the just demonstrated political powerlessness of blacks in New York, the news from Virginia was that in that state the blacks had made the difference in the gubernatorial election. They had supported the Democratic winner, Charles Robb (Lyndon Johnson's son-in-law), apparently less out of admiration for Robb than as a protest against the economic program of the President, who had campaigned actively for Robb's Republican opponent, Marshall Coleman. In Richmond, the black turnout was given as sixty-three per cent, and it was estimated that ninety-seven per cent of this vote went to Robb. When Koch made his Election Night speech, he couldn't have known of these figures or of the fact that Dinkins, in his concession speech, had said that the racial situation in this city could be "a ticking time bomb," but he acknowledged the urgency of easing the tensions between his administration and New York's minorities. Reading carefully from a prepared statement, the Mayor said, "I believe I have an obligation to reach out and to ask those who have been dissatisfied with my record, who have opposed me in the past, to join in finding acceptable ways to end discrimination, to offer hope to the poor, to pull this city together." But at a press conference the following morning, when he did not have a text in hand, the new, open-armed Koch seemed to have vanished. Denouncing several of the minority-group leaders who had actively worked against him in the election, he said that they would not be part of his efforts to unite the city. "I am not someone you just beat up and then expect to shake hands, and it's like a ballgame," he said. "Uh-uh. That's not me." The response of Brooklyn Assemblyman Albert Vann, the chairman of the State Legislature's Black and Puerto Rican Caucus, whom Koch had singled out as one of those leaders whom he could not be civil to, was unexpectedly conciliatory—or what passes for conciliatory in this city nowadays. Pointing to the many sources of distress among minorities here, Vann said, "There are a lot of people I deal with that I think are despicable, but I deal with them." Later that day, when the Mayor named two key members of a committee to help improve racial relations, it



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seemed that he was not reaching out very far; his choices were Bronx Representative Robert Garcia and Brooklyn Representative Shirley Chisholm—longtime Koch allies, who had made commercials for him in the mayoral campaign. Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, New York's leading black politician, said that he did not plan to become involved. Noting that in the past he had taken the initiative in unsuccessful attempts to bring about a rapprochement between Koch and the black community, he said, "I've checked out. I've been down that path before."

In his Election Night speech, the Mayor said that his victory on the Republican line was proof that the effort to save the nation's cities is a bipartisan one. If he does work with other big-city mayors on this effort, he may have to learn to get along with a onetime adversary. Headlines on the morning of October 28th reported that the mayoral race in Atlanta had been won by Andrew Young, the former Ambassador to the United Nations, who was a classmate of Dinkins' at Howard University and campaigned for him in 1977, when Dinkins made his first attempt to win the Manhattan borough presidency. Early last year, Koch denounced Young as one of those around Jimmy Carter who were working against Israel—a group he called "the Gang of Five," whose presence led him to charge that the Carter Administration was not a reliable ally of Israel. The Mayor did not take anything like such a sharp tone with the Reagan Administration for its policies toward Israel, including the sale of AWACS planes, or for the first round of Reagan budget cuts that hurt the city, explaining at one point that it would be foolish to alienate a President whose friendship with the Mayor means help, including money, for New York. The fact is that the economic well-being of the city, like that of the rest of the nation, is now heavily dependent on whether, as a consequence of the President's so-called economic-recovery program, some date in 1982—not necessarily one in the fall—will eventually be singled out in textbooks as a particularly dark day in American financial history. Early last month, City Hall officials who are especially concerned with local finances had a bad moment. Of the federal loan guarantees that were part of Washington's rescue program for New York during the fiscal crisis, six hundred million dollars' worth re-

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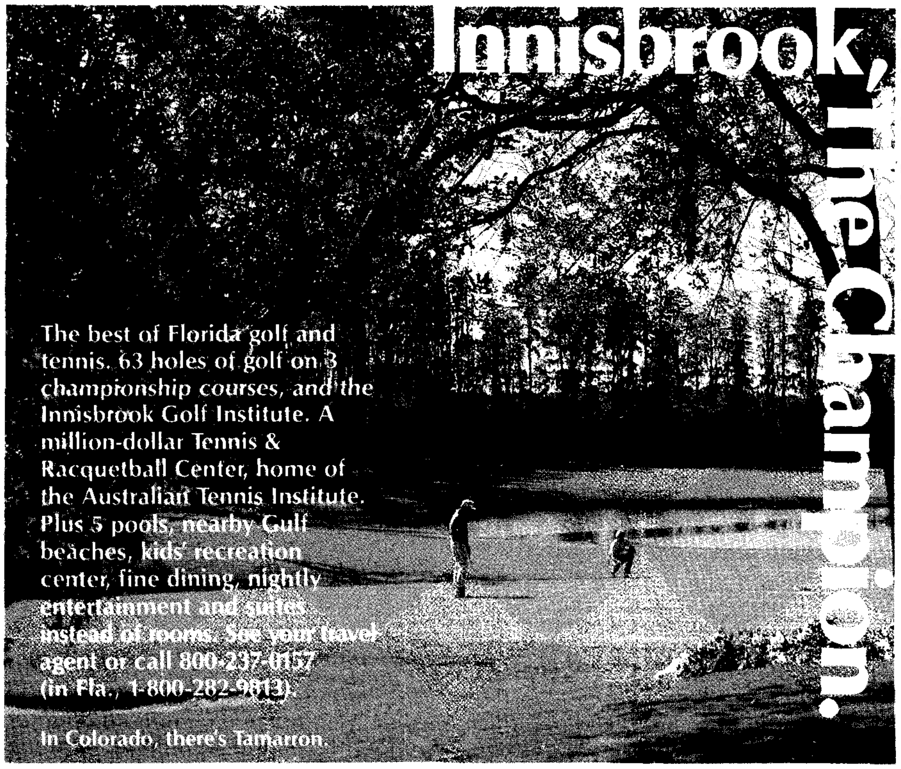

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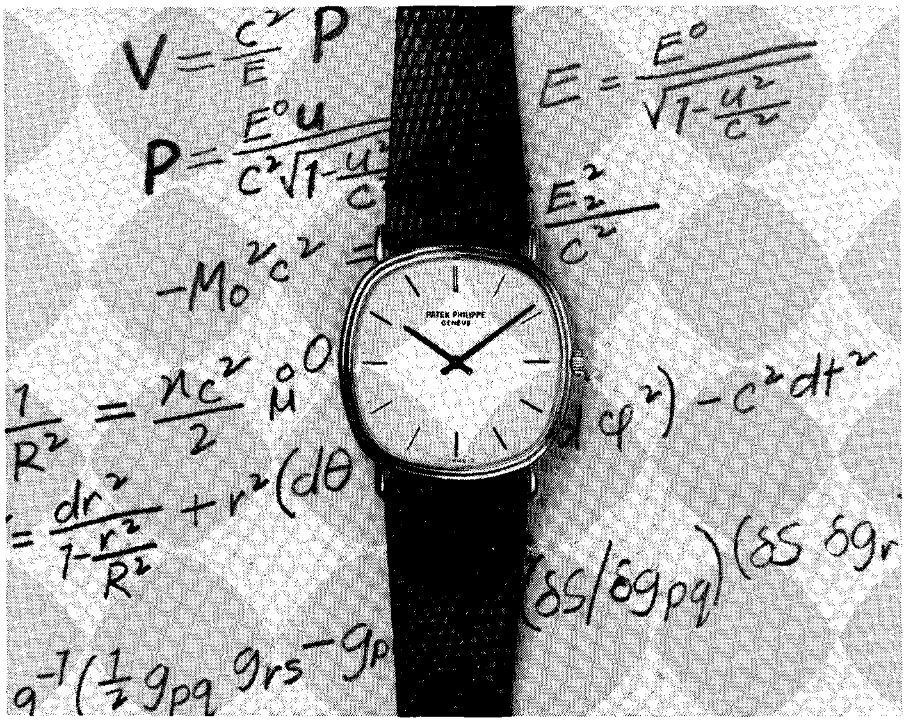
main. Shortly before the election last year, Ronald Reagan promised that the guarantees, which Congress had threatened to cut off, would continue. This assurance led to Reagan's public meeting with the Mayor at Gracie Mansion, during which Koch helpfully pronounced Reagan's policy toward Israel to be superior to that of the Mayor's fellow-Democrat Jimmy Carter. Early last month, however, Treasury Department representatives told the city that it might not get the three hundred million dollars in loan guarantees for which it had applied. As proof that the guarantees were no longer needed, they could quote Koch's own campaign statement on how he had brought about New York's present relative prosperity. In reality, the availability of the loan guarantees—which are not provided for any other city—continue to be a critical element in New York's fiscal stability. In the end, after some heated lobbying by Koch and others, the Treasury approved the guarantees this one time—though grudgingly—on the ground that they represented a personal commitment by the President. The crisis was a reminder, however, that large numbers of people in Washington, both in Congress and in the Administration, are dead set against doing New York any favors, and that in the future the President may be advised of the political benefits of not doing any more.

No matter how Koch's election victory last month appears in the record books, he won far more votes than any other candidate, and will be the man in charge at City Hall for the next four years. There are out-of-towners who love New York, of course, but those who feel otherwise and are in a position to beat on the city seem to be growing in strength and numbers at the same time that the people who live here, instead of marshalling their defenses, seem to be increasingly preoccupied with beating on each other. If the city is lucky, local residents who are in a position to make a difference, including the Mayor, will reread his Election Night speech and try to arrange for enough shaking of hands—whether or not it is in their character or they have been down that path before—so that there is some hope of pulling the place together. As Representative Chisholm said last month, "both sides are going to have to work together and heal a lot of wounds."

—ANDY LOGAN



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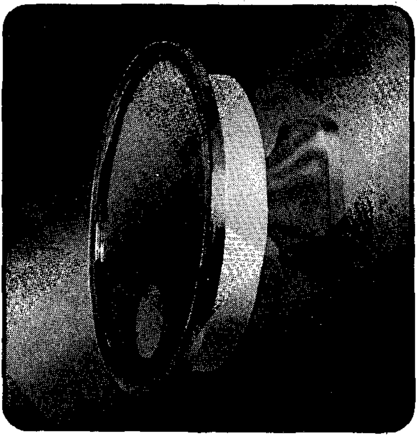

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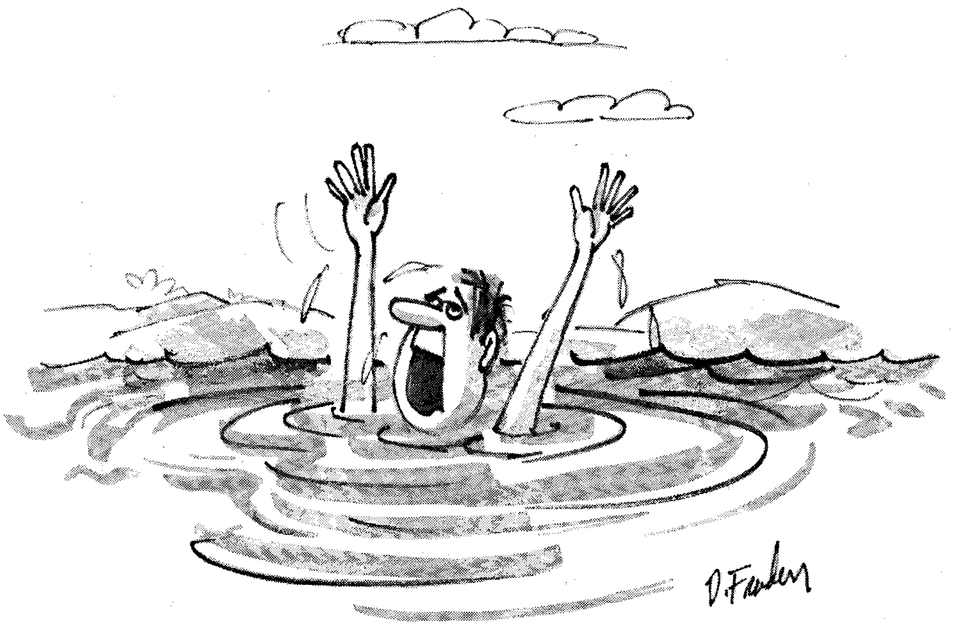
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN

IT is widely assumed that men's old red Christmas stockings will bulge with state-of-the-art electronics this year. Perhaps the bulge will be made by the streamlined shape of Olivetti's new electronic portable typewriter. The message of this trim charcoal-black machine, called Praxis, is more than "now": it's definitely "tomorrow." This is electronic-cottage stuff, for the world of video-cassette recorders, chess automatons, and personal computers, and is handsome enough to nestle unashamed beside the Bang & Olufsen. Its memory goes back as far as the last ten characters typed, for electronic correction of mistakes, and it has a multilingual keyboard, enabling any *garçon* to set down his own cedilla or chronicle the fluctuations of the £. The manufacturer's recommended price for the Praxis Model 35 is $750, but prices vary from store to store in the competitive field of electronics, and we found it for $650 at Macy's.

Miniaturization is the technological breakthrough that makes possible Panasonic's new microcassette recorder, the RN-007. It's tiny enough to fit into a shirt pocket—only two inches by five, and five-eighths of an inch thick. Ingenious two-speed recording means that a single one-hour tape may, in effect, be stretched to record for two whole hours, in case some business meeting should run into overtime. A switch on the microphone blocks out unwanted background noise, such as the snores of an elderly board member; a digital counter permits the recorder's owner to note and later refer to specific sections of tape. This time, $219.95 is the manufacturer's suggested price, but we found the recorder for $135 at 47th Street Photo, 67 West 47th.

For people who want to tune in to far-flung radio stations, there is the space-age radio from Sony, the ICF-2001 Worldband. A touch of the fingers on the keyboard will tune in, say, London or Paris (on shortwave) or AM and FM stations from all over the country. The Morse-code wavelength may be summoned up as well, and a special switch will automatically shut off the radio and shut down the sounds of the world after the listener has gone to sleep. The price is $350 at Liberty Music, 450 Madison Avenue (50th). It seems amazing and perhaps a little reassuring to recall that forty or fifty years ago the state of the art in radio was represented by crackling noises coming from a console of cathedral or Aztec-temple shape, finely worked in walnut or mahogany. The shop called Waves, 32 East 13th Street, specializes in such august pioneering radios, dating from anywhere between the twenties and the forties, and in either tabletop or console styles—and they're all in working order. In addition to still familiar manufacturing names like RCA and Zenith, here are treasured dodos of the wireless world, such as Crosley, Atwater Kent, and Grebe. Prices run from $45, for old homemade crystal sets, to $600, for a walnut console.



"Self-help! Self-help!"

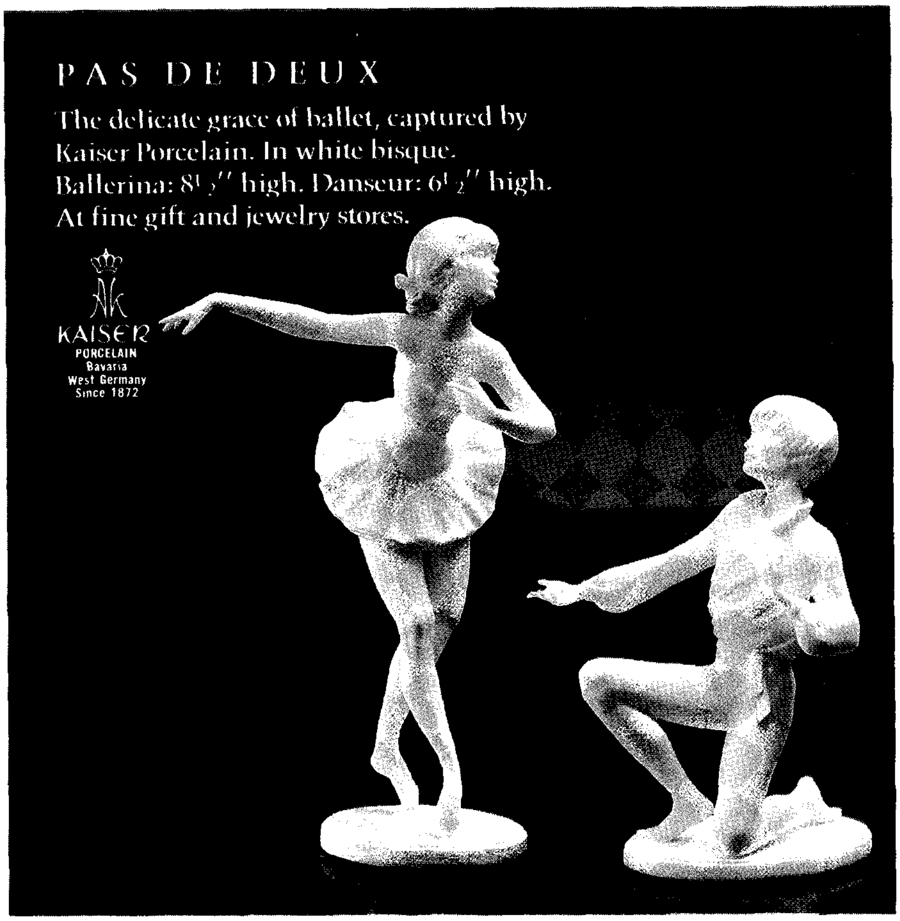
At Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and 47th Street, there are desk accessories to take a man even further away from the automated age, at least in the office. Here are antique brass blotter rollers, for $95; inkwells in brass or in glass with brass tops, for $120 and up; picture frames in sterling, brass, or silver plate, for $90 and up; and Victorian silver bookmarks, including one shaped like a small hand and priced at $200. There are also old magnifying glasses and letter openers.

That the taste for traditional implements persists, and even grows, in the midst of a futuristic world of word processing is further demonstrated by the enthusiasm that people feel for fountain pens these days. The International Pen Shop at Arthur Brown & Bro., 2 West 46th Street, has a stock of about ten thousand pens, many of them fountain pens, for all kinds of writing, including the addition of a flourished John Hancock to some hard-fought contract. Here are pens from America and Europe, costing anywhere from a couple of dollars to thousands, and made by many firms, among them Mont Blanc, Schaeffer, Dupont, Dunhill, Waterman, Pilot, and Parker. The Italian firm of Aurora makes a most elegant range of long, slim cylindrical fountain pens and ball-points in a brushed-steel finish ($95 and $50, respectively) or in matte black with gold trim and a gold pocket clip ($125 and $60). One fountain pen by Dunhill has a slim barrel in tigereye lacquer and an eighteen-karat-gold nib; $285. A ball-point by Mont Blanc to match the famous Diplomat fountain pens is $75. More modestly, here are all kinds of other ball-points, including striped or checked plastic pens from Italy that have tiny rolls of music paper or graph paper unfurling from the caps, for the benefit of composers or draftsmen with a sudden idea to record; these are $3.50. Highlighting pens in three different fluorescent colors have the torpedolike black barrels characteristic of the German pen firm of Lamy and cost $12 for a set.

The more general art-supply sections of the Arthur Brown store remind us that such places, like ordinary stationery and hardware stores as well, are good spots to putter around in search of inexpensive gifts. As stocking stuffers, or perhaps as gifts from those of limited means, such as small children or the family pet, there are things like giant, bright-colored plastic paper clips (thirty-nine cents apiece); a plastic cube crate in white, black, or tan, for keeping pencils and markers tidy on a desk ($5); and neat bulldog clips with folding wings for fifteen cents, twenty-five cents, and sixty cents. A three-ring binder in dark-brown vinyl with gold-metal corners might serve with distinction in various capacities, including (with the addition of some transparent vinyl pages, available here for ninety cents apiece) that of photograph album; $16. Equally versatile are bound blank books and sketchbooks in different sizes and priced from $4 to $7.40. Art supplies too attractively packaged to stand in need of Christmas gift-wrapping include forty colored pencils by Caran d'Ache, in a tin with the Swiss Alps on the lid, for $23; a dozen black pencils, made in England by Derwent Studio, in a box with a drawing of a Wordsworthian Lake District cottage on the cover, for $5.40; and a tiny, travel-size box of twelve Winsor & Newton watercolors, with a medieval landscape as decoration, for $7.90. Arthur Brown can also supply any of a choice of miniature quartz alarm clocks, in styles that run to sober schemes of black and chrome, and at prices that run from $25 to $65.

A CLUTCH of useful black objects may be found in the gift shop of the Museum of Modern Art—a marketplace that generally confers the notion that its wares are of unusually good design. Panasonic's hand-held microscope unfolds, lights up, and magnifies things thirty times over; $30. Agfa's black plastic slide viewer lights up, too, whenever a slide is inserted; $12. And a handsome black-and-chrome electric travel razor, by Mitsubishi, packs into a neat black leather case that has an unbreakable mirror under its flap; $90. Good design doesn't show up only in black, of course. Here are red-enamelled steel staplers from Denmark ($20) and spindly red tubular-steel easels from Italy ($44.95).

In the newly opened Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Avenue (81st), upper West Siders have gained a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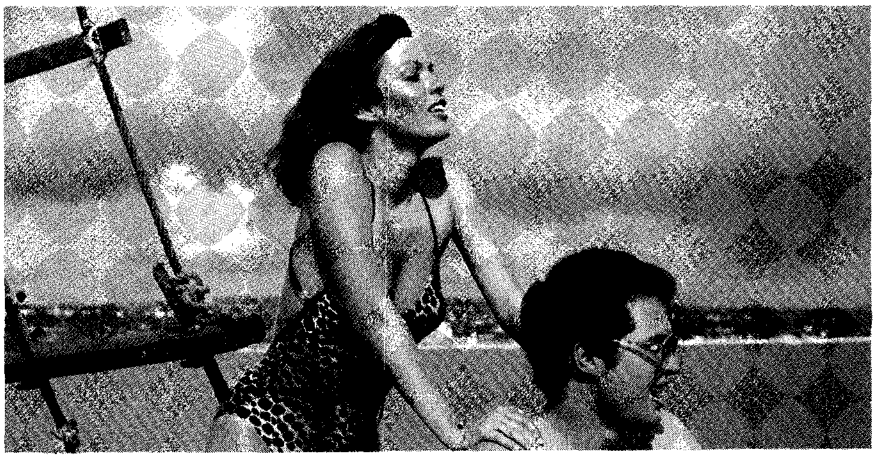

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valuable and elegant source of reading matter of all kinds. The wooden storefront frames the vista of a capacious, librarylike interior whose Ragtime-era oak and brass tone with the store's declared allegiance to old-fashioned literary values and personal service. In addition to all the current and commonly found books, here are out of the ordinary books of poetry, philosophy, and criticism, together with some interesting titles published by small presses; a large array of Penguins; sections devoted to art, design, photography, and the performing arts; and foreign periodicals including *Architectura* and *Cahiers du Cinéma*.

On the fourth floor of 43 West 54th Street, there is a friendly sort of bookstore called New York Bound Bookshop. This specializes in old and unusual volumes concerned with New York City, in all its aspects, from theatre and architecture to transportation and geology. "Changing New York, 1939," with photographs by Berenice Abbott, and priced at $175, is but one example of a stock of uncommon and out-of-print volumes. There are also sepia-tinted maps of the streets and skyscrapers of midtown Manhattan, drawn in such a way that the buildings seem to stick right up out of the page; $4. Gift-wrapping paper printed with the New York skyline in black and gold or blue and silver is $2.25 a roll.

Actual or aspiring bird-watchers might take pleasure in a subscription to the bimonthly magazine called *Bird Watcher's Digest*. This transmits a great deal of information about birds and bird-watching throughout the world in the form of brief, jolly, chatty articles by contributors ranging from casual observers of the bird table to famous professional ornithologists. A one-year, six-issue subscription to this sort of vade mecum for the junco-spotting crowd costs $9 from Bird Watcher's Digest, P.O. Box 110, Marietta, Ohio 45750. The Audubon Society has sponsored a spectacular new coffee-table tome, "The Audubon Society Book of Trees," devoted to that essential and increasingly vulnerable part of the ornithological habitat. Magnificent color photographs explore the arboreal theme in every aspect from New England fall to those tropical tree canopies in South America that W. H. Hudson called "Green Mansions." The book, published by Abrams, is $50 at any of the Fifth Avenue bookstores.

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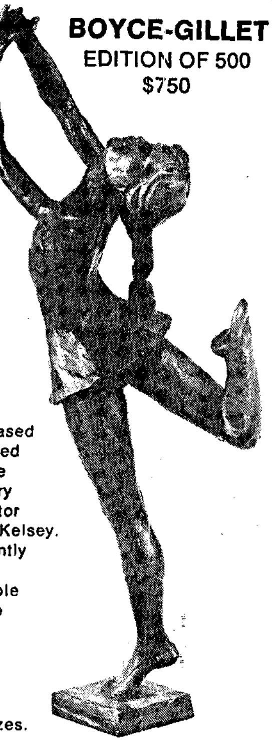
chirping and fluttering in the branches of a new fruit tree come spring. Henry Leuthardt Nurseries, Box 666, East Moriches, New York 11940, can supply (until the end of the fall digging season, sometime in mid-December, and again after mid-March, for spring planting) a choice of apple trees, peach trees, pear trees, apricot trees, and such, often in rare old varieties and sometimes trained into espalier shapes. The catalogue is in itself mouthwatering, with its Proustian poetry of old names: the apples Spitzenberg, Ribston Pippin, Grimes Golden, Roxbury Russet, and Cox's Orange; Schmidt's Biggereau cherries; Belle of Georgia peaches; and Beurre Clairgeau and Louise Bonne d'Avranche pears. Simple dwarf or semi-dwarf trees are between $7 and $10. Elaborate examples of the old European art of espalier—making trees grow flat against walls or trellises in fan-shaped spokes, or palmette style with U-shaped arms—can cost from $11 to $100. For $1 (deductible from a subsequent order), the nursery will send a catalogue and a handbook about growing dwarf fruit trees and caring for espaliers.

MADE IN AMERICA, the country-antique store at 1234 Madison Avenue (89th), has numerous gift suggestions for people interested in the American crafts style—nineteenth-century weathervanes, for instance. Simple sheet-metal-silhouette styles portray a hunting dog ($875), a cat and a wolf ($975), and a horse ($295). A splendid three-dimensional rooster wrought in copper is $1,350. The gift shop at the Museum of American Folk Art, 49 West 53rd Street, might also save the day for shoppers in search of something for the folk-art buff. Here are all kinds of books and stocking stuffers, and some hand-painted, antique-looking tin silhouettes of birds, set on driftwood stands. Life-size Canada geese are $48; curlews, yellowlegs, or mallards are smaller, and are $40.

Kits to build elegant reproductions of Shaker rocking chairs are to be found at Garrett Wade, 161 Sixth Avenue, New York 10013. (The firm, which has supplied the craftsman in wood with every sort of tool and aid by catalogue for some time, also has a retail store at this address, which is at Spring Street. Telephone orders may also be made at 807-1757 or, by long-distance customers, at 1-800 221-2942.) The rocking chairs are con-



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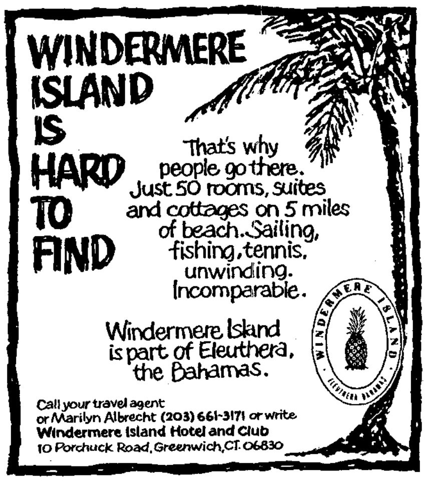

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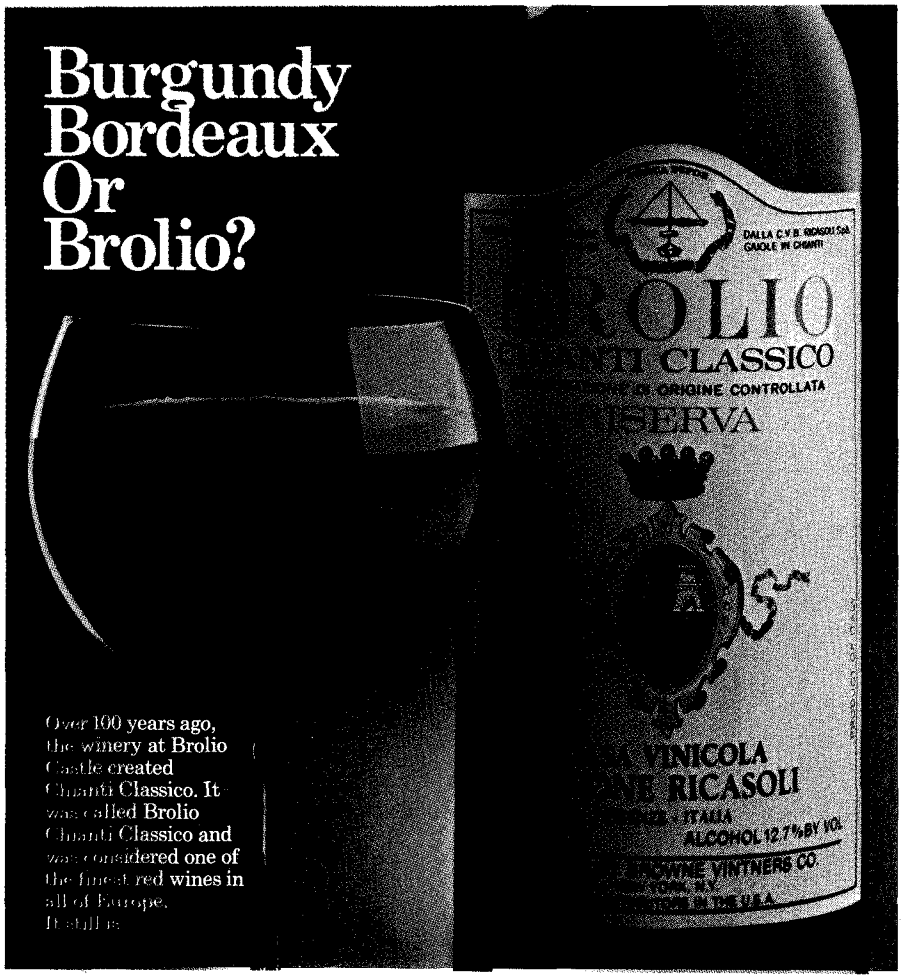
structed of traditional rock maple, and are precisely patterned after originals in the collection of the National Trust for Historic Preservation, which receives some of the profit from their sale at Garrett Wade. A reasonably handy recipient of such a kit is supposed to be able to assemble it, and even weave the seat of beige-and-butternut cotton webbing, in the course of one day. Adult-size Shaker rockers are $198.50; child-size are $165. Alongside the chairs in the firm's Christmas catalogue are beautiful-looking planes and chisels; books on many different aspects of woodworking; an English steel measuring tape in a hand-stitched round leather case with brass fittings ($49.65 in the thirty-three-foot length); and a particularly handsome stainless-steel-bladed pocket knife in a four-inch case with solid-brass bolsters and a red sandalwood grip ($15.90).

For people with a hankering to learn to sail, the Offshore Sailing School, 820 Second Avenue (44th), has a gift certificate (specially boxed, together with a textbook and a T-shirt) for a one-week course. At this time of year, the school's courses take place in Florida or Tortola; in the appropriate season, there are also courses in Bermuda, Virginia, Maine, Martha's Vineyard, and City Island, in New York. The cost of the course in Florida—twenty-six hours of instruction, textbook, and a week's accommodations—starts at $777, and it is slightly higher on Tortola. Further information may be obtained by dialling the school at 986-4570 or, for people outside New York, 1-800 221-4326.

For either the lucky chaps with T-shirts and bathing suits to pack or the less fortunate with a business suit and a change of shirt, Crouch & Fitzgerald, 400 Madison Avenue (48th Street), has Hartmann's carry-on one-suiter in leather-trimmed tan nylon, with three outside pockets and an optional shoulder strap, for $205, and a four-suiter garment bag in the same fabric, for $270. Alternatively, there is a good-looking set of luggage in black nylon with the texture of canvas and with corners and trim of saddle-colored leather. The twenty-four-inch pullman is $235, the thirty-two-incher $320, and a capacious shoulder-hung saddlebag style $110. For men with strong arms who are willing to put up with the heft of leather for the sake of its dignified appearance, there is a twenty-four-inch



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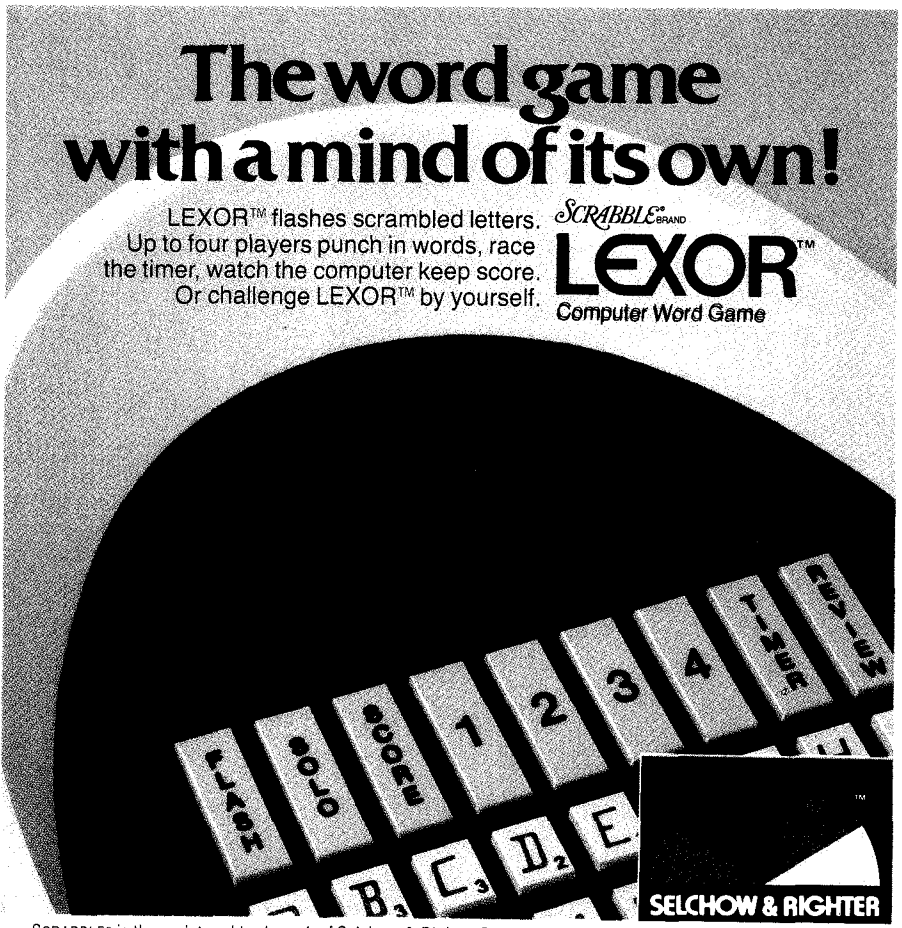

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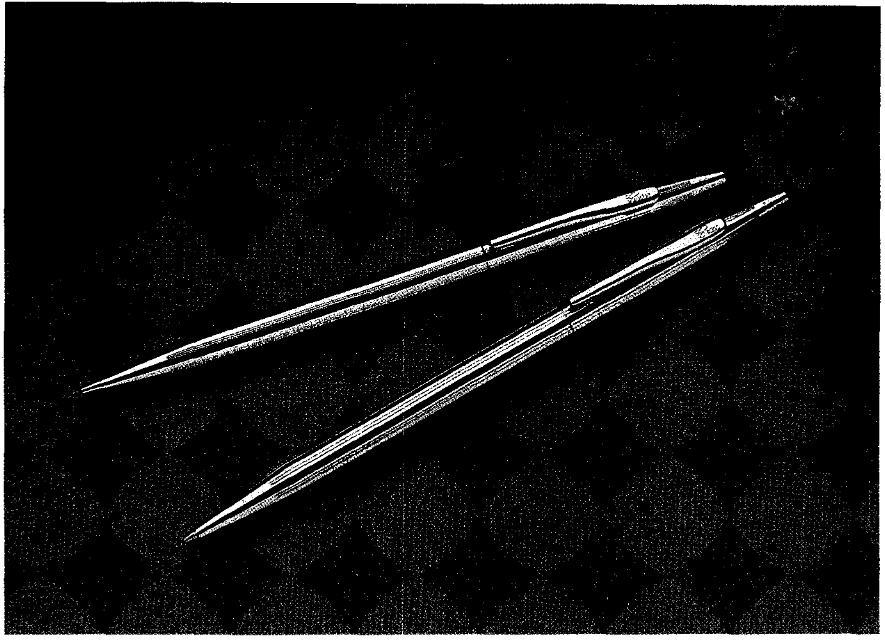

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IN compiling this list, we wander down many an esoteric byway, and we whiled away a happy quarter-hour recently with a trade catalogue of sports shoes put out by the German firm of Puma. Here was page after glossy page not just of special shoes for discus or javelin throwers, for left-footed high jumpers, or for right-footed baseball pitchers but also of shoes to endow quite ordinary weekend athletes with superhuman qualities. What tennis serves would prove aces, what basketball nets would swish, one wonders, thanks to the magic properties of these shoes, photographed as if they were works of art! Anyway, Puma has now launched a new running shoe, called the SAAS1. The treads of the rubber sole are designed to absorb the shock to the foot as it hits the ground, then aid it in springing bionically back again. The shoe is $40 at, among other places, The Athlete's Foot, which has several branches around town, among them one at 500 Fifth Avenue, at 42nd Street.

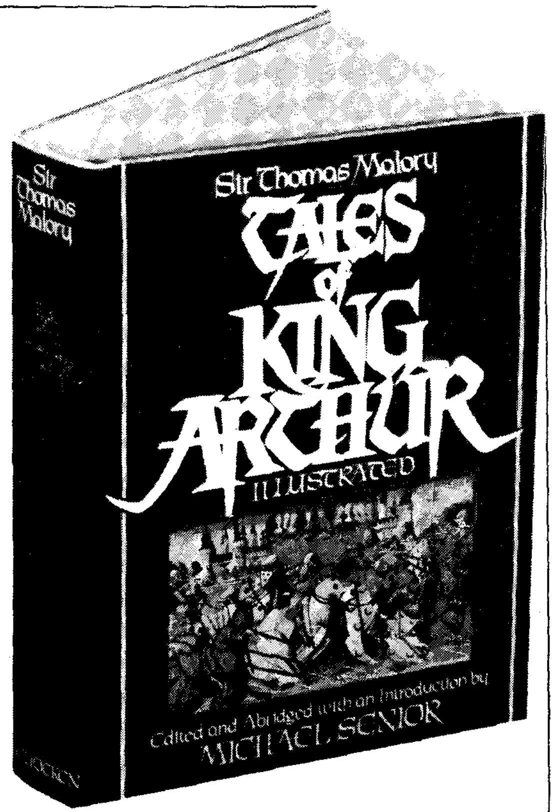
The newest idea in tennis balls, from Penn, combines orange and bright-yellow felt on the same ball. It is claimed that this indubitably eye-catching color scheme helps players keep their eye on the ball and direct that ball where they will. A three-ball can is $2.99 at Feron's, 55 East 44th Street, which also has a couple of new tennis racquets, out this year. The Head Master Plus is a mid-size racquet, somewhere between standard size and the oversize Prince, and is useful to the controlled player who could use some extra punch to his shots; $50, with a fee of $14 or $20 (depending on quality) for nylon stringing, which takes a couple of days. The other new racquet is the Austrian-made Fischer, whose frame is a sort of square with its corners rounded off, like very early tennis racquets, and which is strung way down into the throat. With aluminum frame, the racquet is $59, with foam frame it is $129, before stringing.

Hudson's, the sporting-goods store, has expanded to take up the whole block of storefronts on Third Avenue between 12th and 13th Streets. An enormous stock includes equipment for backpackers and hikers—tents, sleeping bags, cooking equipment, and, of course, backpacks. Among these last is the Kinnikinnic, a front-loading pack particularly suitable for those who take acks as luggage on airlines, since it its under the seat and has no external rame to trip people walking along the isle; a twenty-four-by-sixteen-by-six-nch size costs $119.98. Here, too, is verything for cross-country skiers, rom clothing (warm sweaters and hirts, knickers, hats, and gloves) to poke 1000 skis ($150), handmade ibre-glass ski poles ($13), and boots y Alfa or Fabiano in several styles nd ranging in price from $65 to 130. Of more general athletic use are weat pants and shirts in a choice f many colors, such as red, black, avy, white, gray, or maroon, for 10.98 apiece. And in an array of onathletic clothing are Levi's "501" luejeans. This style, considered by onnoisseurs a peerless classic, is the riginal Levi Strauss style, launched n the eighteen-fifties. It has a butoned fly fastening and mildly tapered egs. Being made of denim that is suposed to shrink to fit, it should be ought in a waist size two sizes larger han normal and a leg size three sizes onger; $18.98.

For those who like their competition o remain cerebral, the manufacurers of the game of Scrabble have ome up with a new variation on it. The game is called Quip Cubes, and is played with cubes that have a word on ach side; opponents add to each ther's words to create whole (if sometimes rather foolish-sounding) sentences. $16.50 at Brentano's.

FOR wine lovers, especially those who live in apartments or are otherwise denied access to a cellar, there is a storage unit called La Cave, available from La Maison Edery, Inc., 477 Madison Avenue (51st). A closet-like appliance, it keeps wines safely in darkness, away from changes in humidity, free from vibration, and at a onstant temperature between 52° and 56° Fahrenheit. A two-hundred-botle unit is $1,850; a smaller, sixty-botle unit, to fit under a counter in a mall kitchen, is $995. For tea drinkrs, or anyone who feels in need of a foolproof and well-designed means of oiling water, at home or in the office, there is the Russell Hobbs electric kettle, from England. A stainless-steel friend that has been granted pride of place in the kitchens of its native land for years, it is now being launched in this country. It is a boon to the absent-minded on either side of the Atlantic, because it switches itself off when the water boils; if anyone should plug it in without first filling it (Heaven for-

Within these pages the Age of Chivalry lives on.



For more than 500 years, Sir Thomas Malory's epic of the adventures of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table has been one of the most memorable stories in English literature. Now, there is a magnificent new edition using Malory's authentic text and illustrated with full color paintings and black-and-white illustrations from the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Bibliothèque Royale de Belgique, the Bayerische Staatsbibliothek, and the Pierpont Morgan Library.

A Note on the Text

The aim of this edition is to make available a version of the tales which can be read by a contemporary reader purely for pleasure and with no sense of duty or effort. Malory's prose has been put into modern spelling and given modern punctuation. The text has been carefully abridged to present the major stories and sub-plots in their entirety, while omitting much of the subsidiary matter which was of absorbing interest to a late-medieval audience but now only serves to obscure the main themes.

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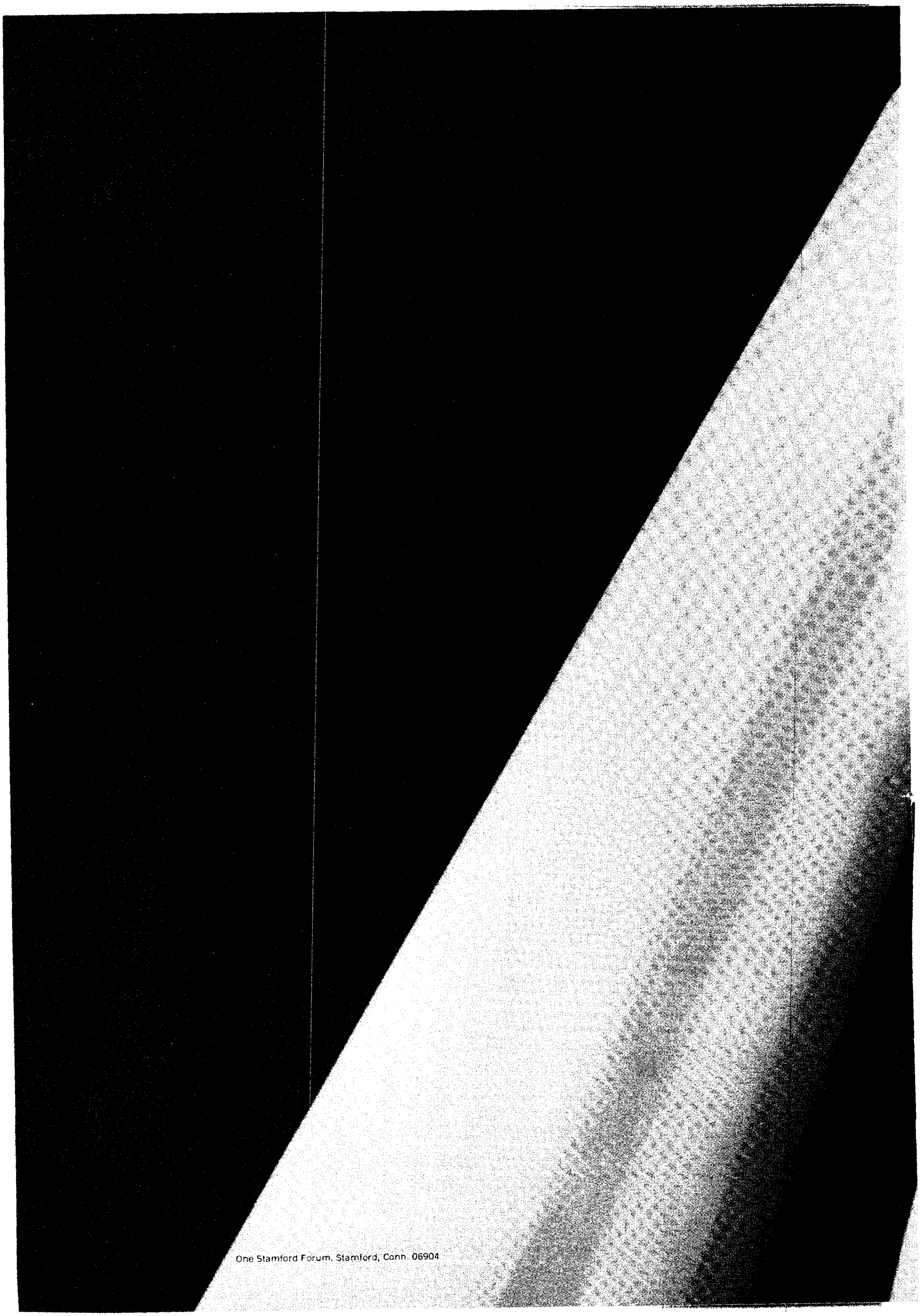

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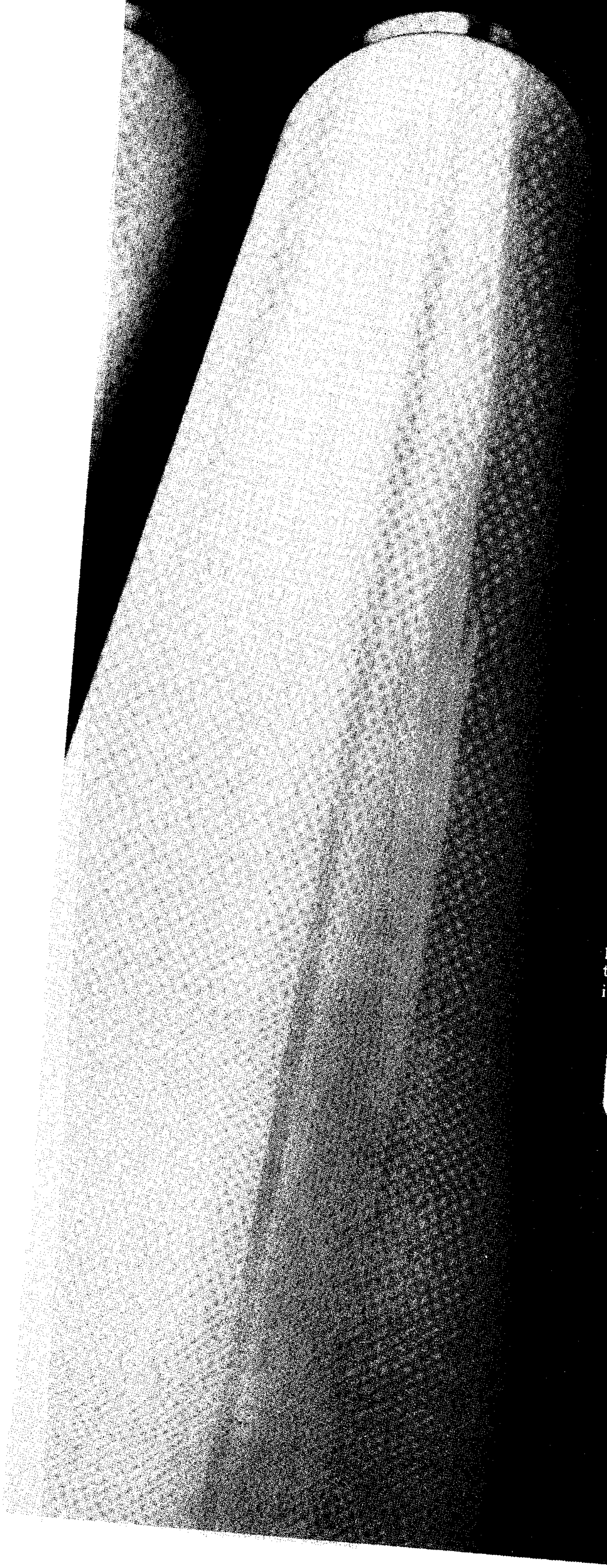

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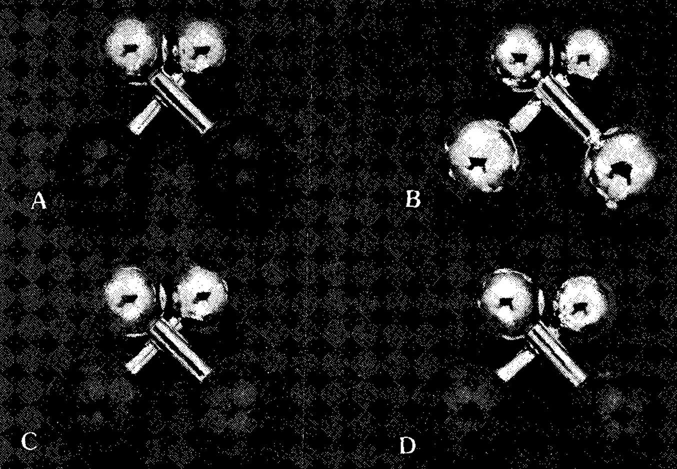

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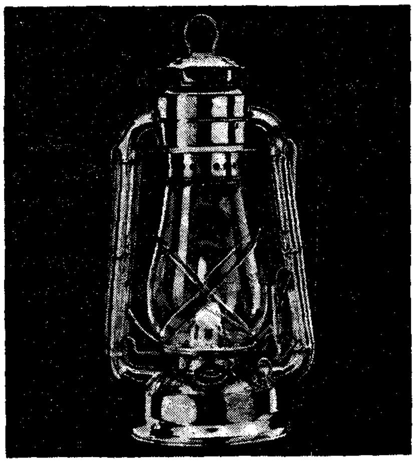

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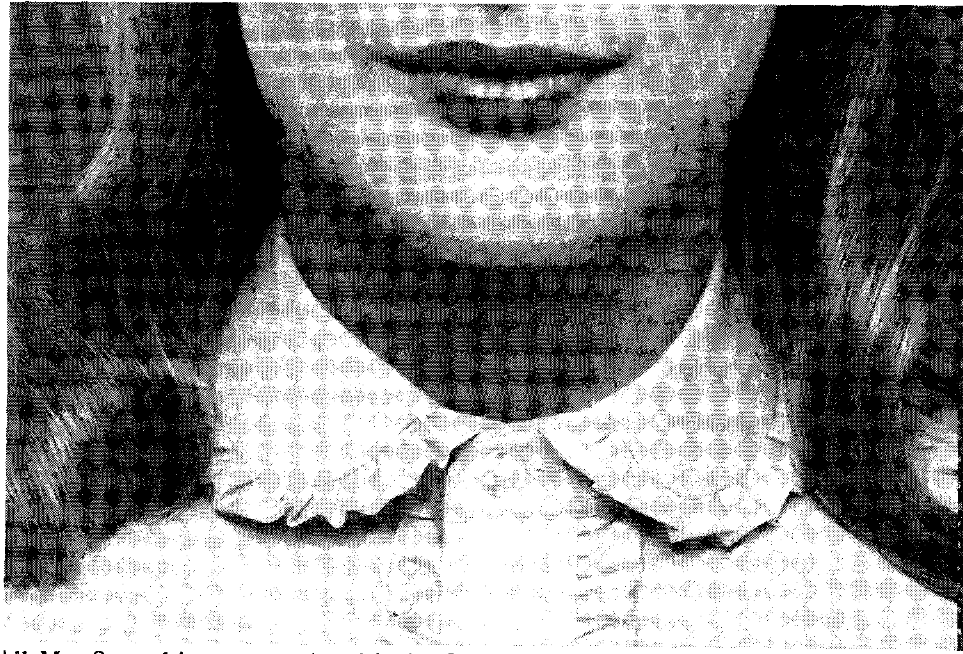
fend!), it can be trusted to shut itse off then as well; $50 at Bloomin dale's.

Fossner, 826 Lexington Aven (63rd), is a small shop that overflo with clocks and watches, and it mer investigation by Christmas shoppers search of antique or merely old pock watches or wristwatches. Here a gold, gold-filled, and silver pock watches, some dating from the eig teenth century, some with repeaters chime the quarter-hours, and son bearing names such as Tiffan Cartier, Le Coultre, Omega, Hami ton, Longines, and Patek Philipp from $250 on up. Wristwatches da ing from anywhere between the nin teen-twenties and the nineteen-fifti range from $250 to $1,500 for gol from $75 to $150 for gold-filled. A watches are guaranteed for a year.

A gift of well-chosen tickets— musical, theatrical, or sporting occ sions—is often welcome, and brin the promise of pleasure long aft Christmas. A six-performance su scription to the January-through-M season of the Light Opera of Ma hattan (mostly Gilbert and Sullivan for example, might just solve son gift dilemma. For the best seats at t Eastside Playhouse, where the con pany performs, the price is $54 f each subscription. Donors should se a check made out to the Eastside Pla house to 334 East 74th Street, Ne York, N.Y. 10021, together with t name and address of the recipient, wh will then be able to choose the dates the performances he wants to see. pre-Christmas gift, appropriate f the festive season, would be ticke to either of the two performanc of Handel's Messiah to be given the Musica Sacra Chorus and O chestra. These are on the evenings December 14th and 21st, at Ave Fisher Hall. Tickets are $9, $1 and $16.

ALAN FLUSSER, in his recently pu lished book "Making the Ma The Insider's Guide to Buying a Wearing Men's Clothes" (Simon Schuster; $9.95), claims that Eur peans—fashionable and knowing one that is—come to Brooks Brothers buy their pajamas, precisely becau those pajamas are so interesting baggy. Everything is relative when comes to men's clothing. There ha been few more surprising develo ments in the history of fashion tha the discovery by fashionable youn men (and women) of the Ivy Leag

For more information, or the name of a Sero store near you, write to: Sero, Cherry Hill, Branford, Connecticut 06405.



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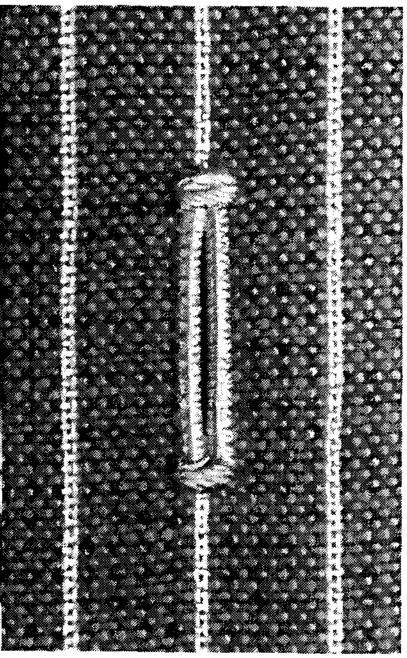

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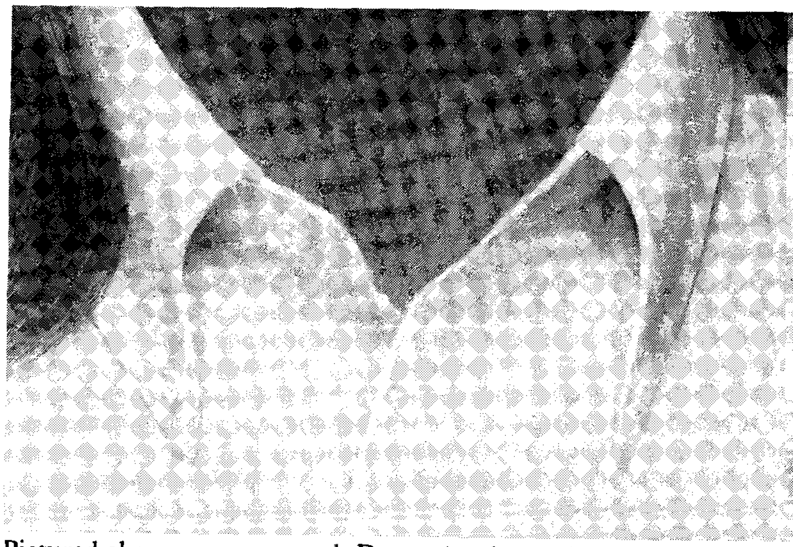

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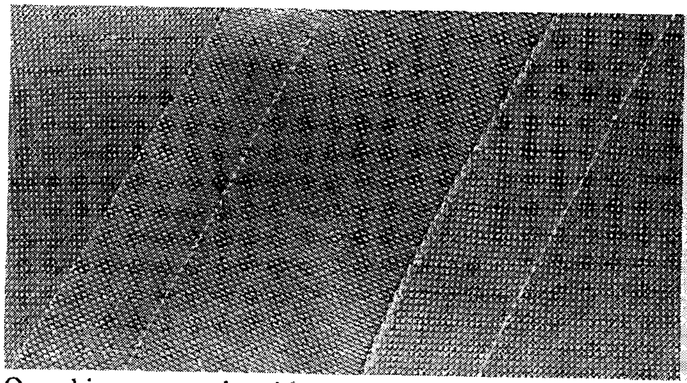

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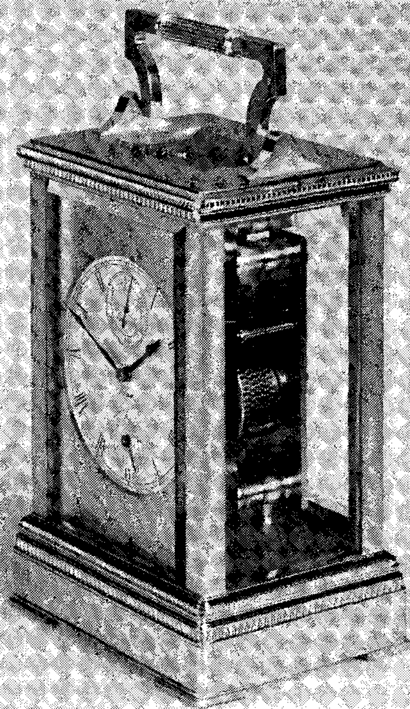

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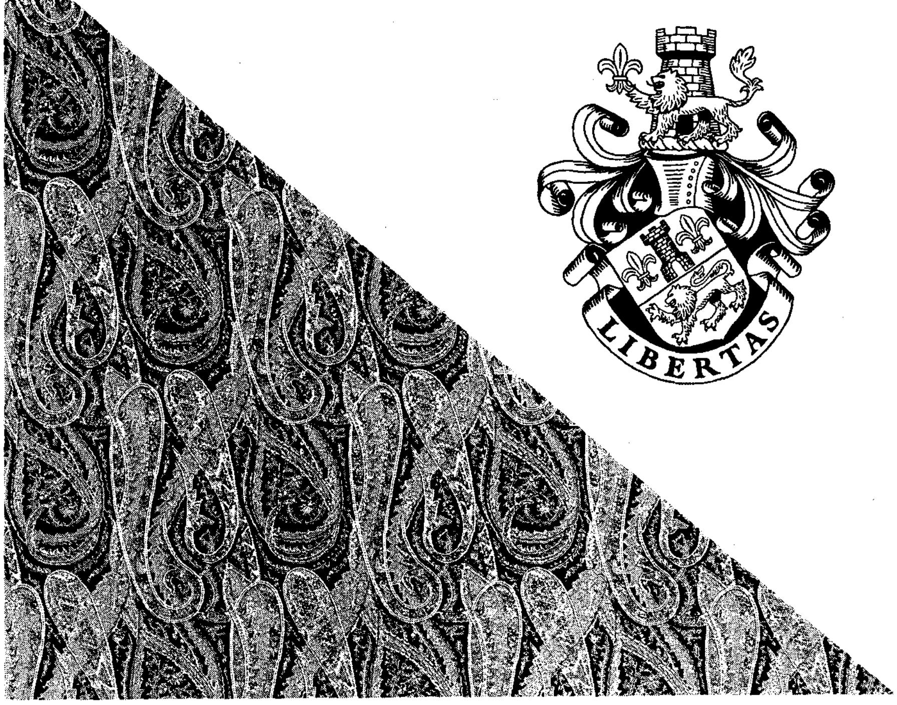

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classics that deliberately unfashionable older men have always worn. The traditional customers for those classics saw them as symbols of a quasi-moral "correctness" and of a Puritan stand against vanity, ostentation, and ephemerality, and as a way of identifying themselves with the Eastern-establishment caste whose power and influence were until recently unassailable. The younger, newer customers just like the way the classics look. Flusser's book is appealing because, although he takes some mighty firm stands on such subjects as where, precisely, the dimple should be below the knot of a four-in-hand and how long the back vent of a topcoat should be, he doesn't sound snooty or rigid. What he deals with is not a creed so much as a possible style.

We visited the Ivy League gang on East 44th Street—Chipp, J. Press, and Brooks Brothers—for the first time since the fashion for so-called preppiness hit, and we found that these establishments are largely unchanged but somewhat more self-conscious. (A lot of Japanese customers as well as Europeans want the preppy look. In addition to its New England shops catering to Yale and Harvard students, J. Press has seventy-eight stores in Japan.) With as much aesthetic detachment as we could muster, we took a tour of Brooks Brothers first. Well, the classic button-down barrel-cuffed oxford-cloth shirt, with its notoriously full "Omar the tentmaker" shape, is definitely as good-looking as ever, and as durable. Blue, white, pink, yellow, stone, peach, or écru are the color choices, and the price (by which regular purchasers may conveniently measure inflation) is now $27. As for those modishly baggy pajamas, there are, among others, clean-cut combinations of white all-cotton broadcloth piped with navy blue, whose tops are either button fronts or V-necked middy pullovers; $30. Knee-length, shawl-collared robes in washable wool-and-cotton come in a choice of Royal Stewart, Black Watch, or Dress Campbell tartans, a red-and-brown tattersall check on buff, or a burgundy windowpane check on gray; $100. A pair of good-quality hand-stitched gloves in tan shearling is $70; Scottish cashmere-and-wool mufflers in a choice of tartans or solid colors are $40; and thirteen white cotton handkerchiefs in a packet are $27, while six linen handkerchiefs are $33. On the sixth floor, two great old firms of English craftsmen are represented:

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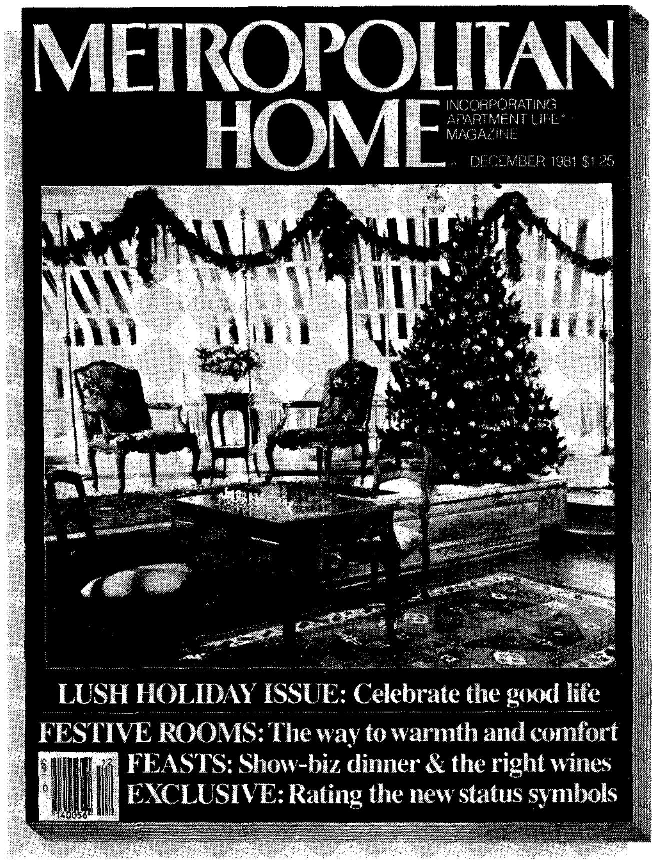
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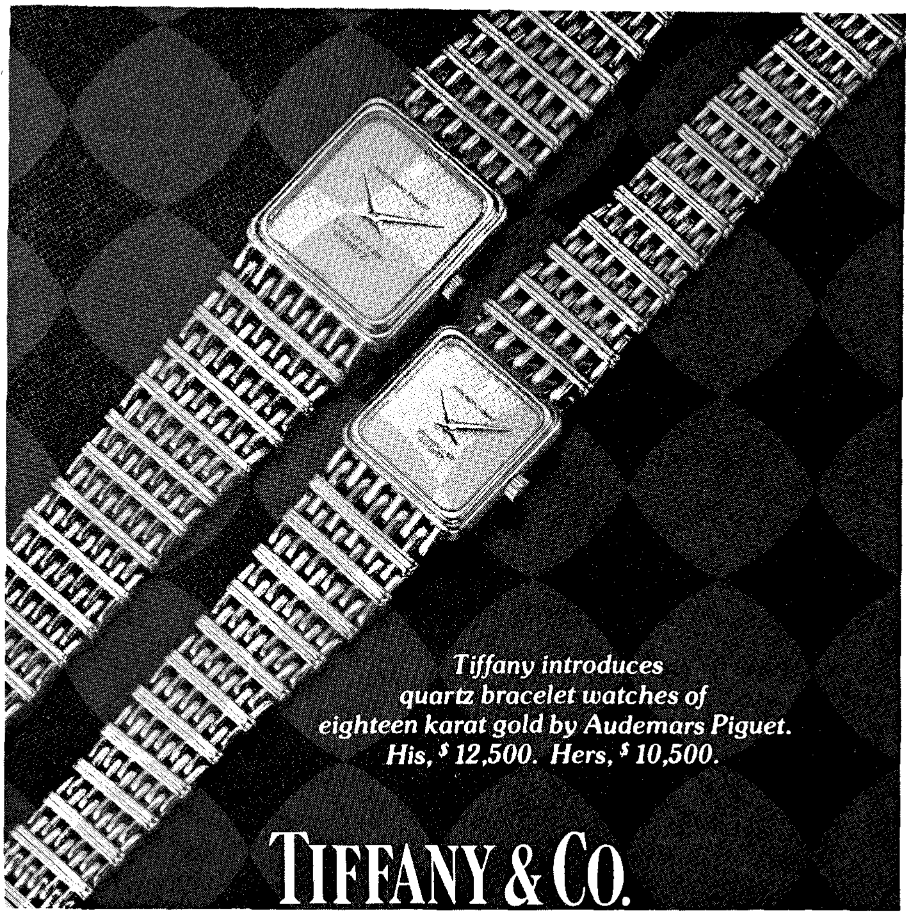
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Peal & Company, the leather-goo
people, by a solid, *masculine-lookir*
cowhide attaché case ($450), ar
Lock & Company, the hatter of S
James's, by peaked ratting caps i
sporting-gent checks ($29.50).

J. Press, 16 East 44th, doesn't sin
ply *sell* its natural-shoulder sports jacl
ets in soft-colored, often hand-frame
Scottish tweeds, styled with three bu
tons, a high, notched lapel, and a sir
gle center vent; J. Press *believes* i
them, as was apparent from a talk w
had recently with Richard Press, wh
owns the store. Mr. Press talks a littl
like the mottoes on the college blaze
buttons he sells, and when he declare
that the store was committed to bein
"forever unchanging" we almost ex
pected him to say it in Latin. Anywa
the jackets—exactly the same in styl
and construction as those that were i
the store in the nineteen-thirties—ar
still appealing, although now at th
nineteen-eighties price of from $17
to $325. J. Press's shirt shape is abou
as wide as Brooks's, but is recognizabl
by virtue of its flapped breast pocke
which we rather like; $30. Press'
necktie collection includes dark-col
ored silk reps embroidered with od
emblems such as monkeys, hippos
grasshoppers, and dachshunds as wel
as more conventional hunting motifs
$20. There's also an array of real Anthony Perkins-as-college-boy square-ended neckties in knitted silk. These have been rescued from the archive by Press, who made them on commission in years past for now defunct fraternities and other such organizations New wearers run some very sligh risk of being hailed by elderly men who recognize a particular striped pattern as that of, say, the Yale *Banner*, the St. Elmo Hall fraternity, or the St. Mark's School wrestling team; $16.50.

Chipp, 14 East 44th, injects a certain humor into the Ivy League idea by reminding us that while unobtrusiveness is the weekday rule of preppiness, it explodes at weekends, at least for some devotees, into a rainbow of hues. Here are mid-wale-corduroy trousers in a choice of fourteen colors, for $48; brushed-Shetland crewneck sweaters in twenty colors, for $46; and cotton turtlenecks in seventeen colors, for $27.50. Shetland-wool socks with toes and heels in contrasting colors ($16); leather-palmed Shetland gloves in, say, wine, dark green, or R.A.F. blue ($20); solid-color lamb's-wool neckties in twenty choices ($11); and striped suspenders ($20) and striped

THE OYSTER BAR & RESTAURANT CATALOG

How can we justify an Oyster Bar catalog? We can't ship you our eight or more kinds of oysters or our little neck clams. Nor can we mail the infinite varieties of fish we prepare each day, or our pan roasts and chowders. But there's more, much more, to The Oyster Bar than a singularly fine seafood restaurant. Below the restaurant hidden away beneath Grand Central Station, is our smokehouse. There we produce some of the greatest smoked salmon and trout and sturgeon and mackerel an epicure could dream of. Also finnan haddie. All these we can mail.

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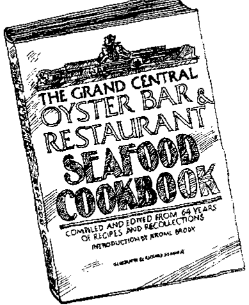
Smoked fish is not our only mailable specialty. There's a cheesecake from The Oyster Bar bake shop (source of all our fabulous and famous desserts, apple pie to rice pudding). Indescribably delicious.

Our curing process is so time consuming that, of necessity, the supply of smoked fish is limited. To be sure of your share, for holiday parties, for personal or business gifts, fill out the order form and mail it today. Every Oyster Bar specialty is packaged exactly as if it were a precious jewel and is sent air mail.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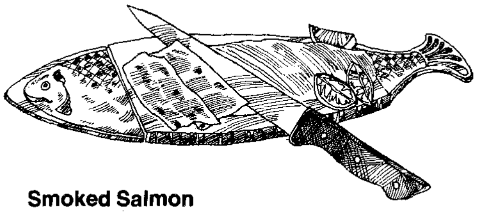

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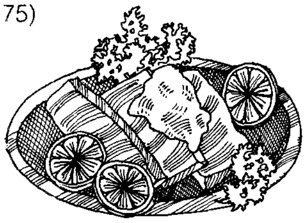
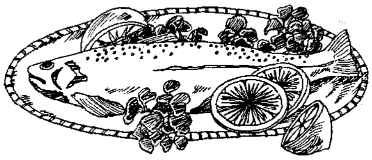
Finnan Haddie

Smoked boneless haddock caught off the Georges Bank (see our recipe for Eggs Benedict Finnan Haddie, page 103 of the cookbook). Piece (2 lbs. approx.) **$20.** ($3.75)





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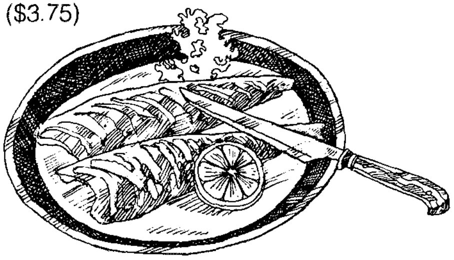

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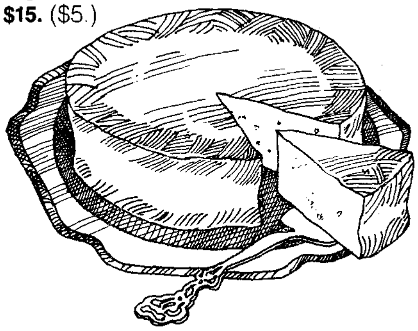

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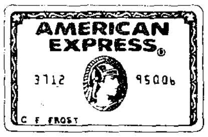

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grosgrain watchbands ($3.50) are some elements of Chipp's exuberant palette. The store's large selection of shirts bears witness to a tolerance for the tastes that find a certain conservatism most fashionable. Here are French-cuffed shirts with a two-and-a-quarter-inch tab collar, for the man who prefers his own collar button and cufflinks, in white or blue cotton; $32.50. Pleated tuxedo shirts with detachable wing collars are $49, and town-collared, French-cuffed shirts in white, eggshell, or blue Egyptian cotton, which are $50, look good with old-fashioned brass- or silver-finished tiepins, which are $7.50. Chipp can also, of course, make pants, jackets, and suits to order. For $215, a pair of trousers can be made up in the store's own double-weight wool challis (or linen) printed with sailboats or hunting dogs (a custom-made jacket is $620). This sort of weekend vagary may come as a surprise to some, but it's an interesting fashion.

If the question of fashion comes up at Tripler, 366 Madison Avenue (46th), it is mainly because luxury is now more popular than ever. Here, as examples of luxury, are several styles of cashmere sweaters, for $245; mock-turtlenecks, for $165; slipover vests, for $145; and long-sleeved polo shirts, for $200. Short-sleeved polo shirts by the English firm of John Smedley are among the best of that breed, being free of alligatorish emblems and made of Sea Island cotton in a choice of eighteen colors; $52.50. Pajamas of the same particularly fine cotton, in plain white or pale blue, are $75. Silk robes in foulard patterns are $275, and below-the-calf-length robes of red-piped navy wool are $160. Tripler's extensive sock department is distinguished for what would not have seemed a luxury in the past, when it was routine in men's stores: Most of the socks come in specific sizes, to fit the feet of individual men, instead of bearing the self-contradictory, totalitarian-sounding message "One size fits all."

At Andre Oliver, 34 East 57th Street, luxurious fibres combine with an unusually large array of colors. Cashmere sweaters come in cable-stitch crewneck styles in a choice of forty colors and in turtlenecks in a choice of sixteen; $195 and $250, respectively. Self-confidently Gatsby-like silk robes come in awning stripes of black and red or in white with black and green, for $450.

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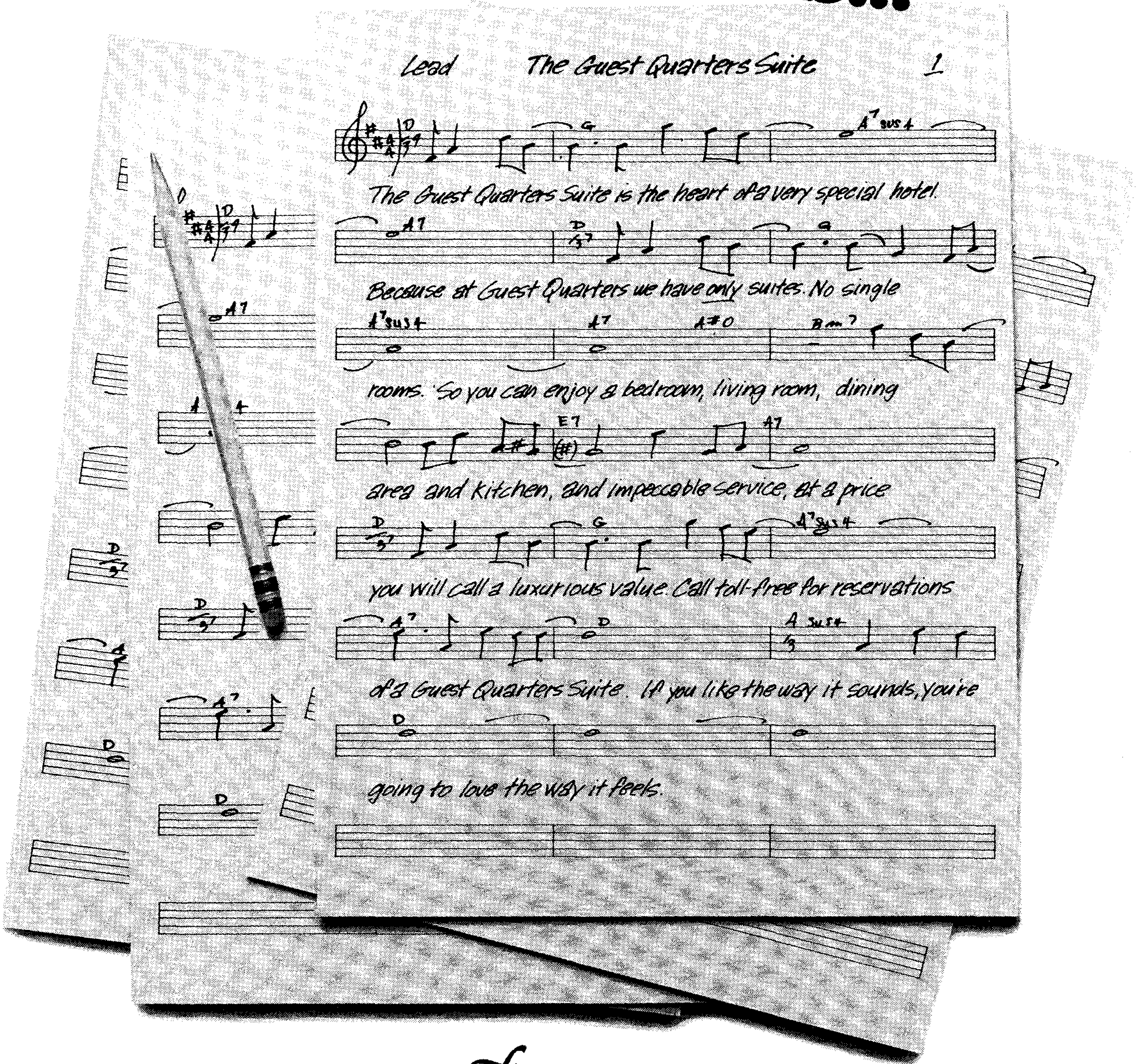
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Devil in the Flesh

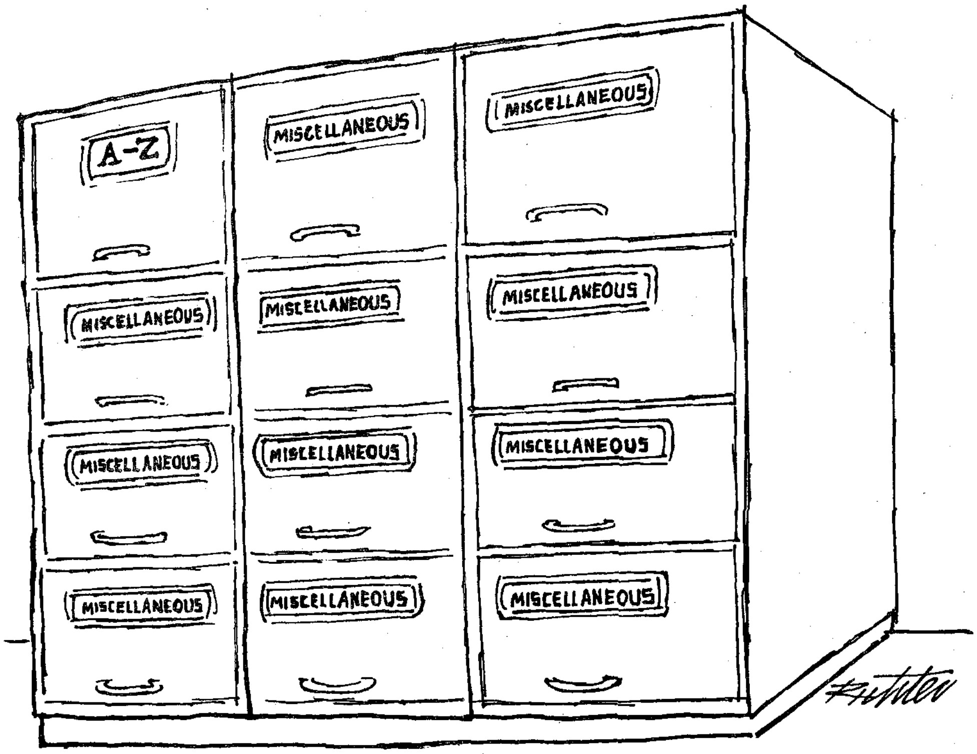
THE people in Fred Schepisi's "The Devil's Playground" are like sculptured figures that glow with their own light. You're not aware of surfaces, of skin. You're aware of the substance of the flesh. The Marist Brothers at the Catholic seminary around which most of the film is set seem to be looking into themselves, puzzled and deeply disappointed by their own physicality. And the pubescent boys gaze with thunderstruck eyes at the eruptions of their bodies. The movie is always on the borderline of comedy, because they have all—monks and seminarians alike—been taught that "an undisciplined mind is the Devil's playground," yet they can't get their minds off their bodies. They can't control the urges that the Church's teachings say they must control. They're in a losing battle with their flesh.

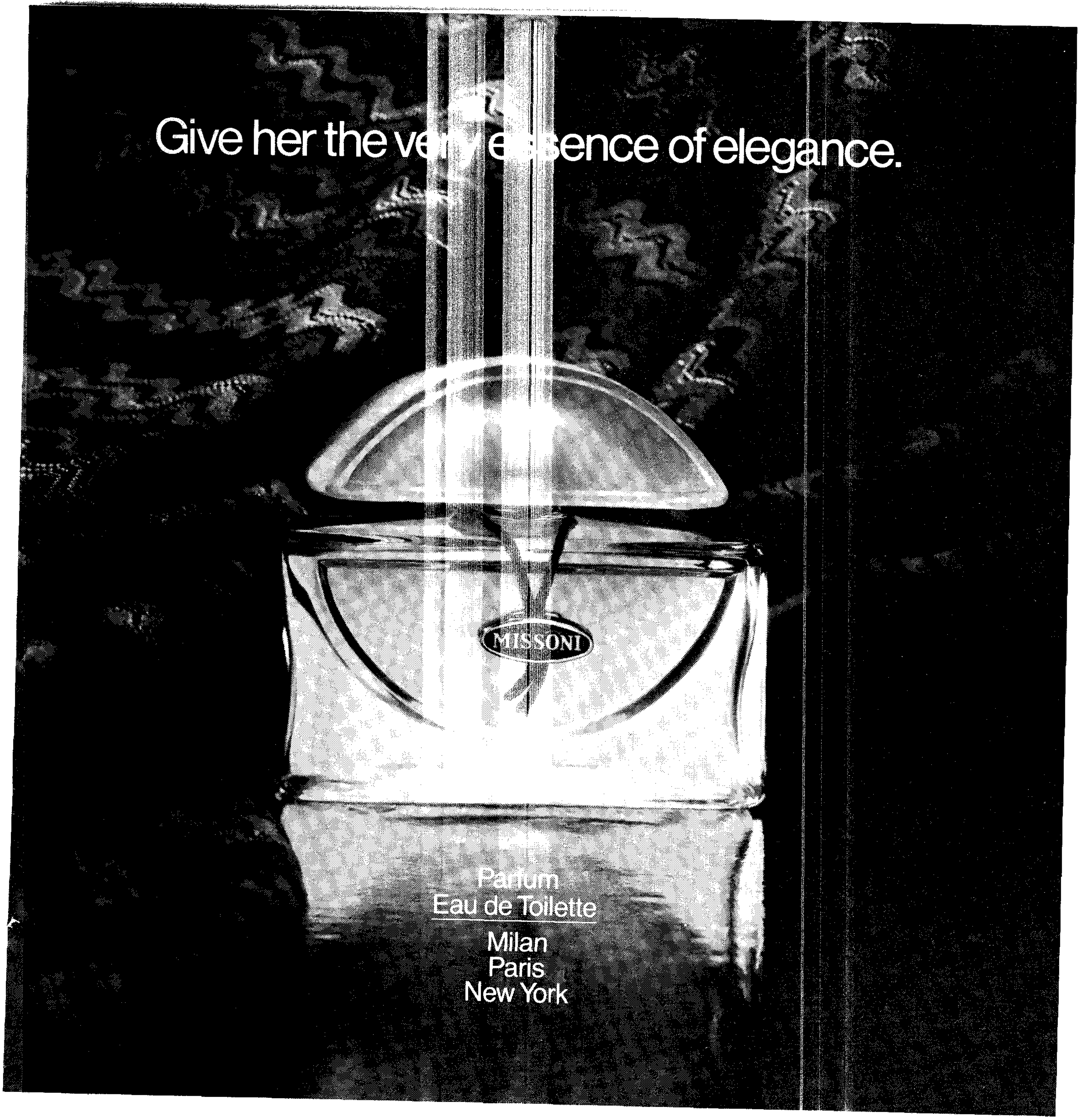
Schepisi (pronounced SKEPsee) is odd man out—the artist in the Australian film renaissance, which is otherwise a celebration of the work of intelligent, slightly impersonal craftsmen. That may be why it took him five years to complete this semi-autobiographical first feature (it's set in the fifties) and why it has taken another five years for the film to get a New York opening. ("The Devil's Playground" was finished in 1976; Schepisi's second picture, the 1978 "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith"—a masterwork—opened here in 1980.) "The Devil's Playground" treads a delicate tightrope; there has probably never been a film that treats priestly shame—amounting to agony in some cases—with such understanding. Most of the monks have genuine affection for the boys they teach, and sympathy for the plight of little kids bewildered by their erections. And the monks are acutely aware of each other's concealed torments. They're tolerant of the drinking of Brother Victor (Nick Tate), who goes into the city wearing civvies, picks up two women and flirts and teases right up to the verge of actual sex, and then just barely makes his escape, gasping to the younger monk waiting for him, "They nearly had me." And when Brother Francine (Arthur Dignam), the most agonized of all, and the most repressive with the students, instructing them that "Your body is your worst enemy," has been drinking wine with the other brothers, he suddenly lets out a torrent of rage and self-disgust and shouts, "The body won't be denied." The men in the room with him look away, look inward; they are aware of each other's miseries, but each is thinking, Why has this horrible thing—sexuality—been inflicted on me? They remain very still, yet they're pulsing, like the figures in Rodin's "The Burghers of Calais."

Schepisi's passion is expressed visually—in his thematic use of water imagery, in the voluptuous shifting of dark and light, in the matte green of the monks' billiard table, and in the deep green of the huge, overhanging trees on the seminary grounds and the paradisal trees in the countryside, with twisted, mossy limbs. His use of color eroticizes the environment. Outside the seminary, the greens and the aquas are tense, acid, and at a family picnic there are bright pinks and reds that look electrified next to the greens and the blues. Trees and grass have a special vibrancy—they, too, seem to glow with their own light.

Schepisi is a rarity—an artist whose sense of justice and proportion is as highly developed as his sensual aesthetic. He's sane and balanced in his treatment of the characters. At the center of the story is the cheerful thirteen-year-old Tom (Simon Burke), whose pigeon-toed front teeth give him the grin of a friendly child-satyr. Tom thinks he has a calling to the religious life (as Schepisi did at thirteen), but he's the joke of the seminary, because, as the monks observe, he has a constant erection. (A very old monk gently tries to dissuade him from his vocation.) For Tom, sexuality is a source of pleasures he can't resist. For the sallow, fanatic Brother Francine, it's an agonizing burden that threatens him. On a trip to the city, he sneaks off to a public swimming pool and gapes at exposed flesh—at men's hairy underbellies, at women's breasts slightly askew in their wet bathing suits—and his huge dark eyes bulge with shame for his voyeurism and his lust. The most intense eroticism in the film is in a dream that tortures Brother Francine: underwater, naked, his face in shock, expressionless, and his eyes wide open, staring, he is surrounded by beautiful naked nymphs—all of them for his pleasure, except that he's incapable of feeling pleasure even in a dream. Arthur Dignam brings a self-dramatizing fervor to the role: Brother Francine, isolated with his fantasies, is contemptuous of the lesser suffering of the other monks. This mortified zealot, whose emotions are a tangle, has the richest (and most sepulchral) voice in the film.

The sound of "The Devil's Playground" is a comic cantata: the boys' voices are in various stages of chang-

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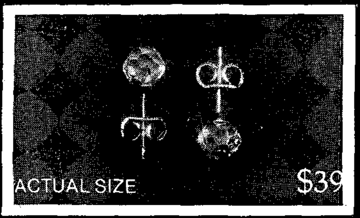

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ing, and the kids are as surprised as we are by the spooky, quavering tones that come out of them. The monks' voices are educated, modulated—avuncular. But in some cases (such as Brother Victor), the rough, slangy Australian vulgate comes through. And in the case of Father Marshall—played by the Australian novelist Thomas Keneally, from whose book Schepisi adapted "Jimmie Blacksmith"—an Irish lilt can be heard. The bald and bewhiskered Father Marshall, a missionary who officiates at the boys' three-day retreat, is a heightened version of the other monks. A friendly leprechaun, he goes out of his way to ease the boys' fears. (He gives Tom a vial of holy water from Lourdes so that he can put a drop of it on his tongue—to help him with his bed-wetting.) But when Father Marshall delivers a sermon it's pure fundamentalist hellfire and damnation, holding up to the boys images such as a fiery worm consuming their entrails for eternity, and real terror hovers in the air. The combination of dogmatic teachings and the onset of puberty drives some of the boys more than a little crazy: three of them become involved in secret purification rites, and their leader, thinking he's ready to walk on water, is drowned.

Schepisi wrote himself a beautiful script: it's all theme and variations, yet nothing seems forced. Instructed that they must not talk during their retreat, the boys awkwardly dispose themselves on the shore of a lake. The silence is oppressive to them—it feels false and silly—and Tom tosses a pebble into the water. Others toss pebbles—a whole volley of pebbles—and then a fat boy slips in, with a big, thudding splash, and the tension is broken and they all laugh together. Almost every incident in the film gives us, like this one, an intuitive perception of how the boys' impulses are thwarted and how the kids consciously or unconsciously fight back. The monks are simply the boys at a more advanced stage of repression and guilt; locked in by their feelings of unworthiness, they're on permanent retreat.

Perhaps Tom's encounter with a young girl is a shade too idyllic. And when he was visiting with her and with his family I was a little confused about where they all were. And perhaps the old monk who counsels Tom against striving for priestly celibacy and perfection is too kindly; it might be better if he didn't mutter "It's unnatural"—Schepisi needn't tell us what

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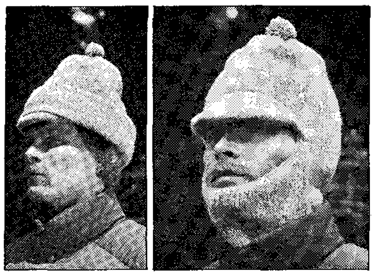

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he's showing us. But there are few flaws, and they're piddling ones. I don't really see how this movie could be much better. Schepisi is a great filmmaker, with his own softly rhythmed style. The full, widescreen images glide by; the cadences are elusive—like Scott Fitzgerald's prose rhythms. Schepisi's two features, this one and "Jimmie Blacksmith," are not like the work of any other director. In this first film, even the way that the music comes in on scenes and rises up during the underwater dream is very personal. I had the feeling that everything in the film was breathing. When a director so clearly knows what he's doing, you can sit back and smile with pleasure. The details are satisfying: the way the boys ignore the crabbing of the seminary cook; the suave righteousness with which the head of the school refuses to give Tom the address of a friend he wants to write to who has been expelled; the crew-neck sweater that Brother Victor wears on his flirtatious foray into town—just clerical enough for him to feel a little safe. The film gives you the impression that Schepisi has got the whole thing right. He must have freed himself very thoroughly: this isn't an anti-Catholic movie. Far from it. Schepisi loves these tormented comedians. But he looks at them with humorous pagan eyes.

"On Golden Pond" is an unbelievably literal-minded movie. It opens with images of sunset on a lake, and we hear the cry of a loon; there are views of two loons in the water and closeups of flowers. Katharine Hepburn and Henry Fonda, arriving at their summer house in Maine, get out of a car, and it's a stage entrance, with both of them so busily in character that I felt a slight throb in the temple—a foreboding. When Hepburn, fluttering girlishly and listening with poetically cocked head, announced, "The loons, the loons. They're welcoming us back," and Fonda, crotchety as could be, let us know that he was too deaf to hear what she was carrying on about, I knew what I was in for. "On Golden Pond" is the kind of uplifting experience that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life; the loons, whom Hepburn refers to as a husband and wife, represent Ethel and Norman Thayer (Hepburn and Fonda). Do you dig it? Do you have the stomach for it? Directed by Mark Rydell, from

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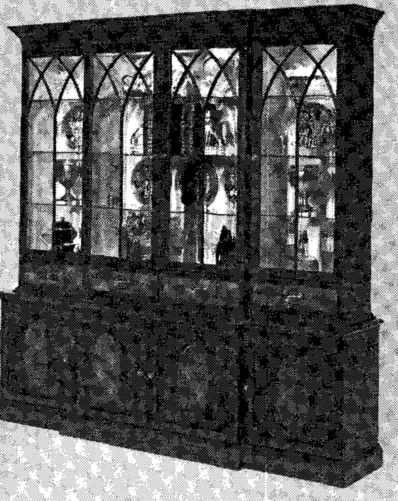

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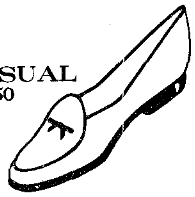

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Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which popsy Norman, who's having his eightieth birthday, and mopsy Ethel, who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. Or is it "good American stock," or Hepburn's pedigreed cheekbones? Fonda (who all of us hope will soon recover from the illness that has hospitalized him) is seventy-seven, and Hepburn is seventy-five, and the media have been turning them into monuments. This film is a rather indecently premature memorial service.

Surely the only way to show respect for elderly performers is to hold them to the same standards that they were held to when they were younger, and it's almost impossible for Hepburn and Fonda to do anything resembling a creditable job of acting in a vehicle like "On Golden Pond." It comes out of the Theatre of Safety. It's shaped so that it seems to be getting at the problems of old age (Norman's eyes and ears are failing, his memory is spotty, and his body is becoming more and more unreliable), but then Norman's crankiness is made to seem sly—a form of one-upmanship. He's meant to be a lovable curmudgeon. And he and Ethel are such an adoring, lovey-dovey old pair that there are no recriminations and just one regret—and that is taken care of in the course of the film. It concerns their only child—their daughter, Chelsea (Jane Fonda), now forty-two, and still bitter and resentful because she has never felt that she could please her father or that he cared about her.

Ernest Thompson takes a roundabout route to the rapprochement of father and daughter. Chelsea, whose first marriage failed, arrives for her father's birthday, bringing her new lover, Bill (Dabney Coleman, bearded), a Los Angeles dentist, and his thirteen-year-old son, Billy (Doug McKeon), an unhappy little tough, whom she and Bill park with the Thayers for a month while they vacation in Europe. Wouldn't Billy be happier in a summer camp, with kids his own age? Oh, but then we couldn't be faced with the gruesome prospect of watching canny old Norman reclaim the boy—get his mind off chasing girls and onto fishing and diving and other outdoor sports—and change him into an ideal, tenderhearted kid. Somehow, the affection that springs up between the old man and Billy makes it possible for Chelsea, on her return, to

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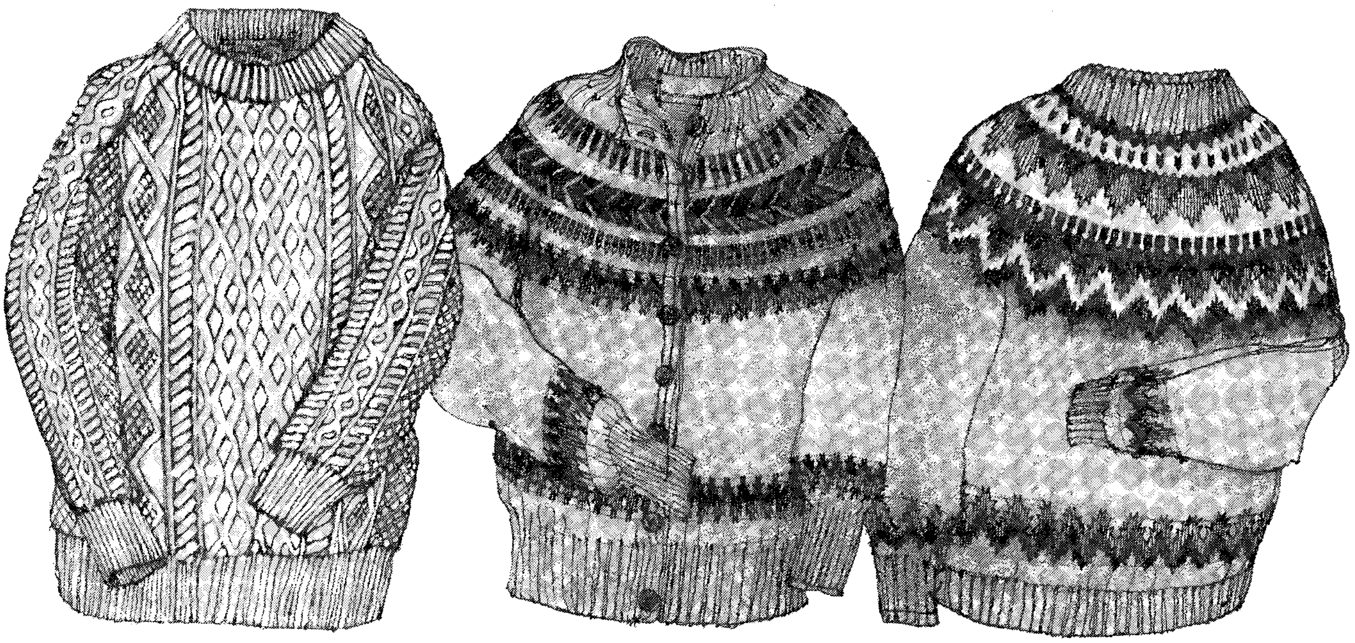

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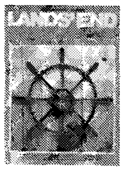

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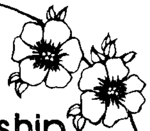

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gain self-respect by doing the backflip dive that she was afraid to do as a young girl, and to talk—talk "meaningfully," that is—to her father for the first time. Naturally, the picture ends with Norman and Ethel saying their annual goodbye to the lake; there are more shots of the sunset on the water, and Mr. and Mrs. Loon, whose baby has learned to fly and has gone off on its own, come round to say goodbye to Norman and Ethel.

This isn't material for actors, no matter what their age. It's material for milking tears from an audience. Hepburn and Fonda are playing America's aged sweethearts—A *Married Couple for All Seasons.* Norman and Ethel are more in love than on the day they were married; he is a retired professor (apparently without any anxieties about inflation or other money worries), and they have always lived graciously. It's no accident that the publicity sketch showing Henry Fonda, in a fishing hat, and the smiling faces of Hepburn, Jane Fonda, and Doug McKeon looks like a knockoff of a Norman Rockwell *Saturday Evening Post* cover. That's the world that the film tries to evoke. But the sketch has a sickly, creepy quality, and so does the movie. Henry Fonda appears to give an honest performance, but his clean-old-man role is conceived so grotesquely that I found it impossible to like Norman—and our liking him is the linchpin of the whole enterprise. Hepburn is a special case: she's heady, as if exhilarated by her own acting. She overdoes Ethel's being entranced with nature, and she horribly overdoes Ethel's devotion to Norman, so that it calls attention to Ethel's own wonderfulness. Ethel is meant to be a capable, down-to-earth woman, but Hepburn leaps about weightlessly—she never comes close to touching the ground. She has become a Kate Hepburn windup doll—chipper and lyrical, floating in the stratosphere, and, God knows, spunky. Her star turn is a parody of the great Hepburn performances—it's all pirouettes.

The director has not done himself proud. Listening to the dialogue is like being at a bad play: you can count out the beats in the pauses. And some of the shots go on a few frames too long, so that you see the actors' false emotions freezing and the people look the way they do in the sketch. Doug McKeon is stiff, as if he had played Billy a thousand times already and were bored past showing any emotion. And Rydell has the actors hitting some

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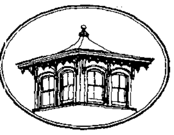

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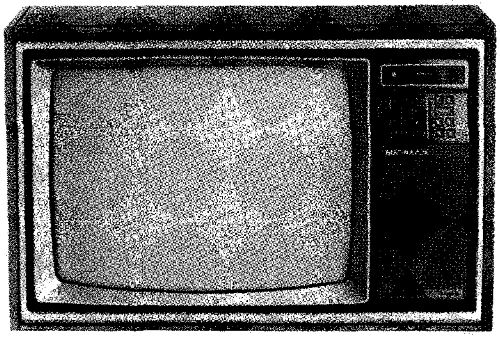

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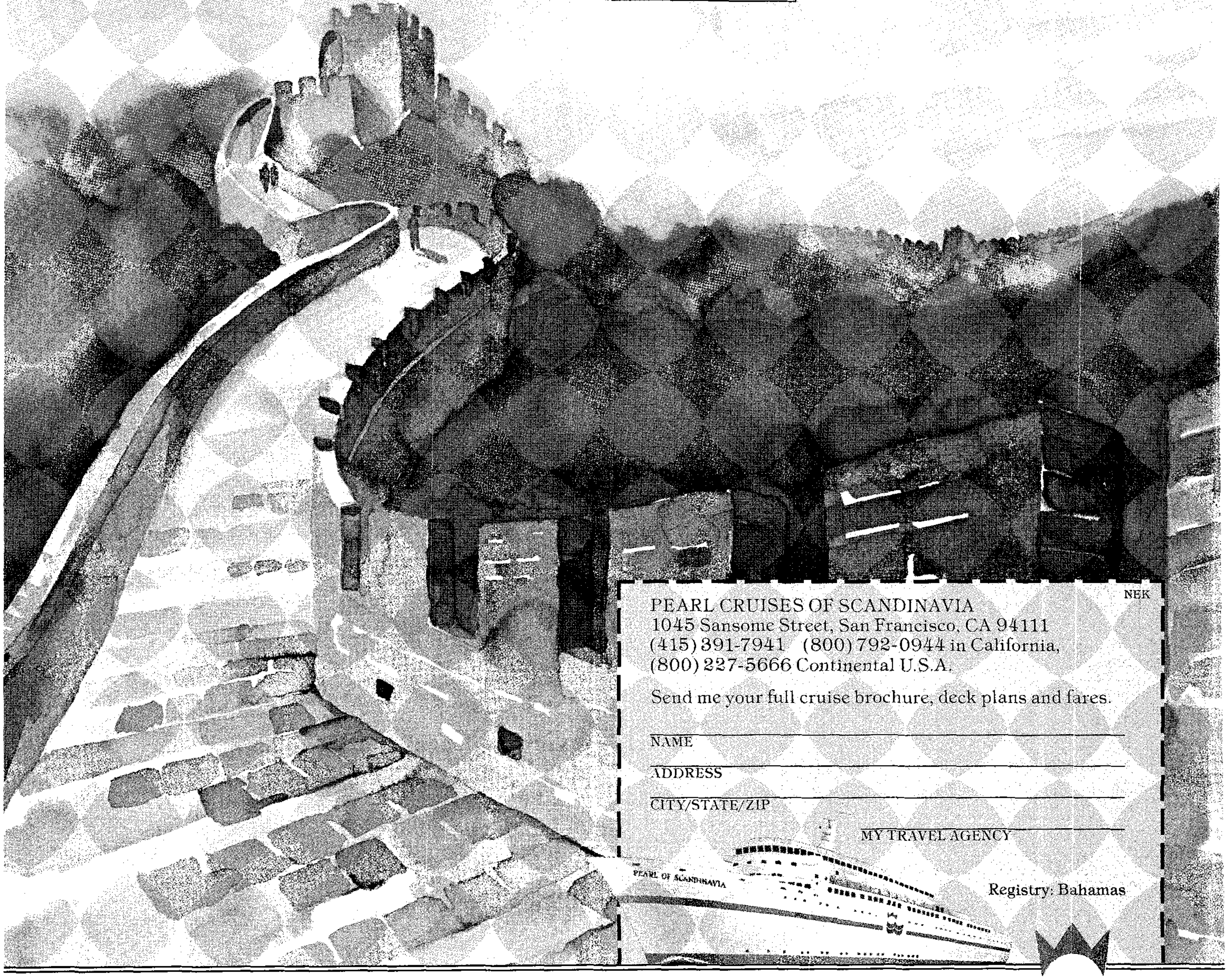

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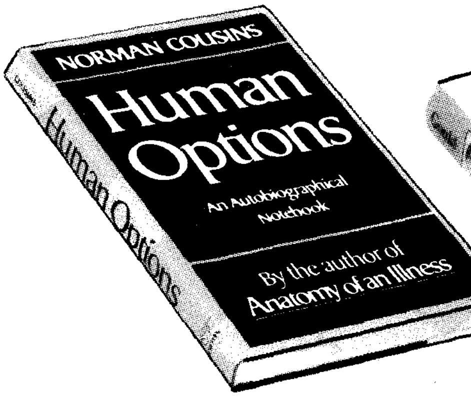
very strange notes. In the only scene that Billy has alone with his father, Bill threatens to send him back to his mother if he doesn't behave, and there is such ugly menace in his tone that I had the vagrant thought that Chelsea was making another big mistake in her life—that Bill, the bearded dentist who talks L.A. psychodrivel, was some sort of weirdo con man. There certainly seems to be something suspicious about him when he has a conversation with Norman and his face switches expressions crazy-fast—he's like a speed freak trying on attitudes. It turns out that Bill is meant to be a charming fellow and the right husband for Chelsea—it's only Mark Rydell who has taken leave of his senses. In extenuation of Dabney Coleman's performance, it should be pointed out that Norman mocks Bill so cruelly and so sneakily that it might be difficult for any actor to know how to read Bill's lines.

As the playwright has set things up, Norman, who has the bulk of the one-liners, gets laughs by jokes about his own enfeeblement and then gets more laughs by being on top of the situations and zapping people who think he's feeble. We're meant to enjoy the way he picks on people and makes them feel foolish, and we're also asked to weep (and people around me certainly *were* weeping) for his frailty, for his courage, for the beauty of his love affair with his wife of forty-eight years. The author is both ruthless and shameless—a real winning combination. He even gives Norman a bit of an angina attack onstage (sorry about that—on camera). The fakery at the core of the material is that Norman is a mean old son of a bitch to his daughter and to just about everyone else except his wife and Billy. Yet we're asked to dote on him, and Chelsea is made out to be a neurotic mess for not having responded to his true loving nature. Chelsea is a terrible role, and Jane Fonda plays it so tensely that she's like an actress in a soap opera telegraphing her psychiatric miseries. (In a lakeside scene, in a bikini, she looks spectacular, yet she keeps her body held in so tight that you can't believe she's breathing.) Ethel, who is so understanding with her husband, is starchy and impatient with her daughter, telling her, "All you can do is be disagreeable about the past. What's the point? . . . Life marches by, Chelsea. I suggest you get on with it." That's not a mother talking—it's a headmistress. Yet we're supposed to applaud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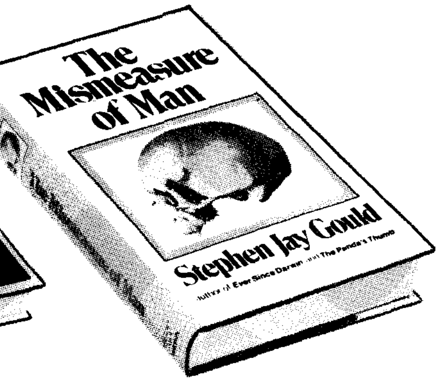
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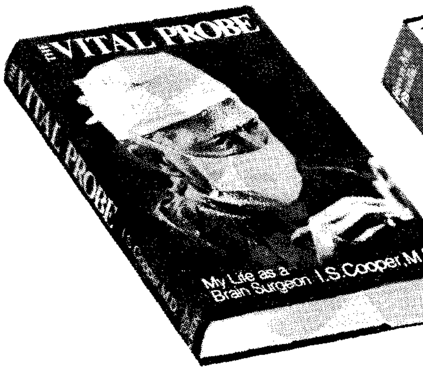
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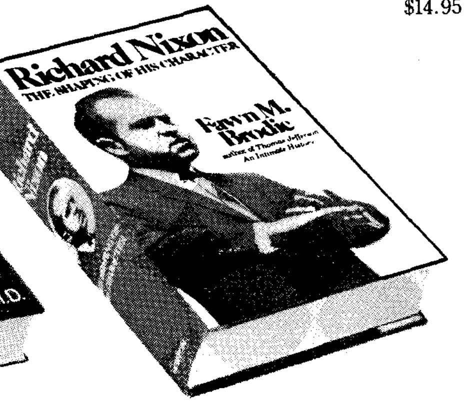
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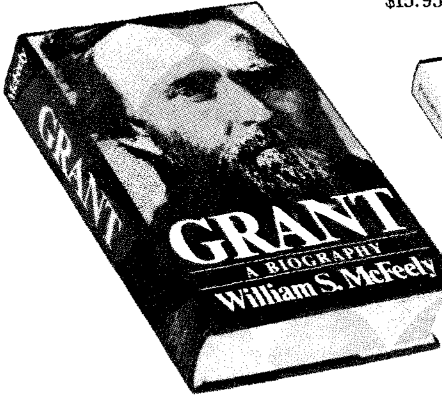
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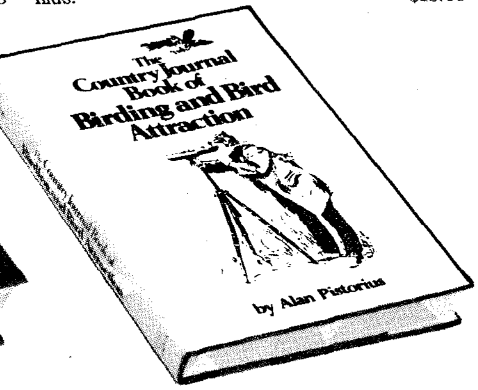
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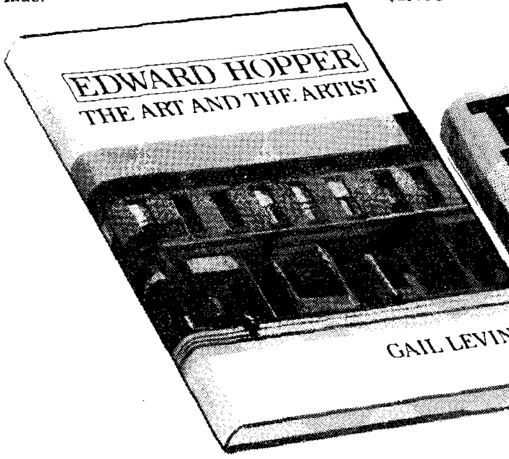
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Ethel's no-nonsense stoicism. Ernest Thompson works the audience for any approval he can wring out of it.

Some sections of the press are doing backflips of their own. What is going on when *Time,* in a reverential cover story on this movie and Hepburn and Fonda, uses terms such as "breeding" and gets right down to lineage: "Both their families were established in the colonies by the 18th century, and the pedigree shows in the two who took up acting." Hepburn and Fonda have not, then, merely "ascended to proud new peaks;" they are Our Betters. I don't think this snobbery should be blamed on the Reagans. I think it's a worshipfulness (and maybe envy) that overcomes some people when they look at Hepburn's imperious bones. They feel she must belong to a superior race. (Henry Fonda is let in on a pass, because he has played so many great liberals.)

There's a moment, after Norman and Billy have become buddies and are out fishing together, when the movie gives us a quick-flash reminder that the subject is mortality: Billy hauls in a dead loon and then, in his new, reformed manner, asks Norman, man to man, if he's afraid of dying. The movie is like a striptease without nudity. It's a death tease; nobody dies—the only corpse is that loon, and it isn't even one of Norman and Ethel's beloved loons. All the talk about death and dying is really very cozy, because Norman is demonstrated to be such a tough old bird that he can still outwit everybody around. And there can be few people in the world as snugly protected in their old age as he is, with a selfless wife dedicated to his care. Even the symbols—the golden-sunset years, the pair of loons—are soothing. This twaddle is a pacifier—it's a regression to the movies with cute and wise old codgers. —PAULINE KAEL

•

CLEVELAND—A sharp-eyed Ohio executive discovered that the date carved in the Lincoln Memorial for Ohio's entry into the Union—MDCCII—is one year off the generally accepted date of 1803.

The apparent error slipped past more prominent Ohio natives, such as Warren G. Harding and William Howard Taft, who were present for the structure's dedication in 1922.

"It's common knowledge that Ohio joined the union in 1803," said Steve Kunath, 28, of Parma. He saw the discrepancy on a recent visit to Washington. "Anybody who has had seventh grade history would know that."—*Cincinnati Post.*

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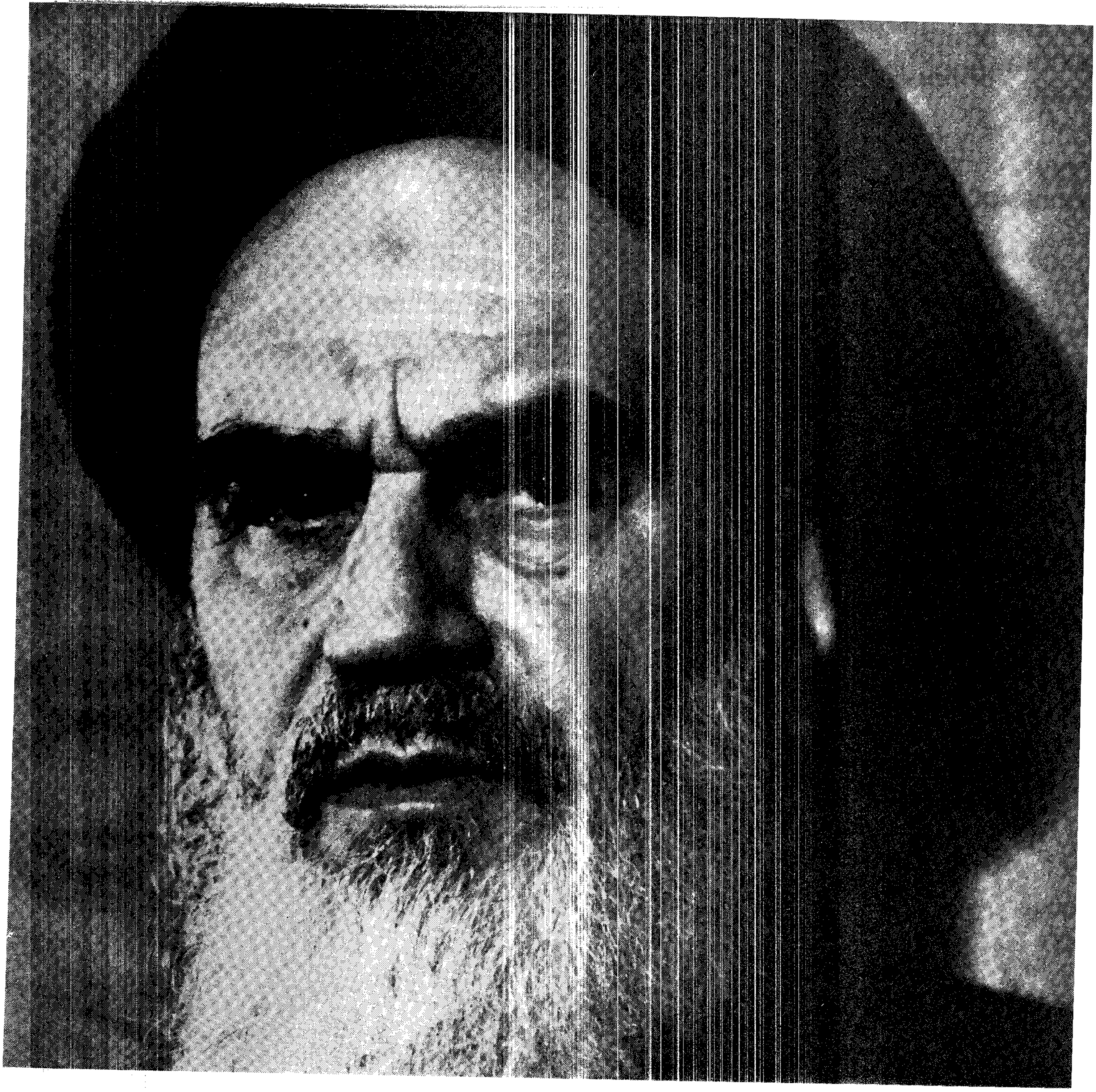

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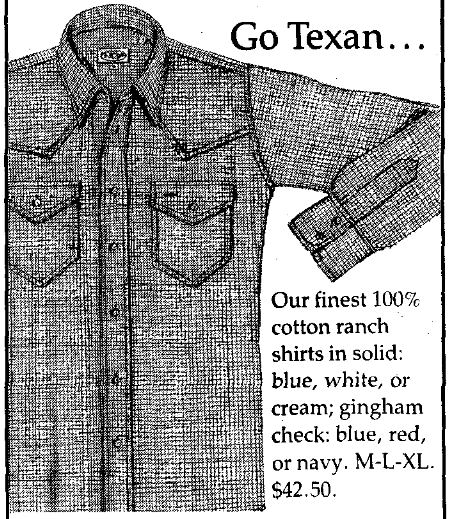

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Happy Reminders

"SOPHISTICATED LADIES" (RCA CBL2-4053) is a two-record set containing all the music—that means everything audible, since there is no book—from the current Broadway show, which is, as you know, in the nature of a tribute to the late Edward Kennedy (Duke) Ellington; he needed nothing of this kind during his lifetime, since he and his marvellous orchestra, which was an extension of himself, were active almost until the time of his death, seven years ago. If the recording (and the show, of course) serves no purpose other than to acquaint new listeners with the rich variety of Ellington's work—actually, this is only a sampling—it will have made an important contribution, for the Duke was one of the century's musical giants. Other listeners—including me—will find themselves drawn once more to the Ellington performances of pieces recorded here, and reminded of the countless beauties left out. (His catalogue of recordings is vast.) Not that this album, which has been excellently engineered, and which offers, in addition to many engaging vocal soloists, an exceptionally smart-sounding orchestra, is at all negligible. It's simply that the dictates of the stage—a balanced program and the particular use and placement of numbers, not to mention their choice, and the orchestral arrangements themselves—present us with something less than authentic Ellington, though there are, thanks to the combined efforts of arrangers Al Cohn and Lloyd Mayers, happy reminders of the special voicings of the real thing, along with some striking new interpretations of individual pieces.

"Sophisticated Ladies" is devoted largely to Ellington songs. (As you are also aware, he composed a great many extended concert works, mostly in the form of suites, and even some of the popular songs could be heard from time to time, when the composer-conductor-pianist was in the mood, in fairly lengthy instrumental versions; the excitingly developed "Caravan," a joint composition of Ellington and his onetime trombonist Juan Tizol, springs to mind.) The emphasis is on the period, roughly from 1929 to the mid-nineteen-forties, in which he set down almost all his best-known numbers, many of them—"Don't Get Around Much Anymore" and "Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me" are prime examples—equipped with lyrics only after they had established themselves as instrumentals.

Lyrics were always of secondary importance to Ellington, whose abiding interest was his splendid, many-faceted instrument, his orchestra, so it is not surprising to find a wide assortment of lyricists—every one of them at best Tin Pan Alley smart (the only exception to be made here is Johnny Mercer, who, with Billy Strayhorn, provided the awkward lyric to "Satin Doll," a late Ellington bloomer that only gradually found its rightful place in the canon)—associated with his songs.

The Ellington orchestra (it was normally sixteen strong, though he sometimes played dates with smaller units) was, in spite of shifts of personnel, the most tightly knit group of its kind—a commercial orchestra, to be sure, but always something more than that, too—and the music for many of the songs here was the work of key Ellingtonians, or else a collaborative effort. Thus, Tizol was wholly responsible for the tune "Perdido," and, as far as I know, nobody has ever fully identified the individual contributions to "I'm Beginning to See the Light," whose words and music are credited to—besides Ellington—Harry James, Johnny Hodges (the Duke's inimitable alto saxist), and Don George. Much more closely identified than any of the rest with the Ellington music was Billy Strayhorn, the Master's protégé, co-arranger, and co-composer, and the sole composer of the orchestra's signature number, "Take the 'A' Train." (So closely joined were they that one night, with the Ellington outfit contracted to record instrumental versions of the songs from an ill-fated Broadway musical called "All American," the Duke and Strayhorn accidentally took the same piece to their separate homes to arrange it, and discovered the next morning that their orchestrations differed only by a single note in the final chord.)

Gregory Hines, the show's male star, is primarily an extraordinarily

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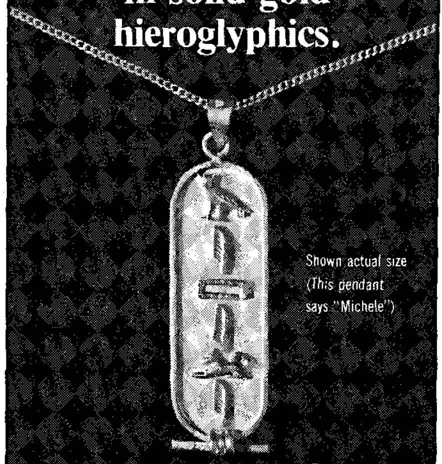

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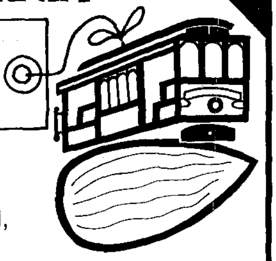

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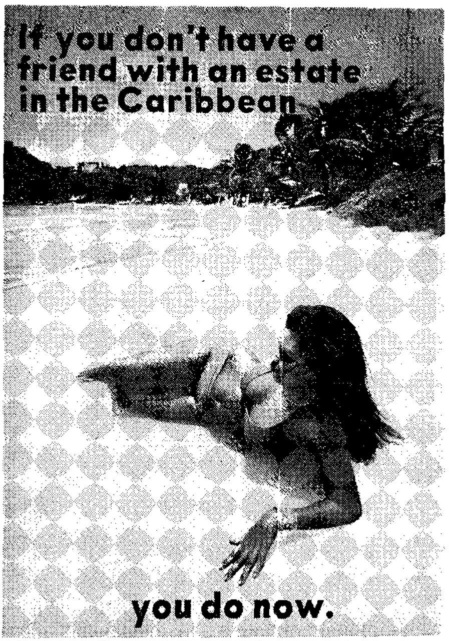
gifted hoofer (some of his tap dancing, mostly in "Kinda Dukish," finds its way onto the recording), but in spite of a slight singing voice, he sings with flair and a sure rhythmic sense—something on the order of the young Fred Astaire—and his renditions of such numbers as "Don't Get Around Much Anymore," "Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me," "Sophisticated Lady," and "Something to Live For" are winning. Judith Jamison, his co-star, is also first and foremost a dancer—celebrated for her work in modern dance—and she is not heard from much here, though when she is (her only solo is "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart") she demonstrates a full-throated and effective, if slightly uncertain, singing style.

The outstanding vocal performances are contributed by Priscilla Baskerville and Phyllis Hyman. Miss Baskerville's solo effort, a soaring lyric-soprano rendition of "Solitude," in which her voice calls to mind Kay Davis's in early Ellington performances of "Creole Love Call," is one of the most stunning passages in the set. Miss Hyman, a rock singer undertaking unfamiliar material—"I Got It Bad," "In a Sentimental Mood," "I'm Checking Out Goombye," and "It Don't Mean a Thing"—brings to it not only a throaty, exceptionally fluid, and expressive voice but also amusing and judiciously used embellishments associated with rock vocalism. Terri Klausner offers lusty interpretations of "Just Squeeze Me" and the Duke's odd, halfhearted foray into the rock idiom (with the assistance of Strayhorn and one Gerald Wilson, probably the lyricist)—the 1966 "Imagine My Frustration." In addition, she is heard in "Mood Indigo," but this gem is encapsulated by another, "I Got It Bad"—a scheme that is annoying enough. For it to be presented without the indispensable—especially in an Ellington show—trombone, clarinet, muted-trumpet trio section, however, is unforgivable. P. J. Benjamin brings verve to his interpretations of the twisty "Satin Doll," the commonplace "Hey Baby" (words and music by the Duke), and "Fat and Forty," a song that is entirely the work of a Skeets Tolbert, and that, in tone and spirit, would have found a more congenial setting in "Ain't Misbehavin'" than it does in "Sophisticated Ladies."

While the recording is mostly a collection of song material, there is an occasional instrumental flight, most notably "Cotton Tail," from the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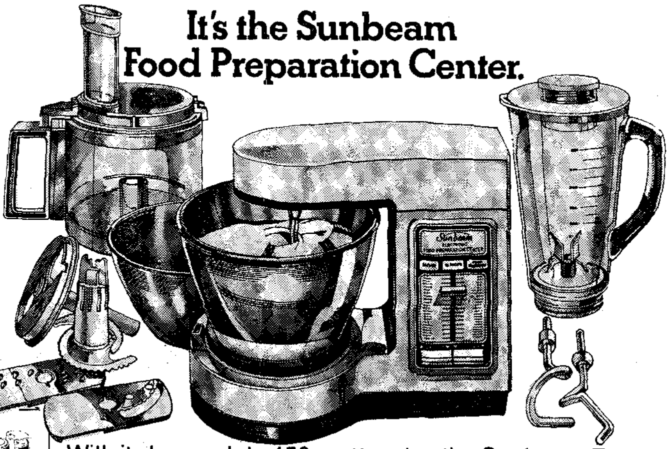

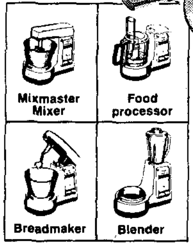

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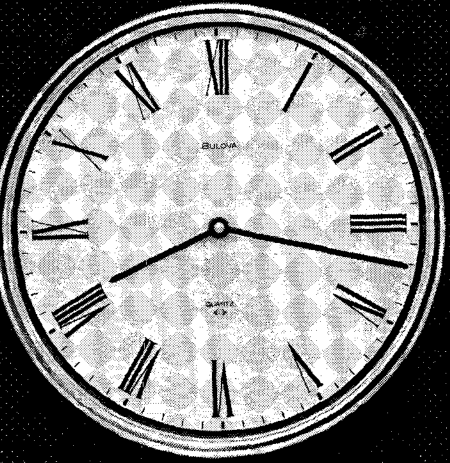

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Duke's splendid early-forties period—a dazzling work only slightly diminished in my estimation when a musician friend pointed out that its ancestor is "I Got Rhythm." (The relationship is especially noticeable in th middle section.) Then, there's tha sly, delightful Ellington piano sol "Dancers in Love," offered here wit the merest trace of rhythm support.

Even with such items as Nic Kenny's silly "Drop Me Off in Harlem" lyric, a needless John Guar verse ("Music Is a Woman") set t the introductory measures of the 192 instrumental "Jubilee Stomp," an other occasional infelicities—and eve though it merely skims the surface o the Ellington oeuvre—"Sophisticate Ladies" is an invigorating affair.

"WOMAN OF THE YEAR" (Arist AL 8303), another run-through of the musical numbers from a current Broadway musical, differs from "Sophisticated Ladies," it goes without saying, in that all the songs are new ones and are wedded to a story—that story being, as I'm sure you know, the one of the same title that served Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy for their first joint screen outing all those years ago. John Kander (music) and Fred Ebb (words), who are responsible for these songs, are a team of long standing on Broadway, among other places. They've done movie work and shaped television specials and cabaret acts—in particular, one for Liza Minnelli, for whom they also constructed the songs for "The Act" (DRG-6101), which, though it played Broadway, bore greater resemblance to a Las Vegas routine (indeed, that was its thin book's activating premise) than to a legitimate theatre offering. All things considered, they have been remarkably successful at their craft. Yet in spite of the skills they have demonstrated in their more durable efforts, such as "Cabaret" and, to a lesser extent, "Chicago," "craft" is as far as I've been willing to go in describing their work. This in itself doesn't make them different from any number of other Broadway songwriters, but it means that, with rare exceptions, their work strikes me as calculated, not transporting, and clever rather than inspired. It can be argued that the work of Broadway songwriters is largely piecework (up-tempo number here, love ballad there, comedy duet elsewhere, and so on), but the best writers have always—at least several times in the course of a show—risen above such considerations to achieve an intensification of feeling no less important to them or to us for not reaching the exalted heights of, say, Beethoven's Ninth.

And so it goes with "Woman of the Year." This is probably the pair's most versatile score, both rhythmically and in the use of interlocking voices. Still, it takes what was known in the days of later curtain times as "the eleven-o'clock song"—a knockout punch called "The Grass Is Always Greener"—to point up the labored nature of most of the other material. "The Grass Is Always Greener" is a duet, and a particularly fetching one, despite an occasional topical reference as transitory as a television commercial for a hay-fever emollient. In it, Lauren Bacall, the musical's bright, brassy star, and Marilyn Cooper, playing a mousy housewife married to the classy and internationally famous heroine's first husband, express envy for each other's lives with the repeated divisional comments "That's wonderful"/"What's so wonderful?"

Elsewhere, a snickering "I Told You So," which is a duet for Roderick Cook and Grace Keagy (the heroine's secretary and cook, respectively), and "It Isn't Working," a gleeful ensemble comment on the danger signs in a too happy marriage, are somewhat stimulating. But, possibly because of the limited vocal resources of the two stars, Miss Bacall and Harry Guardino (though such shortcomings didn't hamper Lerner and Loewe in the least in writing for Rex Harrison), combined with a lack of enthusiasm about providing convincing love songs for a middle-aged pair, the tunes, though often catchy, tend to follow well-worn paths, and the lyrics—again I must resort to the word "clever" to describe them—refuse to lift our spirits and carry us off, the way first-rate show tunes have a way of doing. It's a respectable, workmanlike job, truly enlivened only toward the end, in that duet. I was surprised, incidentally, to find such a paucity of information (just show credits and song titles, with the particular singers unidentified) on a Broadway cast album.

—DOUGLAS WATT

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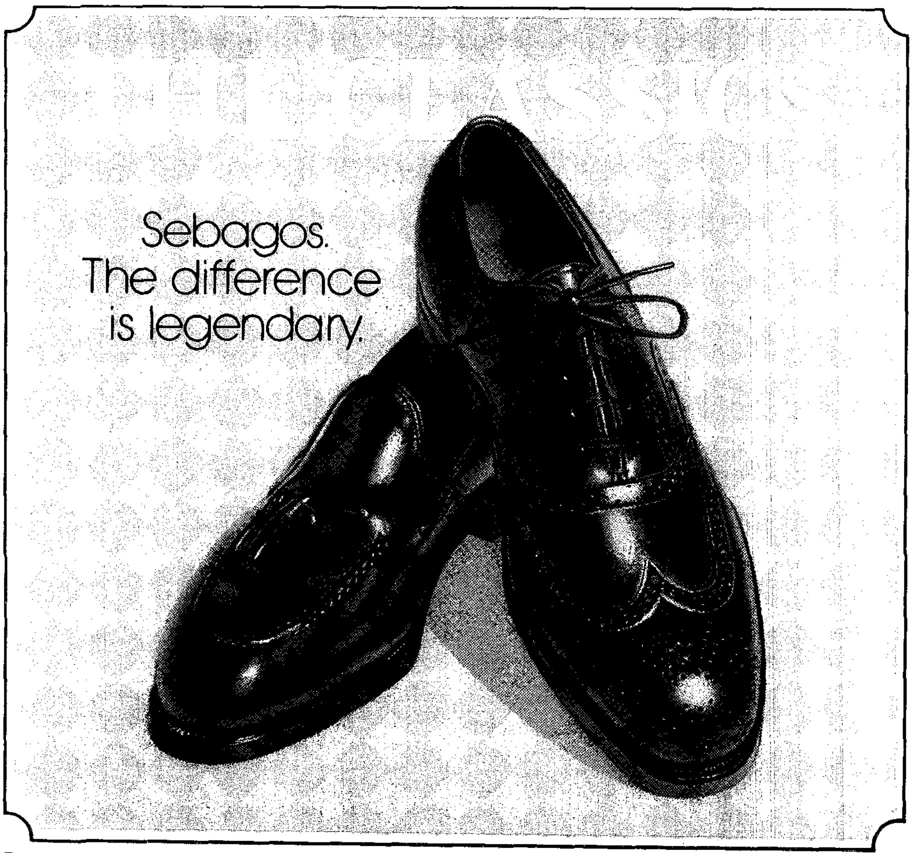

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes originally appeared in this magazine.)

Psychoanalysis: The Impossible Profession, by Janet Malcolm (*Knopf, $9.95*).

A Profile of psychoanalysis, based in large part on a series of interviews with the pseudonymous Dr. Aaron Green, of this city, who is a classical adherent of the principles and techniques of Sigmund Freud, the onlie begetter, and is a foot soldier in the ranks of the New York Psychoanalytic Institute. Mrs. Malcolm also discusses the ideas and the work of a number of renegades from and modifiers of pure Freudian doctrine and traces the developing theories of the Master himself.

Creature Comforts, by Charles Addams (*Simon & Schuster, $12.95*).

Does the title of this album imply that a certain coziness is encroaching upon the artist? Not on your life. There are over a hundred drawings gathered here, each of them designed to instill disquiet in the viewer.

Basin and Range, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.95*).

The Basin and Range of the title is a physiographic province centered in Utah and Nevada, and the book is a report on a trip that Mr. McPhee and Kenneth Deffeyes, professor of geology at Princeton, took along Interstate 80, climbing mountains and clinging to rocks, from the old terrain of the East Coast to the ever-changing new terrain of the West. It is also a report, philosophically speaking, on the sudden shift from the old geology to the New Geology—"the package phrase for the effects of the revolution that occurred in earth science in the nineteen-sixties" with the discovery of plate tectonics.

Night Creature, by Whitney Balliett (*Oxford, $15.95*).

Reminiscent essays, brief Profiles, critical reports on performances and performers, and a scattering of eulogies are among the entries in this journal of jazz for the years 1975-80. Singly and collectively, they bear witness to Mr. Balliett's unswerving fealty to jazz—the Night Creature of the title—and to its artists, both singers and instrumentalists.

Collected Stories, by Frank O'Connor (*Knopf, $20*).

Sixty-seven stories by the great Irish writer (1903-66). Five of them have never before appeared between hard covers in the United States. Introduction by Richard Ellmann.

The Camera Age, by Michael J. Arlen (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $13.95*).

In the introduction to this collection of critical essays written between 1976 and 1981, Mr. Arlen describes watching television as "this huge, shared, strangely experienceless experience." He here covers (and in that context) Theodore White's interview with Richard Nixon on the "Today" show, the technique of journalistic prosecution in "60 Minutes," the documentary films of Frederick Wiseman, and the Oscars, among many other subjects.

Sand Rivers, by Peter Matthiessen (*Viking, $19.95*).

A report on a month's safari, by plane and Land-Rover, into the Selous Game Reserve, in Southeastern Tanzania, which is said to be "the greatest stronghold of large wild animals left on earth," and which is now deteriorating, because of the ever-increasing depredations of poachers in the absence of proper custodial care. The last portion of the book is an account of a sub-safari on foot, under the guidance of the sardonic Brian Nicholson, a former game warden, and a record of Mr. Matthiessen's growing friendship with Nicholson, from its edgy beginning to its ending in trust and respect. Many photographs in color by Hugo van Lawick.

Real Security, by Richard J. Barnet (*Simon & Schuster, $10.95 cloth, $4.95 paper*).

An argument and prescription, backed by historical and current facts and statistics, for refurbishing diverse facets of American power and thereby avoiding unthinkable dangers in the nineteen-eighties.

Filthy Little Things, by Jack Ziegler (*Doubleday, $6.95*).

An album of two hundred and thirteen cartoons, in which the cartoonist is seen to be as alert as ever to every fad and foible.

"Ellis Island" and Other Stories, by Mark Helprin (*Delacorte, $10.95*).

A grief-stricken widower who leaves Munich for a self-imposed exile in a small Alpine village, the master of a sailing vessel who rescues an ape during a typhoon off Madagascar, two small children who are sent to spend a cold winter month with their grandparents in Vermont, and a highly imaginative immigrant who steps off a boat and onto Ellis Island at the turn of the century—these are among the characters under intense observation in these eleven short stories.

The Fashionable Mind, by Kennedy Fraser (*Knopf, $14.50*).

Speculative essays on fashions in clothes as they have reflected (and refracted) fashions in behavior and thinking and character over the past dozen years.

Jefferson Davis Gets His Citizenship Back, by Robert Penn Warren (*University Press of Kentucky, $8.75*).

A Profile in retrospect of the President of the Confederacy. The motivating occasion was the restoration of his citizenship, by congressional resolution, in October, 1978—an honor he would proudly have spurned.

Sixty Stories, by Donald Barthelme (*Putnam, $15.95*).

Cortés, Kierkegaard, Edward Lear, King Kong, and the King of Jazz are among the troubled contemporaries in these stories, which encompass twenty-seven years and eight previous collections. Nine recent stories are in book form for the first time.

Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number, by Jacobo Timerman (*Knopf, $10.95*).

In April, 1977, Mr. Timerman, publisher of the Buenos Aires newspaper *La Opinión* and a Jew, was arrested by an extremist faction of the Argentine Army and imprisoned for two and a half years, during which he was interrogated about his Zionist activities and tortured. In this book, he describes his ordeal and the ways in which he withstood it; in the process, he sheds some light on a pocket of Nazism south of the border.

Whatever Is Moving, by Howard Moss (*Little, Brown, $15.95*).

A poet's-eye view of a passel of other writers—the quick and the dead. Of the twenty-two critical essays in the book, nine first appeared in this magazine as book reviews.

Kings Don't Carry Money, by Charles Barsotti (*Dodd, Mead, $8.95*).

The characters in Mr. Barsotti's drawings, whether kings or commoners, and whether behind easels or desks or in the open air, tend to be chipper and in full command. There are no victims here.

Seven Stones, by Edith Iglauer (*Harbour Publishing/University of Washington Press, $29.95*).

Miss Iglauer has added much new material to her Profile of the Canadian architect Arthur Erickson, and the volume is illustrated with many handsome photographs of buildings he has designed.

The Pine Barrens, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $25*).

A special edition of Mr. McPhee's report on the pine forests of New Jersey, which originally appeared in this magazine in 1967. Annotative photographs by Bill Curtsinger.

The Blockbuster Complex, by Thomas Whiteside (*Wesleyan University Press, $12.95*).

A report on publishing today—the new realities behind the myth of book publishing as "a genteel profession." These realities include, among other things, the mergers of independent publishing houses and their control by entertainment conglomerates, the rise of chain bookstores and of mass-market paperback houses, the power of agents and the tie-ins with movie companies, and the promotional appearances of authors on television talk shows. "Everything in this world has turned into show business," says Felix Rohatyn on the final page of this volume, neatly summing up its contents.

A Penny Saved Is Impossible, by Ogden Nash (*Little, Brown, $10.95*).

The spirit is blithe, the poet immortal. There are sixty-two poems in this collection, many of them written in and about the thirties and forties.

Russian Journal, by Andrea Lee (*Random House, $13.50*).

Miss Lee here records her day-to-day experiences and her impressions of Russian people, most of whom reflected her own friendliness, and of Russian places during the ten months that she spent in Moscow and Leningrad with her husband, who was doing graduate studies in the Soviet Union.

Music of Three More Seasons, 1977-1980, by Andrew Porter (*Knopf, $22.95*).

Reviews and essays by our peripatetic critic from his aisle seat in opera houses and concert halls all over the map.

America, Lost & Found, by Anthony Bailey (*Random House, $9.95*).

At the beginning of the Second World War, Mr. Bailey, aged seven, was sent (as were many other British children) to America for safekeeping. This book is a memoir of his four years in Dayton, Ohio, as a guest of the lavish, hospitable Spaeth family, and of his return to England after the war.

Alaska: Images of the Country, by John McPhee and Galen Rowell (*Sierra Club, $37.50*).

Sizable excerpts from Mr. McPhee's "Coming Into the Country" are here used as a text for and an explication of Mr. Rowell's photographs.

The Stories of Elizabeth Spencer (*Doubleday, $14.95*).

Many of the thirty-three stories here gathered together are concerned with matters of the heart, and most are set in Miss Spencer's native Mississippi or other points in the South.

Within the Context of No Context, by George W. S. Trow (*Little, Brown, $12.95*).

A Profile of Ahmet Ertegun, founder and head of Atlantic Records (the Rolling Stones, Ray Charles, Joe Turner, et al.), whose personal style—"eclectic, reminiscent, amused, fickle, perverse"—became, according to Mr. Trow, the style of popular culture in the nineteen-seventies. An essay that precedes the Profile can be considered notes toward a definition of that culture and also a delineation of that bewildering decade.

The Last Laugh, by S. J. Perelman (*Simon & Schuster, $12.95*).

Twenty-one pieces, of all varieties, by the incomparable Sidney Joseph P. (1904-79). None of them has appeared in any of his previous collections.

Portrait of an Election, by Elizabeth Drew (*Simon & Schuster, $14.95*).

Mrs. Drew's book opens in mid-November, 1979, with an account of the contest between Jimmy Carter and Edward Kennedy for the Democratic nomination, and it ends on November 6, 1980, with an account of President-elect Reagan's first press conference. In between, in a mosaic of conversations, she records the events at the Conventions and along the campaign trails and byways as, week by week, this nation turned over onto its other side.

Into the Wind, by Robert Henderson (*University of Illinois Press, $11.95 cloth, $4.95 paper*).

The thirteen short stories in this volume—personal, quizzical, and speculative—are representative of Mr. Henderson's work over the past dozen years or so.

Liebling Abroad, by A. J. Liebling (*Playboy, $17.95 cloth, $11.95 paper*).

"The Road Back to Paris," "Mollie & Other War Pieces," "Normandy Revisited," and "Between Meals," all of them long out of print, are again available, now in one volume.

Poems and Sketches of E. B. White (*Harper & Row, $13.50*).

A sampler of humorous pieces, short stories, parodies, and verse. (Two of the poems appeared in *The New Yorker* in October, 1925.) Mr. White has also included a number of essays that ran in these columns anonymously, under the rubric of Notes and Comment, and, boldly blowing his cover, has changed the editorial "we"s to personal "I"s.

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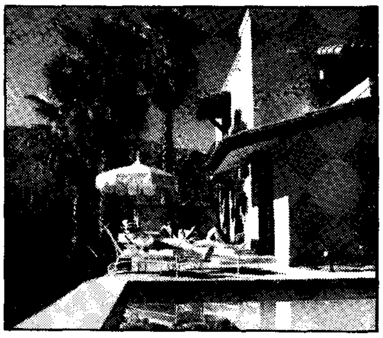

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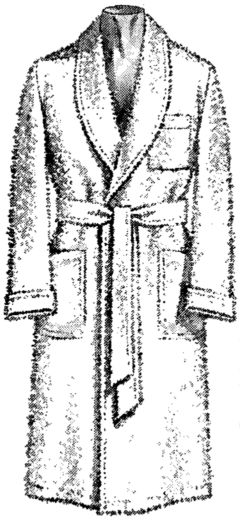

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BOOKS

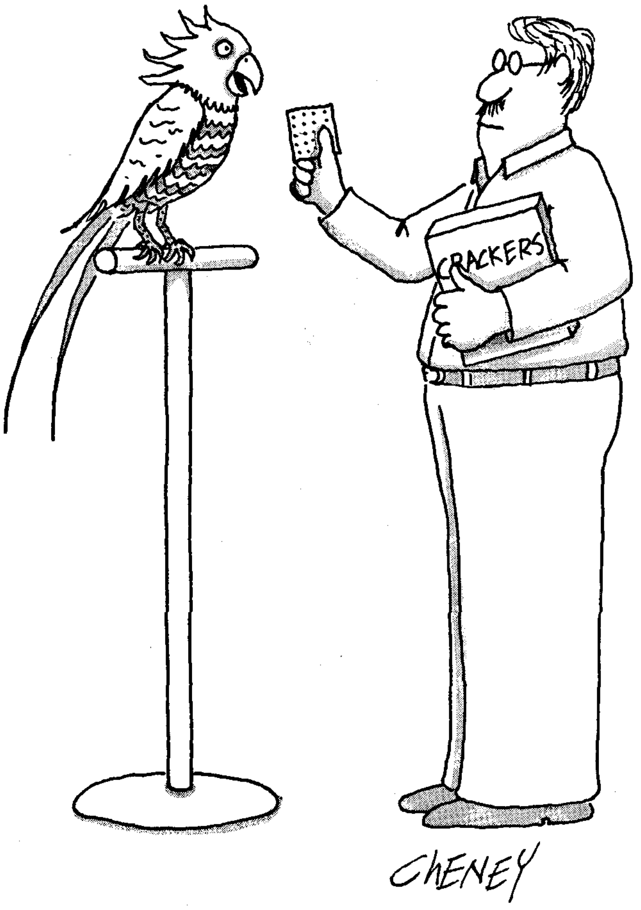
Children's Books for Christmas

THIS season, anyone shopping for children's books is bound to encounter a picture book with a curious and beautiful cover: a painting of a little girl, dressed in blue, holding a golden hunting horn and grasping the hand of a plump baby. The style of the painting suggests that the time is an earlier century. The girl gazes beyond us, into the distance over our shoulder. She may be seeing things we cannot see or may simply be self-absorbed. There is something strange and disturbing in her eyes. The baby, reaching out to touch some yellow flowers, is as alert and lively as the girl is withdrawn. The book's title—"Outside Over There"—is enigmatic, but the author and artist, Maurice Sendak, will be recognized by anyone who has had even casual exposure to children's books during the last twenty years. He has illustrated more than sixty works by other writers, but he is best known for two extraordinarily successful picture books that he both wrote and illustrated: "Where the Wild Things Are" and "In the Night Kitchen." "Outside Over There" (Harper & Row; $12.95) is designed to complete a trilogy.

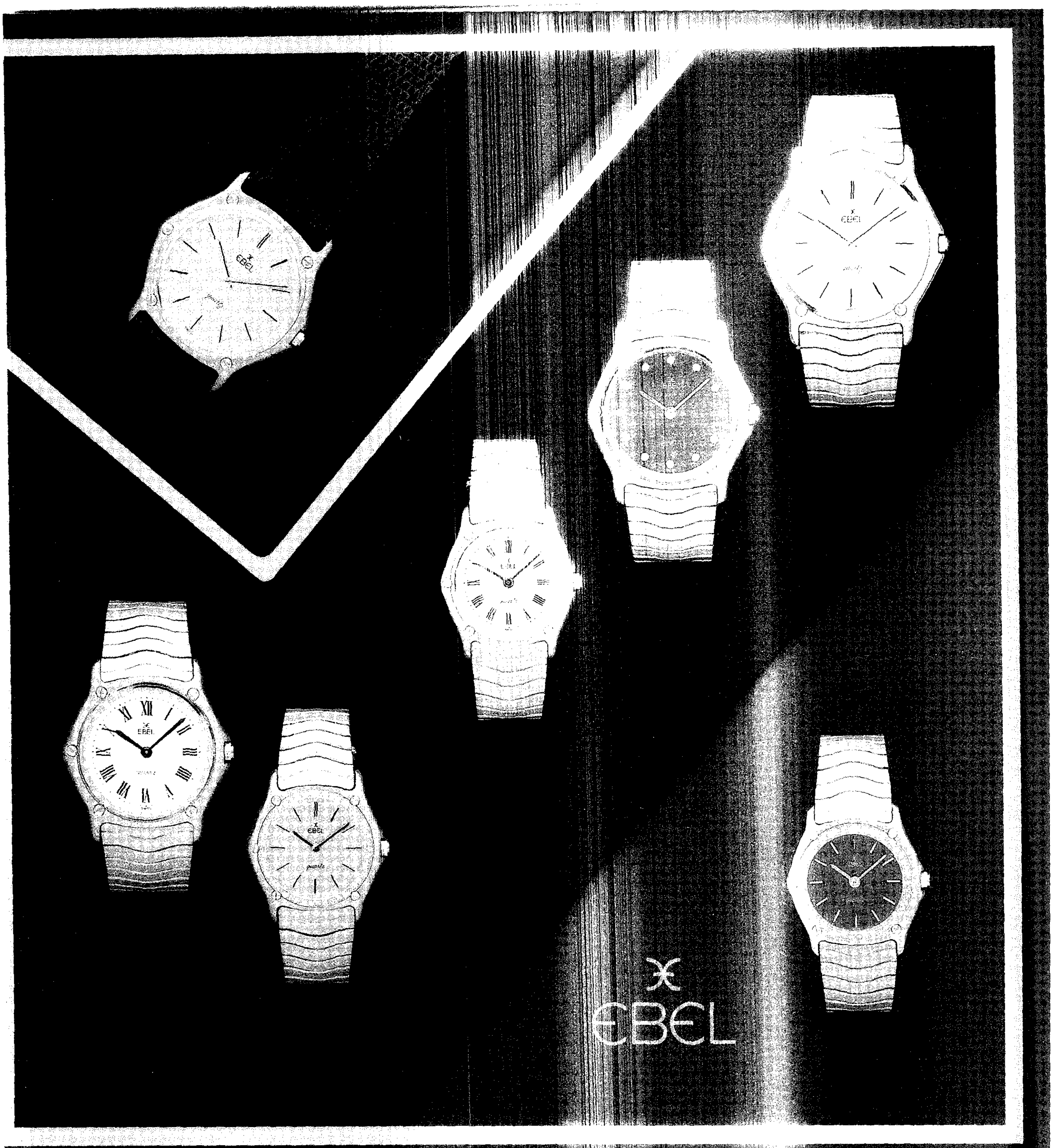
In his picture books, Sendak seeks to convey emotions peculiar to childhood. He has been credited with a gift for psychological insight that, in the words of a critic for the *Times*, "has elevated the American children's picture book to a high art form." Given the author's renown, it is a sure thing that thousands of youngsters are at this moment poring over "Outside Over There." It is also likely that adults looking over the shoulders of young readers are wondering what in the name of Holy Mother Goose this book is all about. Sendak believes that children have a subliminal comprehension of all sorts of complex emotional matters. Perhaps they will understand "Outside Over There" better than their elders, but it seems equally likely that a baffled parent will be faced with a question like "How can goblins turn into babies that have hatched from ostrich eggs?" In the hope of helping with this and other queries, I'll provide what I can in the way of exegesis of this tantalizing and, in some respects, maddening book.

Imagine colored illustrations, muted but glowing, in a distinctly grand eighteenth-century style, with suggestions of just about every great painter from the Renaissance on. (Sendak has said that he borrows "rampageously," and his pictures can be hauntingly reminiscent, but they are always filled with invention that is altogether his own.) The little girl in the blue frock, whose name is Ida, is the heroine, and the plump toddler is her sister. Additional characters are small, cloaked figures who resemble medieval monks but are eerily faceless. The text begins, "When Papa was away at sea," and we are shown a magnificent landscape. A square-rigged ship is sailing out of a harbor. Holding the baby, Ida stands on the shore beside a woman in a bonnet and a long dress. They are staring out to sea and do not notice that the monkish spooks are also on hand, watching alertly as the family's protective Papa sails away. We turn the page and the text continues, "and Mama in the arbor . . ." Now Mama is sitting on a rustic bench. Her expression is vacant, almost catatonic. Perhaps she is overcome by the shock of Papa's departure. Ida stands sadly beside her, still holding the baby, who is now crying. A hefty child, she seems to have grown heavier since Papa left. Why doesn't Mama hold the baby? We sense there is something significant here, but the meaning is not yet clear. To the left of Mama's line of vision, two small spooks are walking offstage carrying a ladder. We next see Ida standing at the window of a lovely, old-fashioned room while the baby, in a quaint wooden cradle, crawls toward her. Ida's back is turned. She is absorbed in playing her golden horn. "Ida played her wonder horn to rock the baby still—but never watched," the text explains, and, to our horror, two of the faceless figures have climbed to another window and are coming over the sill, hands outstretched to snatch the defenseless babe. "So the goblins came . . . and pulled baby out, leaving another all made of ice." At first, Ida is fooled by the ice baby, but when she picks it up and holds it tenderly to her the imposture, naturally, becomes obvious, and she throws the changeling to the floor, where it melts repulsively, until only the top half of its head rises above a spreading puddle. At the same time, yellow flowers that until now grew peacefully outside the window are rampantly invading the room. Through another window, we see that what was a pastoral vista has been transformed into a seascape, with a ship, which may be Papa's, foundering amidst lightning bolts and lashing waves.

Somehow, Ida divines that it is goblins who have stolen her sister, "to be a nasty goblin's bride!" How does she know? Do goblins desire babies as brides? I am startled by the thought, but Ida is angry. She shakes her fist



"*No, thank you.*"



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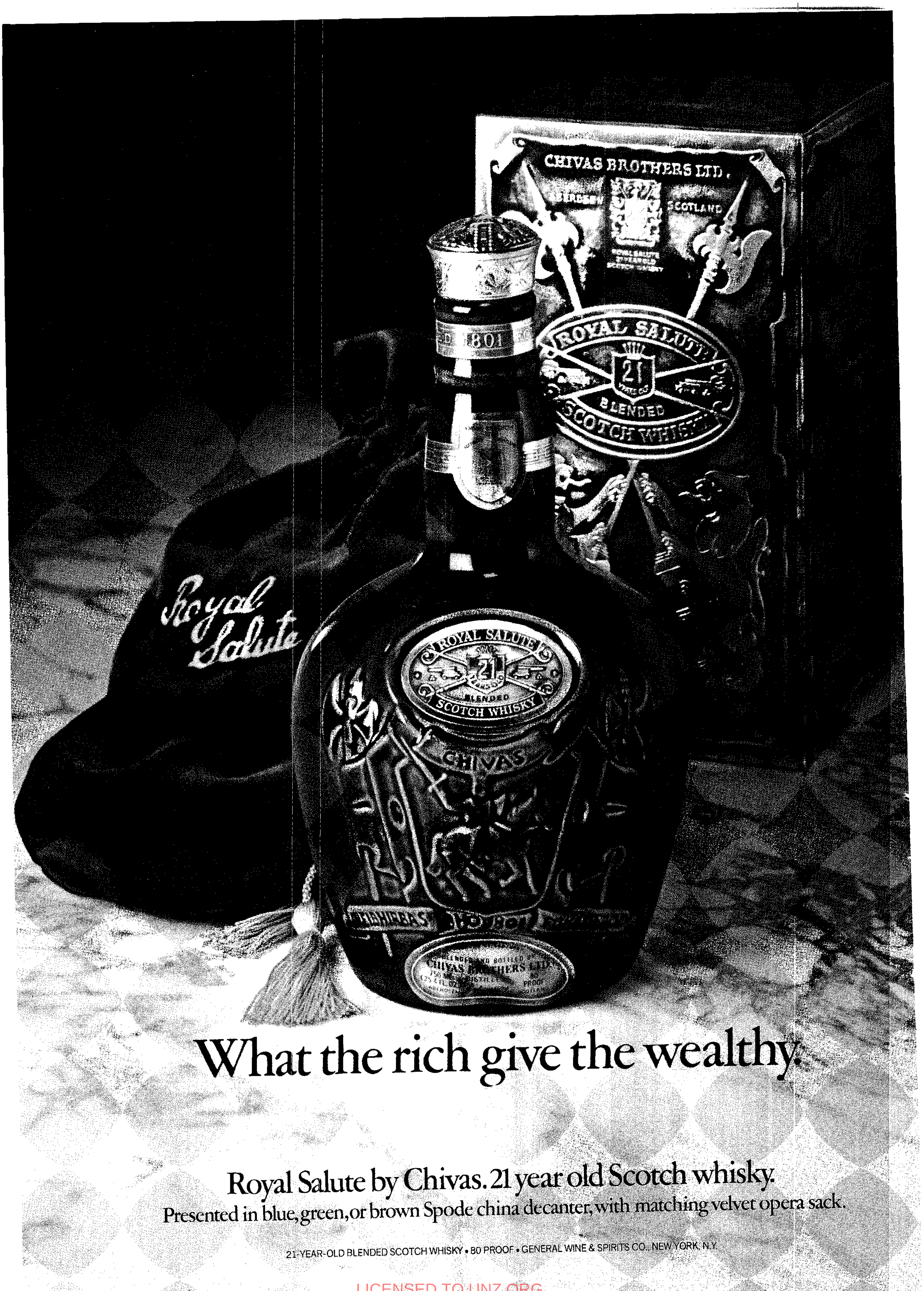
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at the ice baby (because it dripped ice water down her front is the inference that springs to my mind, but I know Sendak intends a graver implication). Now Ida is bent on rescuing the child, and the story becomes a chase, some of which takes place in the sky. Though Ida has no wings, she levitates easily, having first climbed out the window backward into "outside over there." Floating through a moonlit night, over a vast surreal panorama, the voluminous folds of her mother's cape draped about her like the robes of Bernini's St. Theresa, Ida again fails to see what is visible to us: the goblins have the hapless infant under a viaduct beside the sea. Though it would be difficult for Ida to spot the kidnappers from her position aloft, Sendak blames Ida. "Foolish Ida never looking," the text intones, and, indeed, Ida's expression is a bit absent-minded. Through the arch of the viaduct we glimpse a far-off ship (perhaps Papa's ship didn't sink after all), and from this distance Papa intervenes. "Ida . . . heard from off the sea her Sailor Papa's song: 'If Ida backwards in the rain would only turn around again and catch those goblins with a tune she'd spoil their kidnap honeymoon!' " Ida abruptly returns to earth. She has reached the goblins' hideout and finds not goblins but five fat, naked babies. Goblin cloaks are peeling off them like discarded husks. The text intensifies our bewilderment by telling us that "Ida . . . found herself smack in the middle of a wedding." But there are no signs of a wedding; it is more like a hatching. There are broken eggshells lying about. The babies are crying lustily. Is it the trauma of this strange birth that makes them cry? "Oh how those goblins hollered and kicked, just babies like her sister!" is all that Sendak tells us. If the babies were recently full-fledged goblins, how did they get back into the eggs, cloaks and all? Since this is Ida's fantasy, she understands the situation at a glance. Her expression is less surprised than quizzical. "Sly" is Sendak's word. Raising her horn to her lips, she disposes of the babies with peculiar cruelty. She plays a tune that causes them to dance with a frenzy reminiscent of the dancing madness of medieval times. The babies beg for mercy as they cavort willy-nilly. "We're dancing sick and must to bed," they cry. Ida is relentless. She plays on until the poor, chubby little things "pranced so fierce, so fast, they quick churned into a dancing stream." We last see the

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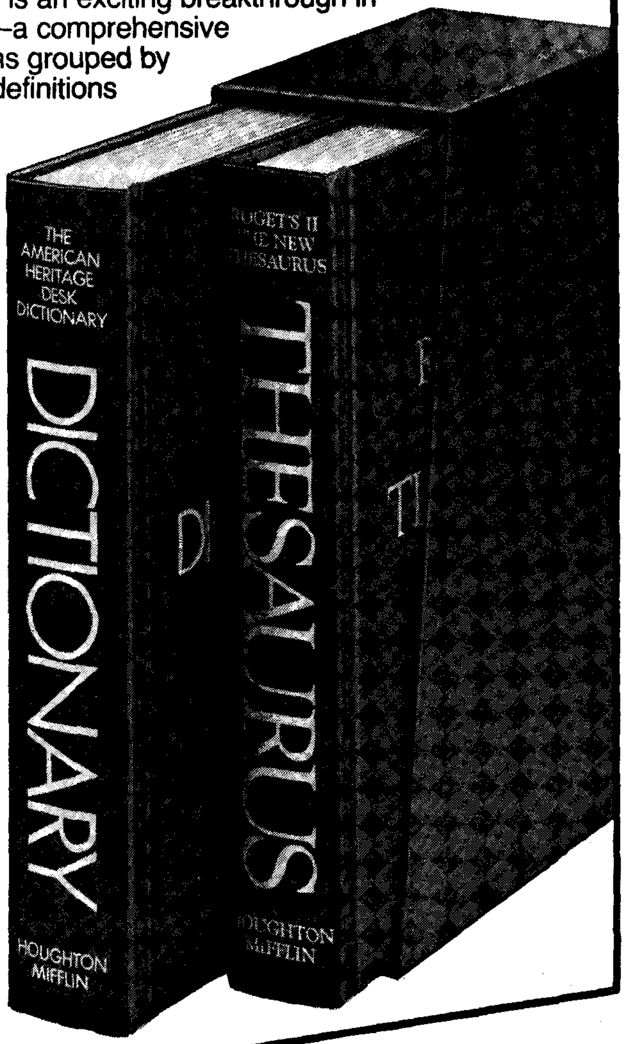
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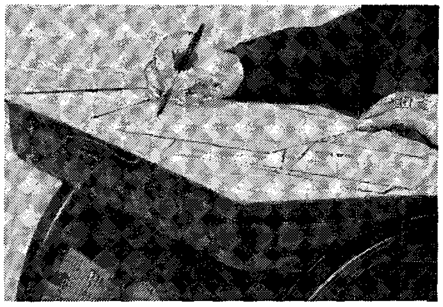

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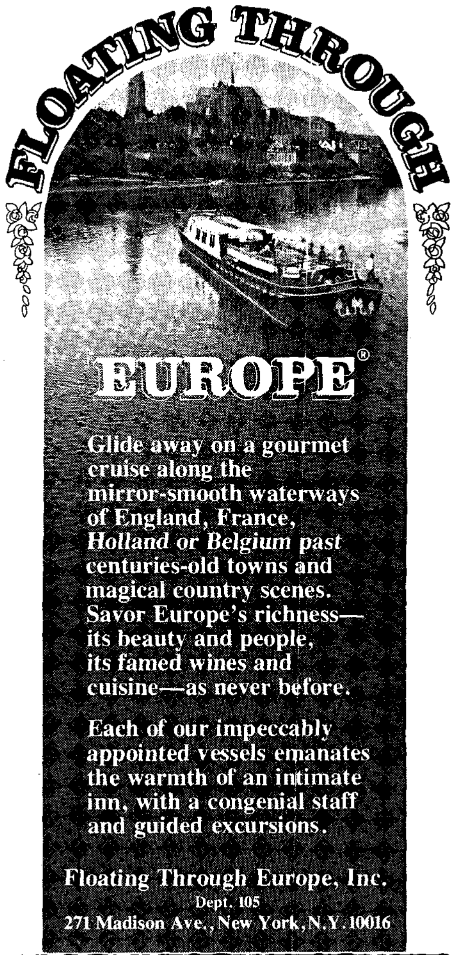
babies waist-deep in frothy water. What is "a dancing stream"? Was there a nearby stream into which they danced, churning it to froth, or is the situation more like that of the tigers in "Little Black Sambo," who churned themselves into tiger butter?

In many fairy stories, the genuine is sorted from the fake by a clever test. In this case, we find that Ida's sister has been unaffected by the music. Ida finds her sitting in an eggshell. (Where was she while the dancing was going on? At no time have we seen six babies.) Lifting up the child, Ida carries her home through a pastoral landscape that includes a cottage within which a gentleman in a frock coat plays the piano. Sendak has said that this is Mozart, whom he greatly admires. Ida returns to the arbor, where her mother, roused at last, is holding a letter from Papa. With her arm around Ida—Sendak has tenderly caught Ida's grave, listening expression—Mama reads, "I'll be home one day, and my brave, bright little Ida must watch the baby and her Mama for her Papa, who loves her always." Ida, reconciled to the task, does so happily ever after.

What to make of all this? Of course, the story has symbolic meaning, and I have been deliberately obtuse in giving a literal account of Sendak's fantasy. I understand that Ida's adventures are intended to describe her ambivalent feelings about her sibling, and her final acceptance of the child, but the story is so filled with ambiguous suggestions that the emotional message is blurred, and the ending left me unmoved. All that superb painting—pictures full of portent, distant thunder, cryptic threat, crashing chords, offstage action—leads to a resolution that fizzles, because I don't understand it. Why is Ida reconciled to her sister? To tell the truth, I didn't care much for that baby and, in Ida's place, might have let the goblins keep her. It occurred to me that the goblins might represent such negative thoughts, which Ida destroys with her wonder horn (her power of self-mastery, perhaps?), but this does not explain the ecstatic death dance, and a number of other things remain inexplicable: the wedding, the eggshells, Ida's going out the window backward. Furthermore, Ida's feelings are inscrutable. She conveys no real emotion, and if she feels so little, how can we feel more?

If Sendak were a lesser artist, complaints about "Outside Over There"



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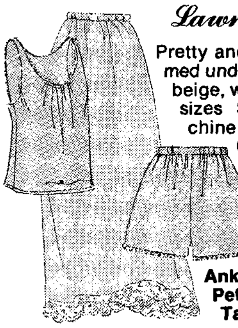

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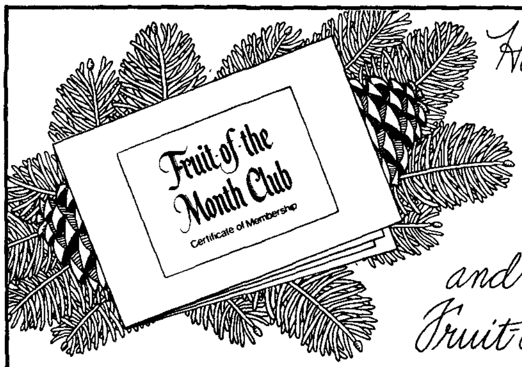
wouldn't be worth going into, but he s a truly magical illustrator, of astonishing range. His past performance has been of such excellence that a great deal is expected of him. Ursula Nordstrom, the editor at Harper & Row who discovered Sendak, has said, "My God, he's a genius, and I can imagine no greater joy than I've had working with him over the years and watching him develop." "Outside Over There" seems to have been designed to be a magnum opus. "I spent five years in solitary confinement writing 'Outside,' " Sendak told an interviewer. "It is my big, breakthrough book." He revised the text, of three hundred and fifty-one words, more than a hundred times. A piece of work must be judged by what is on the page, and not by what we know about the author's life or intentions. Still, one is always tempted to correlate an artist's life with his work, and I have just learned a bit about Sendak from a recent study, "The Art of Maurice Sendak," by Selma G. Lanes (Abrams). Sendak, now fifty-three, was born in Brooklyn, the third, and youngest, child of immigrants from a shtetl near Warsaw. A family snapshot shows his mother holding the infant Maurice while his five-year-old brother looks wistful and his nine-year-old sister wears a Mona Lisa smile. Sendak's fat, scowling countenance in this baby picture has appeared in many of his illustrations. He was jealous of his sister, and has said that in "Outside Over There" he identifies with the baby. Ida is the same age his sister was when Maurice was born.

Sendak has said, "My stories come in bits and pieces of memories that don't seem related for a very long time, but something in me determines they will be related; they're going to work together come hell or high water." Miss Lanes' book explains some of these bits and pieces. Sendak's early memory of sitting on his grandmother's lap while she amused him by raising and lowering the window shade, revealing and concealing the scene outside, gave him a feeling of the magic of windows. As a lonely young man, he spent days at the window of his parents' home in Brooklyn sketching the happenings in the street—looking into "outside over there." Much of Sendak's art has an Old World atmosphere, and he recalls that his parents' memories of shtetl life—cossacks, fear, his mother hiding in a dark cellar, and also such rural scenes



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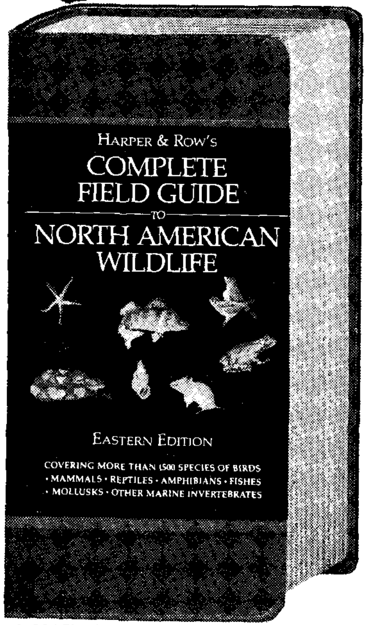
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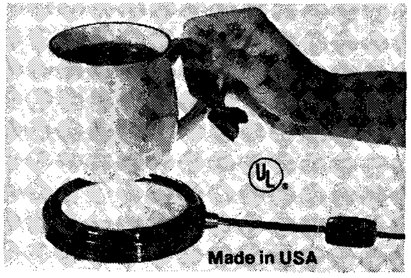

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as ice skating in winter—were vividly real to him, and these vicarious experiences are part of his artistic storehouse. The birth of the Dionne quintuplets and the Lindbergh kidnapping, both stirring events when Sendak was a young boy, emerge in "Outside Over There" in the five goblins and the use of a ladder to reach the baby's room.

In 1950, when Miss Nordstrom gave Sendak his first illustrating assignment, he was twenty-two, studying art and also working as a window dresser at F. A. O. Schwarz. His first big success came two years later, when Miss Nordstrom asked him to illustrate Ruth Krauss's "A Hole Is to Dig." A second big success came when he collaborated with Elsie Holmelund Minarik, the author of the Little Bear series, and these books, too, were smash hits. Sendak did not write a book of his own until 1955. He was twenty-seven and was being psychoanalyzed. Called "Kenny's Window," the book was based on a clinical study of a disturbed child and contained elements of what has been Sendak's major theme ever since: in his words, "how children master various feelings—anger, boredom, fear, frustration, jealousy—and manage to come to grips with the realities of their lives." Sendak believes that his most unusual gift is his ability to recall his own childhood: "My child-self seems to be alive and well . . . I don't really believe the kid I was has grown up into me. He still exists somewhere . . . I have a tremendous concern for, and interest in, him. I try to communicate with him all the time. One of my worst fears is losing contact." In 1963, Sendak's communication with that kid produced one of the most successful children's books of our time, "Where the Wild Things Are"—a slim picture book that has been read by millions of children and is still a favorite in fourteen languages. Even adults who haven't spoken to their child-selves in years cannot fail to respond to its elemental theme. There is nothing mysterious about "Where the Wild Things Are." A bad boy named Max is rebuked and sent to his room without supper. Frustrated and furious, Max makes a fantasy journey to the land of "the wild things"—monsters that he subdues and enslaves with his invincible will—and then returns, rage released and amour propre restored, to find a humble offering from a repentant parent: a bowl of hot soup. Sendak has explained how the wild things were con-

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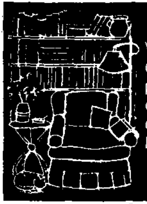

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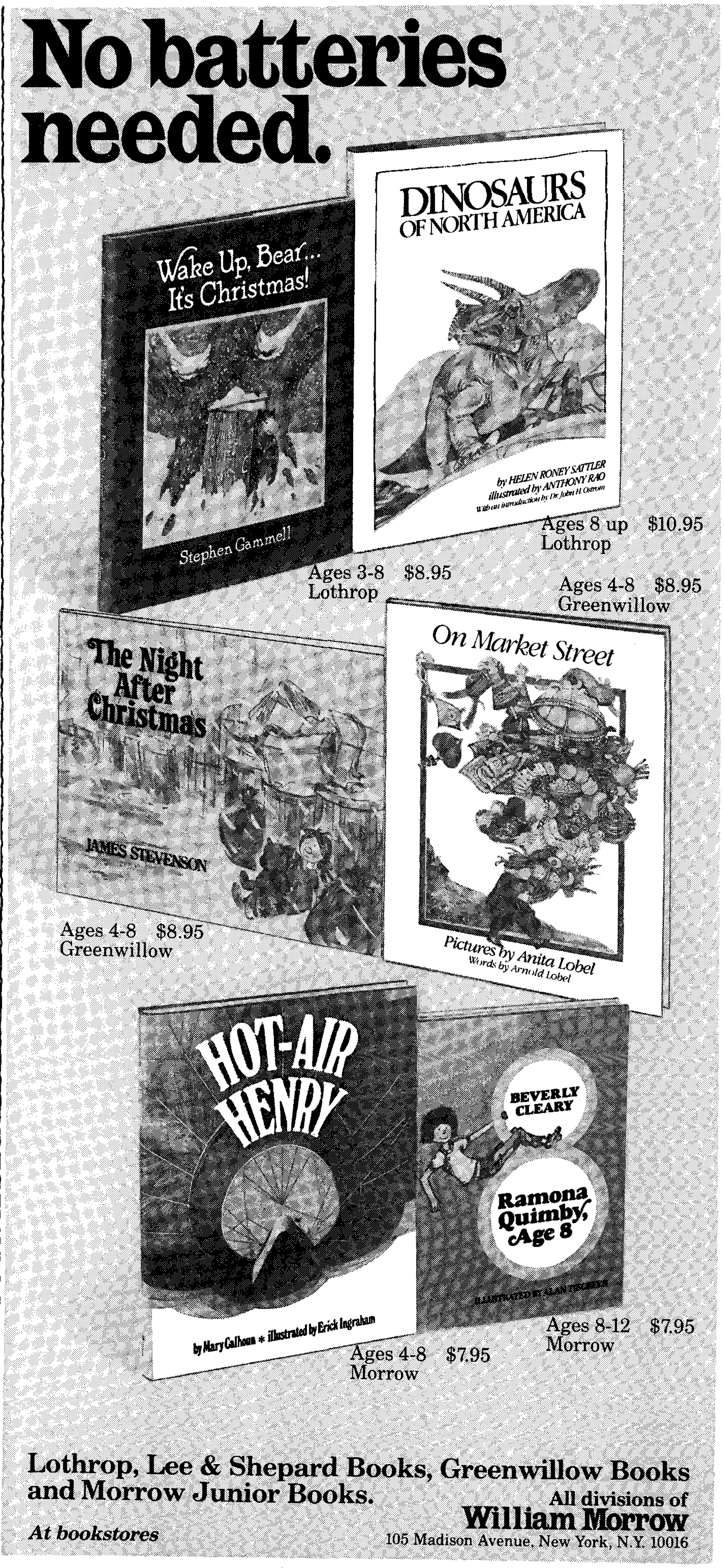
ceived. He intended to do a story involving wild horses but found them too difficult to draw, so he decided to substitute "things":

> I wanted my wild things to be frightening. I remembered how I detested my Brooklyn relatives as a small child. They came almost every Sunday. . . . As I saw it, they were eating up all our food. . . . I remember how inept they were at making small talk with children. There you'd be, sitting on a kitchen chair, totally helpless, while they cooed over you and pinched your cheeks. Or they'd lean way over with their bad teeth and hairy noses, and say something threatening like "You're so cute I could eat you up." . . . So, on one level at least, you could say that the wild things are Jewish relatives.

In "Where the Wild Things Are," Sendak achieved almost perfectly that elusive goal pursued by artists: to transmute nameless emotions into words or pictures—in this case, both. The book won the Caldecott Award—a high honor in the world of children's illustration. During the next seven years, he continued to illustrate, in increasingly imaginative and elaborate style, texts by others. He also illustrated several texts of his own, including a long story about his dog, Jennie, whom he loved deeply. Meanwhile, four little books called "The Nutshell Library" were selling briskly. His next major picture book, "In the Night Kitchen," was published in 1970, and the child-Sendak who collaborated on "Wild Things" seems to have had an equally strong hand in its creation. "Night Kitchen" is a dream farce in which a little boy romps with three mad bakers and, like Max of "Wild Things," brings the story to a triumphant conclusion. That year, Sendak was given the Hans Christian Andersen Award—an international prize of the greatest prestige.

After illustrating a collection of tales by the brothers Grimm, which was published in 1973, Sendak was haunted by a story in which goblins steal a baby and leave a changeling in its place. From this, according to Miss Lanes, came the basic notion for "Outside Over There." Of the opening lines—"When Papa was away at sea and Mama in the arbor"—Sendak told a friend, "I have the first lines of my new picture book! It's so dense already that I can't get beyond them. I'm not even sure I know what they mean. But I'll get there. My unconscious knows exactly what they are, only I don't know with my thinking mind, but every day I get a little clue." During the early stages of writing the book, he told an interviewer, "This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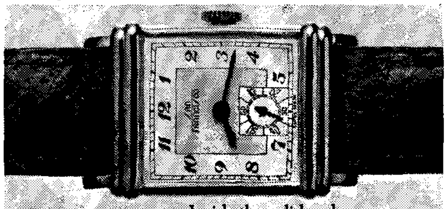

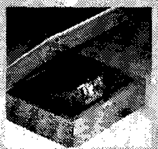

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last part of my trilogy is going to be the strangest. 'Wild Things' now seems to me to be a very simple book. Its simplicity is probably what made it successful, but I could never be that simple again. 'Night Kitchen' I much prefer—it reverberates on double levels. But this third book will reverberate on triple levels." I fear a triple level is one too many. I can go down one level into Sendak's subconscious. At a second level, the light grows dim. When I descend a third flight, I am in the dark, and lose contact with the child-Sendak, who spoke so clearly in the earlier books. The symbols that appear in children's fantasies are often universally understandable, but adults acquire a set of personal symbols that may mean little to anyone else. I suspect that, unbeknownst to him, the adult Sendak has taken over in "Outside Over There." Perhaps, too, Sendak has attempted an impossible task. Though I'm not certain just what feelings he has tried to express in "Outside Over There," I'm sure they are subtle, complex, and difficult. It has been called the deepest and darkest of his books. All this may be just too much emotional freight for a picture book, no matter how skillfully executed. An added burden for this overburdened book is that Sendak, like many artists, doesn't write as well as he paints. But if "Outside Over There" fails to attain its lofty goal, it nevertheless succeeds on the simple level that Sendak now scorns. It is beautiful, and one does not need to make sense of every bit of it to enjoy the best of its haunting pictures. The spooks, for instance, no matter what they represent, will be with me for a long time. Each reader can ponder Sendak's marvellous illustrations, glide over the Delphic text, and let his own subconscious derive from them whatever it desires. As for dealing with questions from the little ones, the only answer possible is "I don't know. What do you think?"

SENDAK'S is not the only beautiful book this year. It seems that for young children—aged three to eight or nine—there is an embarrassment of riches. With some lamentable exceptions, publishers now credit children with more intelligence than they used to. There is less writing down to children and less silly, simplistic art. If this is a golden age for children's books—and, as a survivor of the Disney era and the insipid fifties, I think it is—we'd better make the most of

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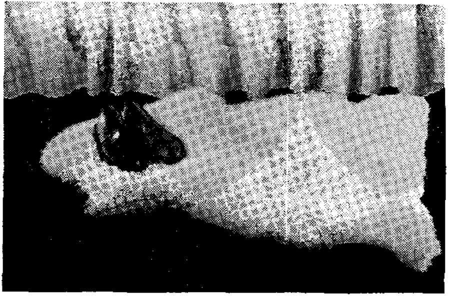

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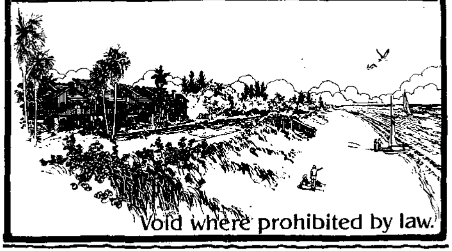

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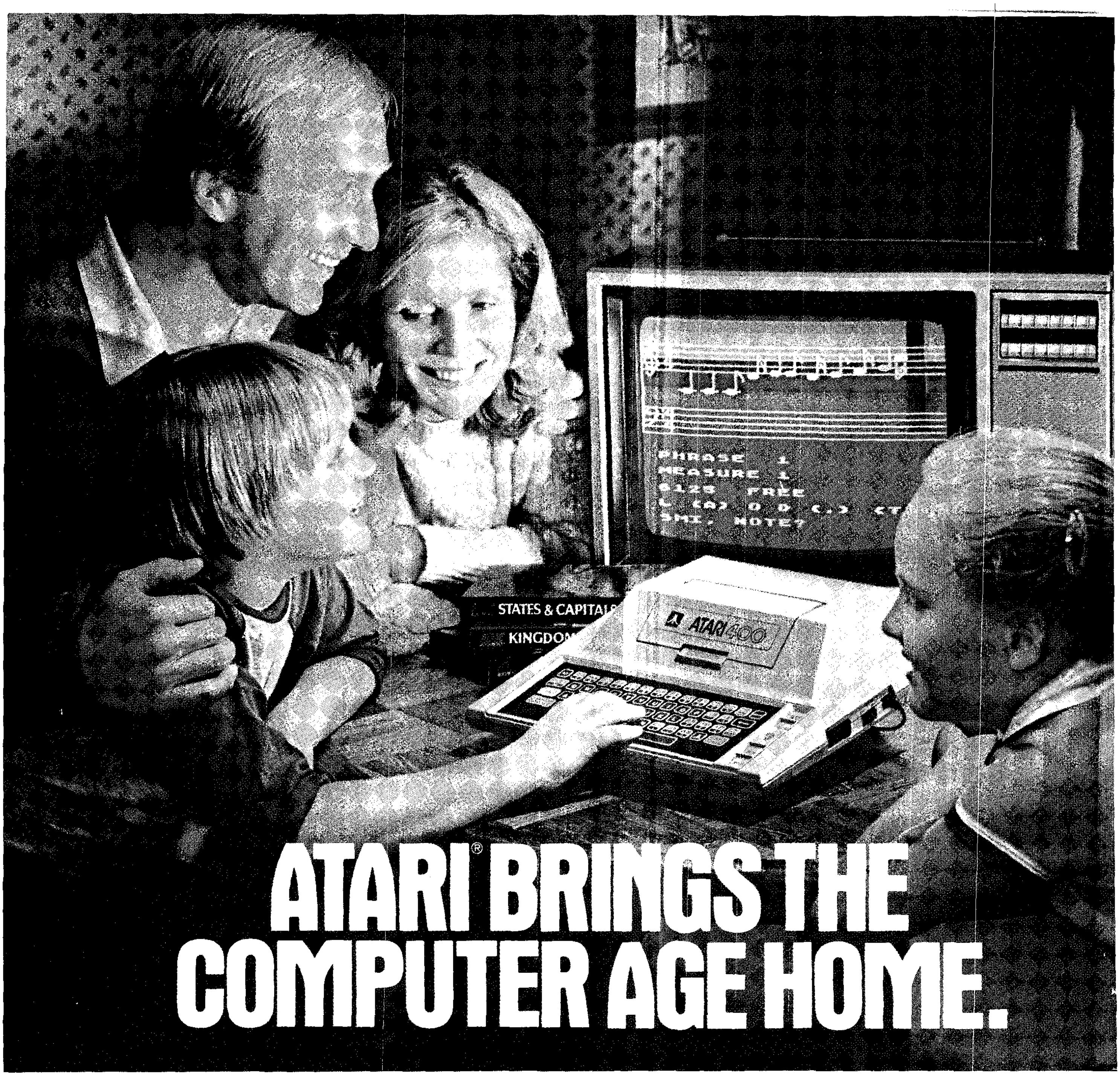

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it. The people who produce these books—editors, artists, and writers—are increasingly worried about what is happening in their business. The Authors Guild has warned in a recent bulletin that if mass-market thinking determines what is to be published it is inevitable that new authors and artists whose work is too subtle, too special, too sophisticated will be lost—leaving nothing but Star Wars and Muppets on the shelves. But I don't intend to be entirely dismayed. Not quite yet! I prefer to believe that beautiful, inventive books for children will live as long as Tinker Bell, even if, like that durable fairy, they must be brought back from the brink again and again by a devoted audience.

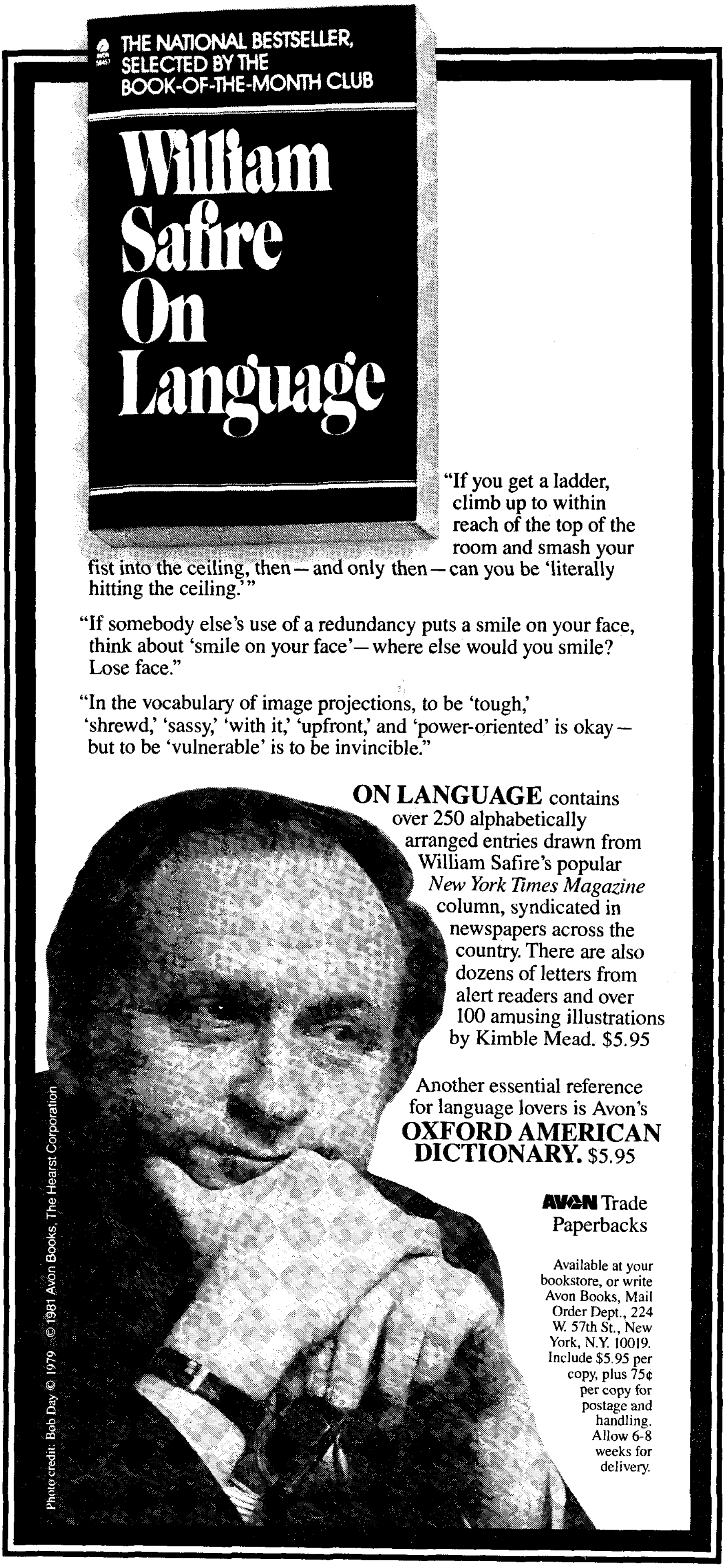
In choosing my slate of candidates for Christmas presents, I have not included mass-market books, even though some are very good, since they are visible everywhere. I really hold no grudge against Muppets except ubiquity. Instead, I have weighted the list toward more unusual books, and I'm afraid that in some cases it may take hunting around to find them. Though I lack the complete communication with my child-self that Sendak possesses, the books listed below are all ones that something mysterious inside me told me I'd have been happy to find under the Christmas tree—once upon a time.

MATCHING books and children of various ages is a difficult, inexact art. Most picture books are for children from four to seven, and within this category there are many degrees of sophistication. The picture books that follow begin with the simplest:

Wake Up, Bear . . . It's Christmas!, by Stephen Gammell (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $8.95). Beguiling watercolor illustrations full of snowflakes and moonlit skies show how a bear spent Christmas Eve with a certain red-clad elf who shall be nameless, lest I give away the plot. This is a cheerful, pretty book for a child of three, four, or five; someone older might wish for a stronger story.

Aesop's Fables, illustrated by Heidi Holder (Viking; $12.95). There is always someone who hasn't yet heard the tale of the hare and the tortoise. The exceptional charm of this edition of nine fables lies in its lovely illustrations; graceful, detailed, delicately romantic, they can be looked at again and again.

Chickens Aren't the Only Ones, by Ruth Heller (Grosset &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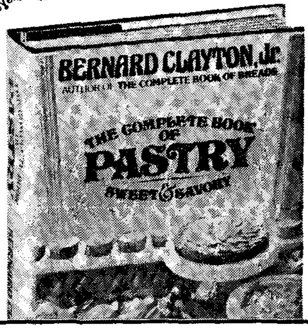
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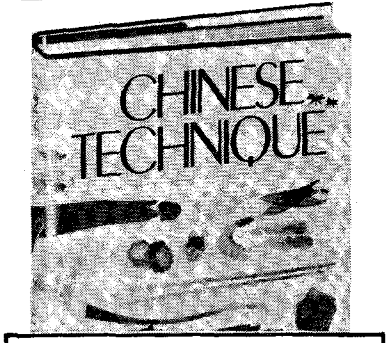

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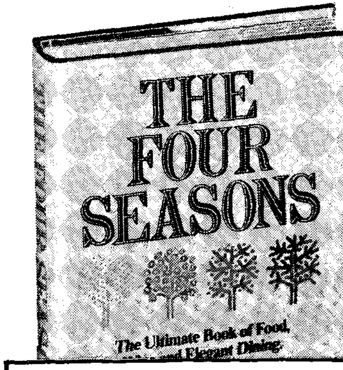

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Dunlap; $5.95). A highly original book, on the improbable subject of eggs. Inventive illustrations and a brief text take us through the surprisingly diverse gamut of egg-laying creatures, from peacocks to salamanders, not forgetting the duckbill platypus. Simple enough for three-year-olds, and complex enough for those considerably older.

AN OWL AND THREE PUSSYCATS, by Alice and Martin Provensen (Atheneum; $9.95). When a big tree falls at Maple Hill Farm, one of the children who live there finds a tiny, orphaned owl. Of course, it is taken into the kitchen and lovingly fed until it can fend for itself. Then kittens arrive and join the group. The Provensens have shown a multitude of small, interesting events in lively watercolors. The pleasant, intelligent text rings true all the way.

BRAITHWAITE'S ORIGINAL BRASS BAND, by Peter Stevenson (Warne; $8.95). With very funny pictures and deadpan British humor, Mr. Stevenson tells a tale of musical notes that escape and fly away into outer space. The dauntless members of the band take off in hot pursuit, and this leads to equally unlikely adventures on another planet.

ALL ALONE, by Kevin Henkes (Greenwillow; $7.95). This brief and charming picture book explores the experience of being by oneself not as something to be feared but as a time to think and feel and to look at things in a new way. The author's sensitive illustrations carry out the idea perfectly.

DO NOT OPEN, by Brinton Turkle (Dutton; $11.50). Miss Moody, a plump, fearless lady who lives by the sea, finds a mysterious bottle on the beach. Naturally, she opens it. When the genie inside pops out and assumes horrifying proportions, Miss Moody keeps cool, and that, we learn, is how to outwit a nightmare. A new twist improves an ancient story.

THE PUPPY BOOK, by Camilla Jessel (Methuen; $8.95). From the moment that the family Labrador was about to have puppies, her mistress kept careful notes and made a photographic record, which shows the puppies' birth and the stages of their growing up. A homey, affectionate, and instructive book.

ROLLO AND JULIET FOREVER!, by Marjorie Weinman Sharmat, illustrated by Marylin Hafner (Doubleday; $8.95). There is deft humor and much truth in this tale of two devoted playmates who have a falling out and can't figure out how to patch it up. Rollo

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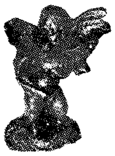

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and Juliet happen to be cats, but they behave amazingly like some familiar people.

THE KING'S TROUSERS, by Robert Kraus, illustrated by Fred Gwynne (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). When King Ivor slept in his royal bed between satin sheets, he dreamed about how wonderful he was. His loyal subjects, who slept in saggy, uncomfortable beds, agreed. The sudden discovery that their egotistical monarch is no different from other men—he puts on his trousers one leg at a time—stirs rebellion in the kingdom. This sly, irreverent, and funny fable will amuse children from four to eight, and could be cautionary to politicians of any age.

JUMANJI, by Chris Van Allsburg (Houghton Mifflin; $9.95). Mr. Van Allsburg has an extraordinary illustrative style, and his first book, "The Garden of Abdul Gasazi," won a number of awards. His second is even better. The story—about a game that becomes horrifyingly real as wild animals invade the living room—is ingenious, and the black-and-white illustrations carry it out remarkably.

THREE DAYS ON A RIVER IN A RED CANOE, by Vera B. Williams (Greenwillow; $8.95). A little girl spots a red canoe for sale, and this brings about a delightful family trip, described in her diary and illustrated with bright crayon drawings. She tells what it was like to set off on the river in a fog, go over a waterfall, see a moose, cook fruit stew, paddle in the rain, swim in a deep pool, and much more. A simple, genuine little book that makes the reader feel he's shared the journey and had a wonderful time.

THIS year, we have five books of poems—all different, all excellent:

NIGHTDANCES, by James Skofield, illustrated by Karen Gundersheimer (Harper & Row; $9.50). "The sky is dark. The house is still. The night is dancing on the hill"—thus begins a bedtime poem for a young child. Lilting verses describe getting out of bed to dance outdoors by the light of the moon. The soft, blue-tinted drawings are lovely. A slim and modest book that could easily become a beloved possession.

DUSK TO DAWN: POEMS OF NIGHT, selected by Helen Hill, Agnes Perkins, and Alethea Helbig, illustrated by Anne Burgess (Crowell; $7.95). A collection of verse by distinguished poets—Archibald MacLeish, e. e. cummings, Carl Sandburg, Robert Graves, and some twenty

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thers. Most of the poems are light; ome are memorable.

A VISIT TO WILLIAM BLAKE'S NN: POEMS FOR INNOCENT AND EX-'ERIENCED TRAVELERS, by Nancy Villard, illustrated by Alice and Marin Provensen (Harcourt Brace Jovaovich; $10.95). In a fanciful homage o the great poet, the author imagines n inn run by Blake: "and many are he beasts he's tamed/and many are he stars he's named/and many those vho stop and take/their joyful rest vith William Blake." At Blake's Inn, atient angels wash the feather beds, nd dragons bake the bread. The 'rovensens' elegant illustrations are illed with the atmosphere of London n Blake's time.

DESERT VOICES, by Byrd Baylor, llustrated by Peter Parnall (Scribners; $10.95). The animal inhabitants of he Western desert are described in leasant blank verse. Each creature ells its own life story, and Mr. 'arnall's dramatic drawings work vell to unify all these separate lives.

PIG DREAMS: SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF SYLVIA, by Denise Levertov, llustrated by Liebe Coolidge (Counryman; $12.95). From piglethood to old age, Sylvia lived with the artist, who made a graphic record of what the poet Denise Levertov calls "this great pig-person's" life. Sylvia's mistress was also adept at interpreting "the piggish utterance" that inspired Miss Levertov's verses: "I am Sylvia. Chosen/ I was established *pet*. To be/ the pig of dreams, the pig/ any of us could be,/ taken out of the sty . . . I was chosen to live without dread of slaughter." Sylvia's thoughts, a bit sophisticated for a young child, should charm anyone old enough to understand the beauty of a pig.

THE books that follow are short fiction with some illustration, for children from seven to ten:

QUIMBLE WOOD, by N. M. Bodecker, illustrated by Branka Starr (Atheneum; $8.95). A quimble is a small, personlike creature. Four quimbles fall out of a box into a large, difficult world. The adventures of these Lilliputian pioneers are just right to read aloud, or for a fluent reader to read alone. The gallant but vulnerable nature of quimbles is affectionately portrayed in Miss Starr's pencil drawings.

MY SUMMER BROTHER, by Ilse-Margret Vogel (Harper & Row; $8.95). The birth of romantic love in the heart of a little girl and her even more complicated feelings as the

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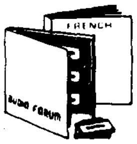

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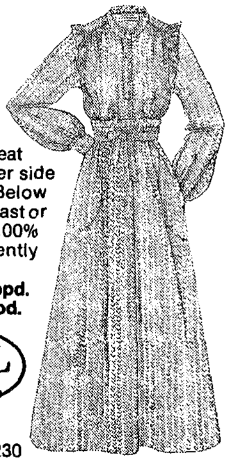

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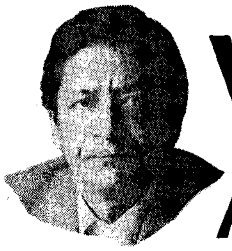

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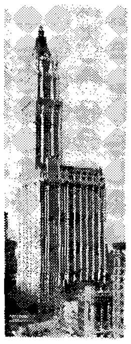

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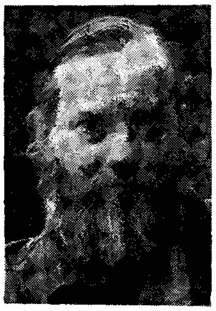

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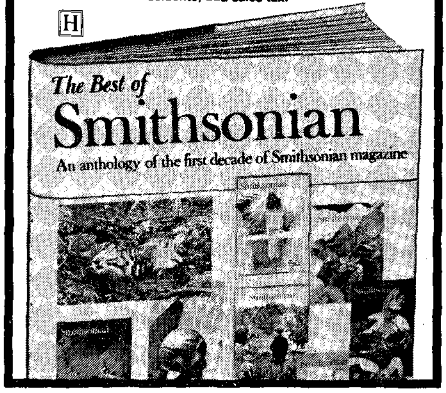

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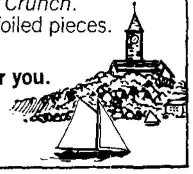

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young man she adores flirts with her beautiful mother are described with art and simplicity in this unusual book. Set in Europe many years ago, and illustrated by the author, the story continues a series of childhood vignettes by a remarkable writer and artist.

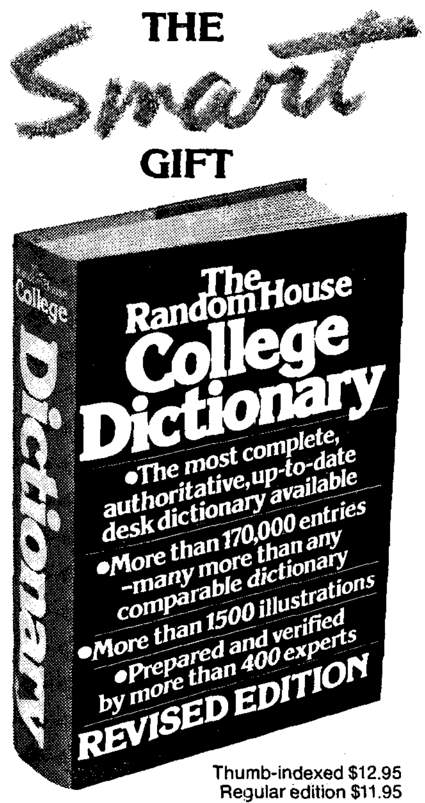
DEVIL'S DONKEY, by Bill Brittain, illustrated by Andrew Glass (Harper & Row; $8.95). Young Dan'l Pitt, who shares the rustic village of Coven Tree with Old Magda, a well-known witch, scoffs at her magical powers but is quickly convinced when she turns him into a donkey. His struggle to regain human form is funny enough to enchant the most skeptical readers, and especially those between eight and ten.

A LION TO GUARD US, by Clyde Robert Bulla, illustrated by Michele Chessare (Crowell; $9.95). The year is 1609. Amanda's father has left the family in London while he seeks a better life for them all in the new colony of Jamestown, in America. When Amanda's mother dies, the brave little girl takes charge of her younger brother and sister and sets off to find her father. An exciting, slightly grim tale that would interest readers of ten to twelve, or could be read aloud to younger ones. Top-notch writing for the young.

THE UPSIDE-DOWN CAT, by Elizabeth Parsons, illustrated by Ronald Himler (Atheneum; $9.95). The adventures of a city cat who lost her way during a family's summer vacation in Maine and spent a perilous winter on her own. There is also a young boy who loves her and an old fisherman who befriends her. This is best for readers over nine or ten, who will respond to the unusual charm of the writing. Black-and-white illustrations capture the beauty of the Maine coast.

THE ROQUEFORT GANG, by Sandy Clifford (Parnassus; $5.95). Nicole is a spunky little French mouse, and as we enter her small world we meet a number of beguiling characters, experience a wild adventure, and rejoice at discovering a writer and illustrator who can make it all so real and funny and exciting. A book that is as cute as a mouse in a bonnet, and is fun for children from eight to twelve, or to be read aloud to younger ones.

SARA CREWE; OR, WHAT HAPPENED AT MISS MINCHIN'S, by Frances Hodgson Burnett, illustrated by Margot Tomes (Putnam; $9.95). This immortal tale of an indomitable child was written in 1888. It was so popular that Miss Burnett expanded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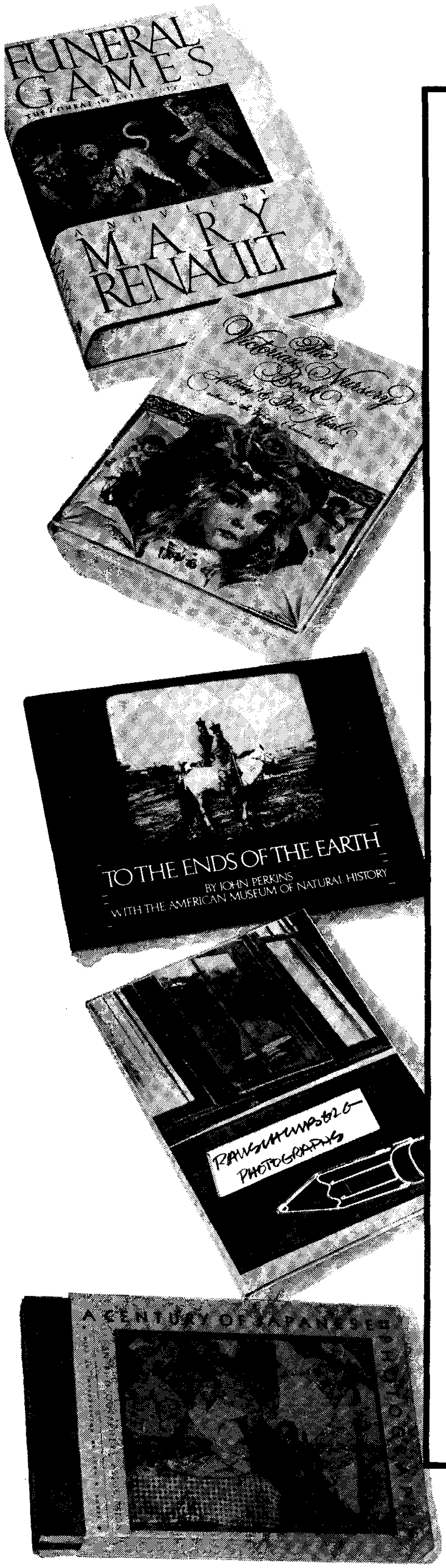
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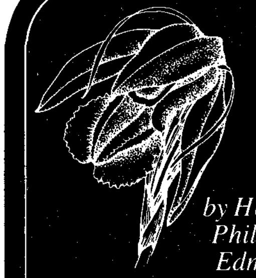

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FLIGHT: A PANORAMA OF AVIATION, by Melvin B. Zisfein, illustrated by Robert Andrew Parker (Pantheon; $11.95, paperback). A pictorial history that begins with Icarus, takes us through ballooning and other early efforts, covers two world wars, and ends with the space shuttle. Mr. Zisfein is the deputy director of the National Air and Space Museum, of the Smithsonian Institution, and his succinct text covers a lot of ground with crisp authority. The illustrations, in watercolor, are excellent.

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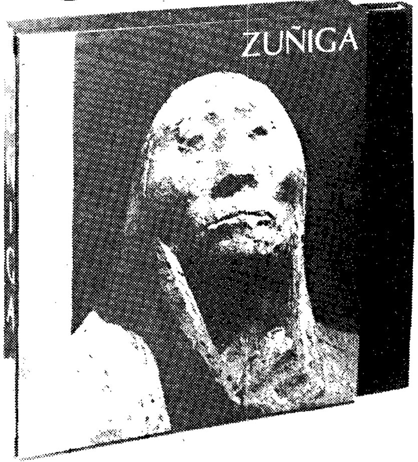

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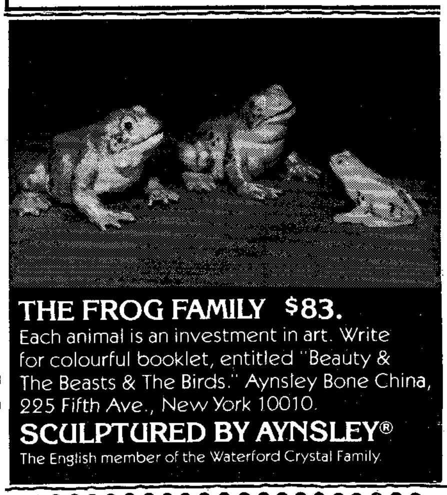

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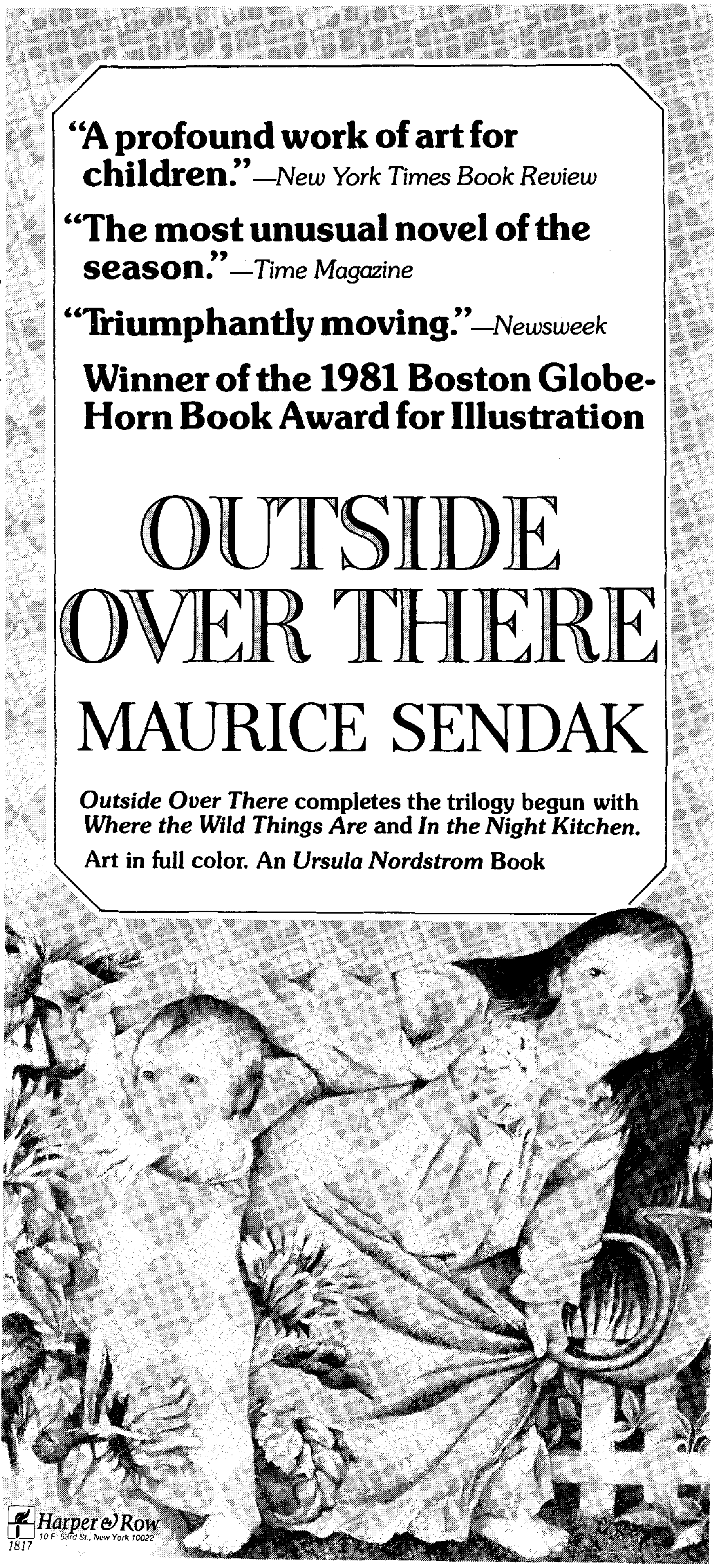

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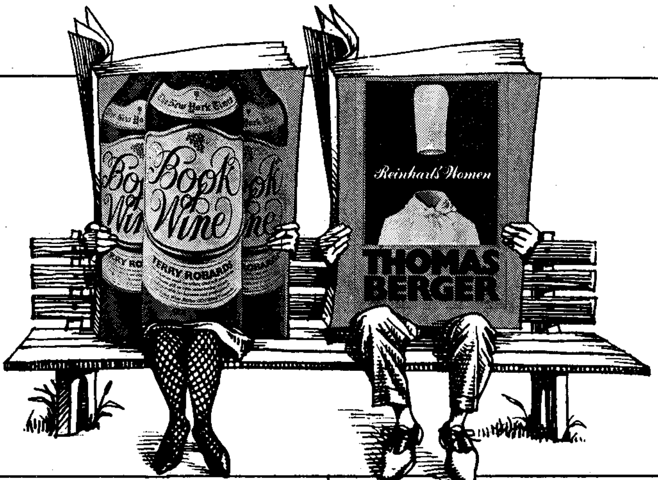

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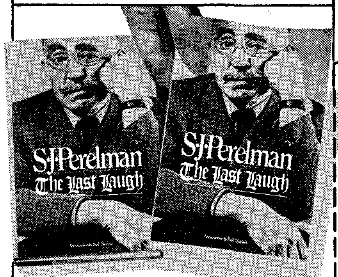

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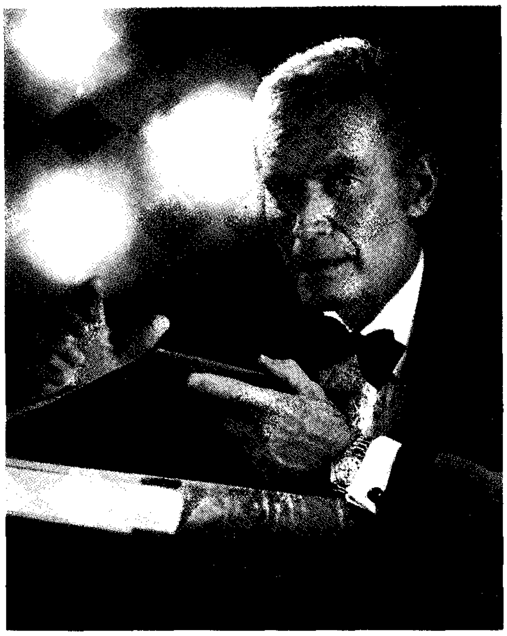

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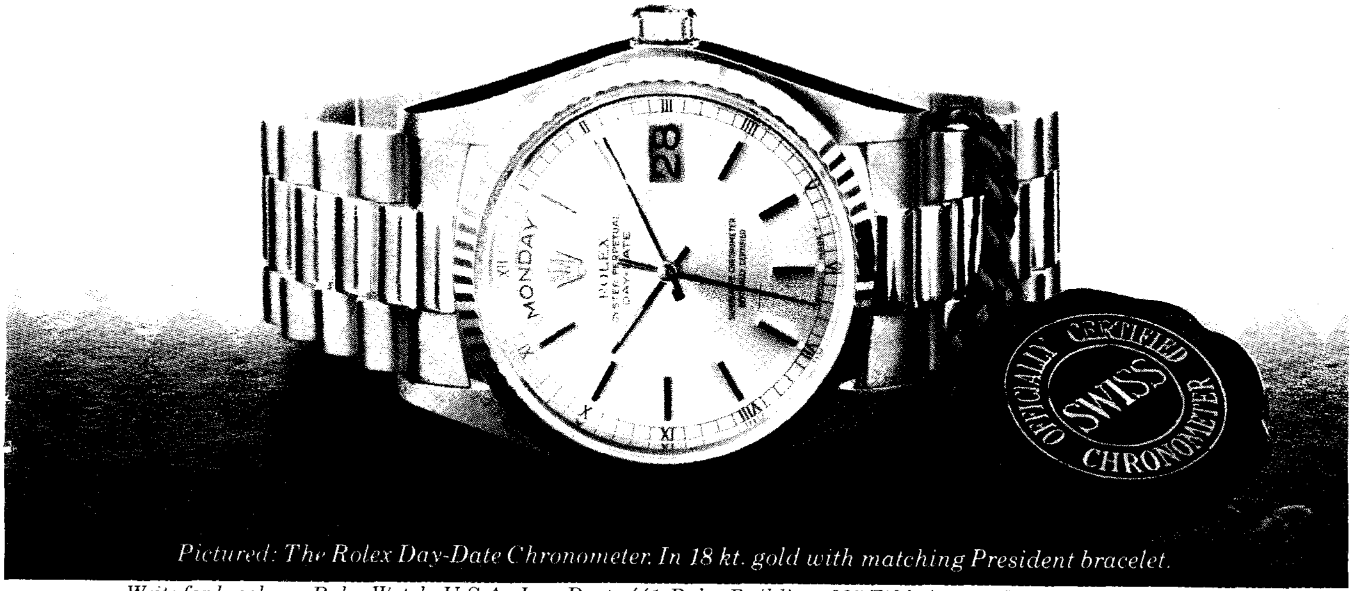

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